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DRIFTING DOWN LOST CREEK.

II.

FOLLOWING the voice of the Lord, Cynthia took her way along a sandy bridle-path that penetrates the dense forests of Pine Mountain. The soft spring wind, fluttering in beneath her sun-bonnet, found the first wild-rose blooming on her thin cheek. A new light shone like a steadfast star in her deep brown eyes. "I hev took a-holt," she said resolutely, "an' I'll never gin it up. 'T war n't his deed, an' I'll prove that, agin his own word; I dunno how, — but I'll prove it."

The woods seemed to open at last, for the brink of the ridge was close at hand. As the trees were marshaled down the steep declivity, she could see above their heads the wide and splendid mountain landscape, with the benediction of the spring upon it, with the lofty peace of the unclouded sky above it, with an impressive silence pervading it that was akin to a holy solemnity.

There was a rocky, barren slope to the left, and among the brambly ledges sheep were feeding. As the flock caught her attention she experienced a certain satisfaction. "They hed sheep in the Lord's lifetime," she observed. "He gins a word bout 'n them more 'n enny other critter." And she sat down on a rock, among the harmless creatures, and was less lonely and forlorn.

A little log house surmounted the slope. It was quaintly awry, like most of the mountaineers' cabins, and the ridgepole, with its irregularly projecting clapboards serrating the sky behind it, described a negligently oblique line. The clay chimney had a leaning tendency, and was propped to its duty by a long pole. There was a lofty martin-house, whence the birds whirled fitfully. The rail fence inclosing the dooryard was only a few steps from the porch. Upon the cabin rested the genial afternoon sunshine. It revealed the spinning-wheel that stood near the wall; the shelf close to the door, with a pail of water and a gourd for the incidentally thirsty; the idle churn, its dasher on another shelf to dry; a rooster strutting familiarly in at the open door; and a newly hatched brood picking about among the legs of the splint-bottomed chairs, under the guidance of a matronly old "Dominicky" hen. In one of the chairs sat a man, emaciated, pallid, swathed in many gay-colored quilts, and piping querulously in a high, piercing key to a worn and weary woman, who came to the fence and looked down the hill as he feebly pointed.

"Cynthy — Cynthy Ware!" she called out; "air that you-uns?"

Cynthia hesitated, then arose and went forward a few steps. "It be me," she said, as if making an admission.

"Kem up hyar. Jube's wantin' ter know why ye hain't been hyar ter inquire arter him." The woman waited at the gate, and opened it for her visitor. She looked hardly less worn and exhausted than the broken image of a man in the chair. "Jube counts up every critter in the mountings ez kems ter inquire arter him," she added, in a lower voice. "'Pears like ter me ez it air 'bout time fur worldly pride t'er hev loosed a-holt on him; but Satan kin foster guile whar thar ain't enough life left fur nuthin' else, an' pore Jube hev never been so gin over ter the glory o' this world ez now."

"He 'pears ter be gittin' on some," said the girl, although she hardly recognized in the puny, pallid apparition among the muffling quilts the rough and hale mountaineer she had known.

"Fust-rate!" weakly piped out the constable. "I eat a haffen pone o' bread fur dinner!" Then he turned fractionally to his wife: "Jane Elmiry, ain't ye goin' ter git me that thar fraish aig ter whip up in whiskey, like the doctor said?"

"Tain't time yit, Jube," replied the patient wife. "The doctor 'lowed ez the aig must be spang fraish; an' ez old Topknot lays ter the minit every day, I'm a-waitin' on her."

The wasted limbs under the quilts squirmed around vivaciously. "An' yander's the darned critter," he cried, spying old Topknot leisurely pecking about under a lilac bush, "a-feedin' around ez complacent an' satisfied ez ef I war n't a-settin' hyar waitin' on her lazy bones! Cynthy, I'm jes' a-honing arter suthin' ter eat all the time, an' that's what makes me 'low ez I'm gittin' well; though Jane Elmiry" — he glared fiercely at his meek wife — "hev somehow los' her knack at cookin', an' sometimes I can't eat my vittles when they air fetched ter me."

He fell back in his chair, his tangled, overgrown hair hardly distinguishable

from his tangled, overgrown beard. His eyes roved restlessly about the quiet landscape. A mist was gathering over the eastern ranges; shot with the sunlight, it was but a silken and filmy suggestion of vapor. A line of vivid green in the valley marked the course of Lost Creek by the willows and herbage fringing its banks. A gilded bee, with a languorous drone, drifted in and out of the little porch, and the shadow of the locust above it was beginning to lengthen. The tree was in bloom, and Cynthia picked up a fallen spray as she sat down on the step. Jubal glanced casually at her; then, with the egotism of an invalid, his mind reverted to himself.

"Why hain't ye been hyar ter inquire arter me, Cynthy, — you-uns, or yer dad, or yer mam, or somebody? I hain't been lef' ter suffer, though, 'thout folkses axin' arter me, I tell ye! The miller hev been hyar day arter day. Baker Teal, what keeps the store yander ter the Settlemint, hev rid over reg'lar. Tom Peters kems ez sartain ez the sun. An' the jestic o' the peace," he winked weakly in triumph, "Squair Bates, hev been hyar nigh on ter wunst a week. The sheriff or one o' the dep'ties hain't been sca'ce round hyar, nuther. An' some other folkses — I name no names — sends me all the liquor I kin drink from a still ez they say grows in a hollow rock round hyar somewhar. They sends me all I kin drink, an' Jane Elmiry, too. I don't want but a little, but Jane Elmiry air a tremenjious toper, ye know!" He laughed in a shrill falsetto at his joke, and his wife smiled, but faintly, for she realized that the invalid's pleasant mood was brief. "Ef I hed a-knowed how pop'lar I be, I'd hev run fur jestic o' the peace stidder constable. But nex' time thar'll be a differ; that hain't the las' 'lection this world will ever see, Cynthy." Then, as his eyes fell upon her once more, he remembered his question. "Why n't ye been hyar ter inquire arter me?"

The girl was confused by his changed aspect, his eager, restless talk, his fierce girding at his patient wife, and lost what scanty tact she might have otherwise claimed.

"The folkses ez rid by hyar tole us how ye be a-gittin' on. An' we-uns 'lowed ez mebbe ye would n't want ter see us, bein' ez we war always sech friends with 'Vander, an'!" —

The woman stopped her by a hasty gesture and a look of terror. They did not escape the invalid's notice.

"What ails ye, Jane Elmiry?" he cried, angrily. "Ye act like ye war *de*-stracted!"

A sudden fit of coughing impeded his utterance, and gave his wife the opportunity for a whispered aside. "He hain't spoke 'Vander's name sence he war hurt. The doctor said he war n't ter talk about his a-gittin' hurt, an' the man ez done it. The doctor 'lowed 't would fever him an' put him out 'n his head, an' he must jes' think 'bout 'n git-in' well all the time, an' sech."

Jubal Tynes had recovered his voice and his temper. "I hain't got no grudge agin 'Vander," he declared, in his old, bluff way, "nur 'Vander's friends, nuth'er. It air jes' that dad-burned idjit, 'Lijah, ez I *despise*. Jane Elmiry, ain't that old Topknot ez I hear a-cacklin'? Waal, waal, sir, dad-burn that thar lazy, idle poultry! Air she a-stalkin' round the yard yit? Go, Jane Elmiry, an' see whar she be. Ef she hain't got sense enough ter git on her nest an' lay a aig when desirable, she hain't got sense enough ter keep out 'n a chicken pie."

"I mought skeer her off 'n her nest," his wife remonstrated.

But the imperious invalid insisted. She rose reluctantly; as she stepped off the porch she cast an imploring glance at Cynthia.

The girl was trembling. The mere mention of the deed to its victim had unnerved her. She felt it was perhaps

a safe transition from the subject to talk about the idiot brother. "I hev hearn folks 'low ez 'Lijah oughter be locked up, but I dunno," she said.

The man fixed a concentrated gaze upon her. "Waal, ain't he?"

"'Lijah ain't locked up," she faltered, bewildered.

His face fell. Unaccountably enough, his pride seemed grievously cut down. "Waal, 'Lijah ain't 'sponsible, I know," he reasoned; "but bein' ez he treated me this way, an' me a important off'cer o' the law, 'pears-like 't would a-been more respec'ful ef they hed committed him ter jail ez insane, or sent him ter the 'sylum, fur they take some crazies at the State's expense." He paused thoughtfully. He was mortified, hurt. "But shucks!" he exclaimed presently, "let him treat haffen the county ez he done me, ef he wants ter. I ain't a-keerin'."

Cynthia's head was awlirl. She could hardly credit her senses.

"How war it that 'Lijah treated you-uns?" she gasped.

In his own turn he stared, amazed. "Cynthy, 'pears like ye hev los' yer mind! How did 'Lijah treat me? Waal, 'Lijah whacked me on the head with his brother's sledge, an' split my skull, an' the folks say some o' my brains oozed out. I hev got more of 'em now, though, than ye hev. Ye look plumb bereft. What ails the gal?"

"Air ye sure — sure ez that war the happening of it? — 'kase 'Vander tells a differ. He 'lowed ez 't war *him* ez hit ye with the sledge. An' nobody suspicioned 'Lijah."

Jubal Tynes looked very near death now. His pallid face was framed in long elf-locks; he thrust his head forward, till his emaciated throat and neck were distinctly visible, and his lower jaw dropped in astonishment. "God A'mighty!" he ejaculated, "why hev 'Vander tole sech a lie? *Sure!* Why,

I seen 'Lijah! 'Vander never tetched the sledge, an' 'Vander never tetched me."

"Ye hev furgot, mebbe," she urged, feverishly. "'T war in the dark."

"Listen at the gal argufyin' with me!" he exclaimed, angrily. "I seen 'Lijah, I tell ye, in the light o' the forge fire. 'T war n't more'n a few coals, but ez 'Lijah swung his arm it fanned the fire, an' it lept up. I seen his face in the glow, an' the sledge in his hand. 'Lijah war hid a-hint the hood. 'Vander war t'other side o' the anvil. I gripped with 'Lijah. I seen him plain. He hit me twict. I never los' my senses till the second lick. Then I drapped. What ails 'Vander ter tell sech a lie? Ef I hed a-died, stidder gittin' well so powerful peart, they'd hev hung him, sure."

"Mebbe he thought they'd hang 'Lijah!" she gasped, appalled at the magnitude of the sacrifice.

"'Lijah ain't 'sponsible ter the law," said Jubal Tynes, with his magisterial aspect, "bein' ez he air a ravin' crazy, ez oughter be locked up."

"I reckon 'Vander never knowed ez that war true," she rejoined, reflectively. "The 'torney general tole Pete Blenkins, when 'Vander war convicted of receivin' of stolen goods, ez how 'Vander war toler'ble ignorant, an' knowed powerful little 'bout the law o' the land. He done it, I reckon, ter perfect the idjit."

Jubal Tynes made no rejoinder. He had fallen back in his chair, so frail, so exhausted by the unwonted excitement, that she was alarmed anew, realizing how brief his time might be.

"Jubal Tynes," she said, leaning forward and looking up at him imploringly, "ef I war ter tell what ye hev tole me, nobody would believe me, 'kase — 'kase 'Vander an' me hev kep' company some. Hed n't ye better tell it ter the Squair ez how 'Vander never hit ye, but said he did, ter git the blame shet o'

the idjit 'Lijah, ez ain't 'sponsible, no-hows? Ain't thar no way ter make it safe fur 'Vander? They 'lowed he would n't hev been convicted of receivin' of stolen goods 'ceptin' fur the way the jury thought he behaved 'bout resistin' arrest an' hittin' ye with the sledge."

The sick man's eyes were aflame. "Ye 'low ez I'm goin' ter die, Cynthia Ware!" he cried, with sudden energy. "I'll gin ye ter onderstand ez I feel ez strong ez a ox! I won't do nuthin' fur 'Vander. Let him stan' or fall by the lie he hev tole! I feel ez solid ez Pine Mounting! I won't do nuthin' ez ef I war a-goin' ter die, — like ez ef I war a chicken with the pip — an' whar air that old hen ez war nominated ter lay a aig, ter whip up in whiskey, an' ain't done it?"

A sudden wild cackling broke upon the air. The red rooster, standing by the gate, stretched up his long neck to listen, and lifted his voice in jubilant sympathy. Jubal Tynes looked around at Cynthia with a laugh. Then his brow darkened, and his mind reverted to his refusal.

"Ye jes' onderstan'," he reiterated, "ez I won't do nuthin' like ez ef I war goin' ter die."

She got home as best she could, weeping and wringing her hands much of the way, feeling baffled and bruised, and aghast at the terrible perplexities that crowded about her.

Jubal Tynes had a bad night. He was restless and fretful, and sometimes, when he had been still for a while, and seemed about to sink into slumber, he would start up abruptly, declaring that he could not "git shet of studyin' 'bout 'n 'Vander an' 'Lijah an' the sledge," and violently wishing that Cynthia Ware had died before she ever came interrupting him about 'Vander and 'Lijah and the sledge. Toward morning exhaustion prevailed. He sank into a deep, dreamless sleep, from which he woke refreshed

and interested in the matter of break-fast.

That day a report went the excited rounds of the mountain that he had made a sworn statement before Squire Bates, denying that Evander Price had resisted arrest, exonerating him from all connection with the injuries supposed to have been received at his hands, and inculcating only the idiot Elijah. This was supplemented by Dr. Patton's affidavit as to his patient's mental soundness and responsibility.

It aroused Cynthia's flagging spirit to an ecstasy of energy. Her strength was as fictitious as the strength of delirium, but it sufficed. Opposition could not baffle it. Obstacles but multiplied its expedients. She remembered that the trained and astute attorney for the State had declared to Pete Blenkins, after the trial, that the prosecution had no case against Evander Price for receiving stolen goods, and must have failed but for the prejudice of the jury. It was proved to them by his own confession that he had resisted arrest and assaulted the officer of the law, and circumstantial evidence had a light task, with this auxiliary, to establish other charges. Now, she thought, if the jury that convicted him, the judge who sentenced him, and the governor of the State were cognizant of this stupendous self-sacrifice of fraternal affection, could they, would they, still take seven years of his life from him? At least, they should know of it,—she had resolved on that. She hardly appreciated the difficulty of the task before her. She was densely ignorant. She lived in a primitive community. Such a paper as a petition for executive clemency had never been drawn within its experience. She could not have discovered that this proceeding was practicable, except for the pride of office and legal lore of Jubal Tynes. He joyed in displaying his learning; but beyond the fact that such a paper was possible, and sometimes successful, and

that she had better see the lawyer at the Settlement about it, he suggested nothing of value. So she tramped a matter of ten miles along the heavy, sandy road, through the dense and lonely woods; and weary, but flushed with joyous hope, she came upon the surprised lawyer at the Settlement. He was a man who built the great structure of justice upon a foundation of fees. He listened to her, noted the poverty of her aspect, and recommended her to secure the coöperation of the convict's immediate relatives. And so, patiently, she went back again, along the dank and darkening mountain road.

The home of her lover was not an inviting abode. When she had turned from the thoroughfare into a vagrant, irresponsible-looking path, winding about in the depths of the forest, it might have seemed that in a group which presently met her eyes the animals were the more emotional, alert, and intelligent element. The hounds came huddling over the rickety fence, and bounded about her in tumultuous recognition. An old sow, with a litter of shrill soprano pigs, started up from a clump of weeds, in maternal anxiety and doubt of the intruder's intentions. The calf peered between the rails in mild wonder at this break in the monotony. An old man sat motionless on the fence, with an aspect as sober and business-like as if he did it for a salary. The porch was occupied by an indiscriminate collection of household effects,—cooking utensils, garments, broken chairs,—and an untidy, disheveled woman. An old crone, visible within the door, was leisurely preparing the evening meal. Cynthia's heart warmed at the sight of the familiar place. The tears started to her sympathetic eyes. "I hev kem ter tell ye all 'bout 'n 'Vander!" she cried impulsively, when she was welcomed to a chair and a view of the weed-grown "gyarden-spot."

But the disclosure of her scheme did not waken responsive enthusiasm. The

old man, still dutifully riding the fence, conservatively declared that the law o' the land war a mighty tetchy contrivance, an' he did n't feel called on ter meddle with it. They mought jail the whole fambly, ez fur ez he knew, an' then who would work the gyarden-spot, ez war thrivin' now, an' the peas fullin' up cornsider'ble? Mrs. Price 'lowed ez she hed no call ter holp sot the law on 'Lijah agin 'Vander's word. She did n't know what the folks would do ter 'Lijah ef Jube died, sence he hed swore ez he hed done afore Squair Bates. Some told her ez 'Lijah war purtected by bein' a idjit, but she warn't sati'fied 'bout 'n that. 'Lijah war sane enough ter be toler'ble skeered when he hearn 'bout 'n it all, an' hed tuk ter shettin' himself up in the shed-room when strangers kem about. And indeed Cynthia had an unpleasant impression that the idiot was looking out suspiciously at her from a crack in the door; but he precipitately slammed it when she turned her head, to make sure. The old crone paused in her preparations for supper, that she might apply all her faculties to argument. "I don't 'pear ter reason how the gov'nor will pardon 'Vander fur receivin' of stolen goods jes' 'kase't war n't him ez bruk Jube Tynes's head," she declared. "'Vander war jailed fur *receivin' stolen goods*, — nobody never keered nothin' fur Jube Tynes's head! *I* hev knowed the Tynes fambly time out 'n mind," she continued, raising her voice in shrill contempt. "I knowed Jubal Tynes, an' his daddy afore him. An' now ter kem talkin' ter me 'bout the gov'nor o' Tennessee keerin' fur Jube Tynes's nicked head! *I* don't keer nothin' 'bout Jube Tynes's nicked head; an' let 'em tell the gov'nor that fur *me*, an' see what he will think then!"

Poor Cynthia! It had never occurred to her to account herself gifted beyond her fellows and her opportunities. The simple events of their primitive lives had never before elicited the

contrast. It gave her no satisfaction. She only experienced a vague, miserable wonder that she should have perceptions beyond their range of vision, should be susceptible of emotions which they could never share. She realized that she could get no material aid here, and she went away at last without asking for it.

Her little all was indeed little, — a few chickens, some "spun-truck," a sheep that she had nursed from an orphaned lamb, a "cag" of apple-vinegar, and a bag of dried fruit, — but it had its value to the mountain lawyer; and when he realized that this was indeed "all," he drew the petition in consideration thereof, and appended the affidavits of Jubal Tynes and Dr. Patton.

"She ain't got a red head on her for nothin'," he said to himself, in admiration of her astuteness in insisting that, as a part of his services, he should furnish her with a list of the jury that convicted Evander Price.

"For every man of 'em hev got ter sot his name ter that thar petition," she averred.

He even offered, when his energy and interest were aroused, to take the paper with him to Sparta when he next attended circuit court. There, he promised, he would secure some influential signatures from the members of the bar and other prominent citizens.

When she was fairly gone he forgot his energy and interest. He kept the paper three months. He did not once offer it for a signature. When she demanded its return, it was mislaid, lost.

Oratory is a legal requisite in that region. The lawyer might have taken some fine points from her unconscious eloquence, inspired by love and grief and despair, her scathing arraignment of his selfish neglect, her upbraidings and alternate appeals. They overwhelmed him, in some sort, and yet he was roused into sufficient activity to hunt up the lost manuscript. She went away with it,

leaving him in rueful meditation. "She *hain't* got a red head on her for nothin'," he said, remembering her pungent rhetoric.

But as he glanced out of the door, and saw her trudging down the road, all her grace and pliant, swaying languor lost in convulsive, awkward haste and a feeble, jerky gait, he laughed.

For poor Cynthia had become indeed a grotesque figure. Only Time can pose a crusader to picturesque advantage. The man or woman with a great and noble purpose bears about with it a pitiful little personality that reflects none of its lustre. Cynthia's devotion, her courage, her endurance in righting this wrong, were not so readily apparent, when in the valley she went tramping from one juror's house to another's, as her travel-stained garments, her wild, eager eye, her incoherent, anxious speech, her bare, swollen feet, — for sometimes she was fain to carry her coarse shoes in her hands, for relief in the long journeyings. Her father had refused to aid "sech a fool yerrand," and had locked up his mare in the shed. Without a quail, he had beheld Cynthia resolutely set out on foot. "She'll be back afore the cows kem home," he said, with a laughing nod at his wife. But they came lowing home and clanking their mellow bells in many and many a red sunset before they again found Cynthia waiting for them on the banks of Lost Creek.

The descent to a lower level was a painful experience to the little mountaineer. She was "sifflicated" by the denser atmosphere of the "valley country," and exhausted by the heat; but when she could think only of her mission she was hopeful, elated, and joyously kept on her thorny way. Sometimes, however, the dogs barked at her, and the children hooted after her, and the men and women she met looked askance upon her, and made her humbly conscious of her disheveled, dusty attire,

her awkward, hobbling gait, her lean, hungry, worn aspect. Occasionally somebody asked for her story, and listened incredulously and with sarcastic comments. Once, as she went on her way she heard her interlocutor call out to some one at the back of the house, "Becky, take them clothes in off 'n the line, an' take 'em in quick!" And although her physical sufferings were great, she had some tears to shed for sorrow's sake.

Always she got a night's lodging at the house of one or another of the twelve jurymen, whose names were gradually affixed to the petition. But they too had questions that were hard to answer. "Are you kin of his?" they would ask, impressed by her hardships and her self-immolation. And when she would answer, "No," she would fancy that the shelter they gave her was not in confidence, but for mere humanity. They were poor men, mostly, but one of them stopped his plowing to lend her his horse to the next house, and another gave her a lift of ten miles in his wagon. He it was who told her, in rehearsing the country-side gossip, that the governor was canvassing the State for reelection, and had made an appointment to speak at Sparta the following day.

A new idea flashed into her mind. Her sudden resolution fairly frightened her. She cowered before it, as they drove along between the fields of yellowing corn, all in the gairish sunshine, spreading so broadly over the broad plain. That night she lay awake thinking of it, while the cold drops started upon her brow. Before daybreak she was up and trudging along the road to Sparta. It was still early when she entered the little town of the mountain bench, set in the flickering mists and chill, matutinal sunshine, and encompassed on every hand by the mighty ranges. A flag floated from the roof of the court-house, and there was an un-

usual stir in the streets. Excited groups were talking at every corner, and among a knot of men, standing near, one riveted her attention. He had been spoken of in her hearing as the governor of the State. Bold with the realization of the opportunity, she pushed through the staring crowd and thrust the much-thumbed petition into his hand. He cast a surprised glance upon her, then looked at the paper. "All right; I'll examine it," he said hastily, and folding it he turned away. In his political career he had studied many faces. Despite her ignorance, her poverty, and the low, criminal atmosphere of her mission, he read in her eyes the dignity of her endeavor, the nobility of her nature, and the prosaic martyrdom of her toilsome experience. He suddenly turned back to reassure her. "Rely on it," he said heartily, "I'll do what I can."

Her pilgrimage was accomplished; there was nothing more but to turn her face to the mountains. It seemed to her at times as if she should never reach them. They were weary hours before she came upon Lost Creek, loitering down the sunlit valley, to vanish in the grewsome caverns beneath the range. The sumach leaves were crimsoning along its banks. The scarlet-oak emblazoned the mountain side. Above the encompassing heights the sky was blue, and the mountain air tasted like wine. Never a crag or chasm so sombre but flaunted some swaying vine or long tendriled moss, gilded and gleaming yellow. Buckeyes were falling, and the ashy "Indian pipes" silvered the roots of the trees. In every marshy spot glowed the scarlet cardinal-flower, and the goldenrod had sceptred the season. Now and again the forest quiet was broken by the patter of acorns from the chestnut-oaks, and the mountain swine were abroad for the plenteous mast. Overhead she heard the faint, weird cry of wild geese winging southward. The whole aspect of the scene was changed,

save that of Pine Mountain. There it stood, solemn, majestic, mysterious, masked by its impenetrable growth, and hung about with duskier shadows wherever a ravine indented the slope. The spirit within it was chanting softly, softly. For the moment she felt the supreme exaltation of the mountains. It lifted her heart. And when a sudden fluctuating red glare shot out over the murky shades, and the dull sighing of the bellows reached her ear from the forge on the mountain's brink, and the air was presently vibrating with the clinking of the hand-hammer and the clanking of the sledge, and the crags clamored with the old familiar echoes, she realized that she had done all she sought to do; that she had gone forth helpless but for her own brave spirit; that she had returned helpful and hopeful; and that here was her home, and she loved it. This enabled her better to endure the anger and the reproaches of her relatives, and the curiosity and covert suspicion of the whole country side.

Evander's people regarded the situation with grave misgivings. "I hope ter the mercy-seat," quavered old man Price, "ez Cynthia Ware hain't gone an' actially sot the gov'nor o' Tennessee more 'n ever agin that pore critter; but I misdoubts," — he shook his head piteously, as he perched on the fence, — "I misdoubts."

"An' the insurance o' that thar gal!" cried Mrs. Price. "She never hed no call ter meddle with 'Vander."

Cynthia's mother entertained this view also, but for a different reason. "T war no consarn o' Cynthia's, no-how," she said, advising with her daughter Maria. "Cynthia air neither kith nor kin o' 'Vander, who air safer an' likelier in the pen'tiary 'n ennywhar else, 'kase it leaves her no ch'ice but Jeemes Blake, ez she hed better take whilst he air in the mind fur it, an' whilst she kin git him."

Jubal Tynes wished that he could have

foreseen that Cynthia would meet the governor, for he could have told her exactly what to say; and this, he was confident, would have secured the pardon then. And it was clearly the opinion of the "mounting," expressed in the choice coteries assembled at the mill, the blacksmith-shop, the Settlement, and the still-house, that a young gal like Cynthia had transcended all the bounds of propriety in this wild junketing after "gov'nors an' sech through all the valley country," whar she war n't knowed from a gatepost, nor her dad nuther."

There were, however, doubters, who disparaged the whole account of the journey as a fable, and circulated a whisper that the petition had never been presented. This increased to open incredulity as time wore on, to ridicule, to taunts, for no words came of the petition for pardon and no word of the prisoner.

The bleak winter wore away; spring budded and bloomed into summer; summer was ripening into autumn, and every day — as the corn yellowed and the thickly swathed ears hung far from the stalk, and the drone of the locust was loud in the grass, and the deep, slumberous glow of the sunshine suffused every open spot — Cynthia, with the return of the season, was vividly reminded of her weary ploddings, with bleeding feet and aching head, between such fields along the lengthening valley roads. The physical anguish she remembered seemed light — seemed naught — to the anguish of suspense which racked her now. Sometimes she felt impelled to a new endeavor. Then her strong common sense checked the useless impulse. She had done all that could be done. She had planted the seed. She had worked and watched, and beheld it spring up and put forth and grow into fair proportions. Only time might bring its full fruition.

The autumn was fading; cold rains set in, and veined the rocky chasms with

alien torrents; the birds had all flown, when suddenly the Indian summer, with its golden haze and its great red sun, its purple distances and its languorous joy, its balsamic perfumes and its vagrant day-dreams, slipped down upon the gorgeous crimson woods, and filled them with its glamour and its poetry.

On one of these days — a perfect day — a great sensation pervaded Pine Mountain. Word went the rounds that a certain notorious horse-thief, who had served out his term in the penitentiary, had stopped at the blacksmith-shop on his way home, glad enough of the prospect of being there once more; "an' ez pious in speech as the rider, mighty nigh," declared the dwellers about Pine Mountain, unfamiliar with his aspect as a penitent and discounting his repentance. It was a long story he had to tell about himself, and he enjoyed posing as the central figure in the curious crowd that had gathered about him. He seemed for the time less like a criminal than a great traveler, so strange and full of interest to the simple mountaineers were his experiences and the places he had seen. He stood leaning against the anvil, as he talked, looking out through the barn-like door upon the amplitude of the great landscape before him; its mountains so dimly, delicately blue in the distance, so deeply red and brown and yellow nearer at hand, and still closer, shaded off by the dark plummy boughs of the pines on either side of the ravine above which the forge was perched. Deep in the valley, between them all, Lost Creek hied along, veining the purple haze with lines of palpitating silver. It was only when the material for personal narration was quite exhausted that he touched, though with less zest, on other themes.

"Waal, — now, 'Vander Price," he drawled, shifting his great cowhide boots one above another. "I war 'stonished when I hearn ez 'Vander war in fur receivin' of stolen goods. Shucks!" — his

little black eyes twinkled beneath the drooping brim of a white wool hat, and his wide, flat face seemed wider and flatter for a contemptuous grin, — “I can’t onderstand how a man kin git his own cornsint ter go cornsordin’ with them ez breaks inter stores and dwellin’s an’ sech, an’ hankerin’ arter store-fixin’s an’ store-truck. Live stock air a differ. The beastis air temptin’, partic’lar ef they air young an’ hev got toler’ble paces.” Perhaps a change in the faces of his audience admonished him, for he qualified: “The beastis air temptin’ — *ter the ungodly*. I hev gin over sech doin’s myself, ’kase we hed a toler’ble chaplain yander in the valley” (he alluded thus equivocally to his late abode), “an’ I sot under the preachin’ a good while. But store-truck! — Shucks! Waal, the gyards ’lowed ez ’Vander war a turrible feller ter take keer on, when they war a-fetchin’ him down ter Nashvul. He jes’ seemed desolated. One minit he ’d fairly cry, ez ef every sob would take his life; an’ the nex’ he ’d be squarin’ off ez savage, an’ tryin’ ter hit the gyards in the head. He war ironed, hand an’ foot.”

There was no murmur of sympathy. All listened with stolid curiosity, except Cynthia, who was leaning against the open door. The tears forced their way, and silently flowed, unheeded, down her cheeks. She fixed her brown eyes upon the man as he went on: —

“But when they struck the railroad, an’ the critter seen the iron engine ez runs by steam, like I war a-tellin’ ye about, he jes’ stood rooted ter the spot in amaze; they could sca’cely git him budged away from thar. They ’lowed they hed never seen sech joy ez when he war travelin’ on the steam-kyars ahint it. When they went a-skeetin’ along ez fast an’ ez steady ez a turkey-buzzard kin fly, ’Vander would jes’ look fust at one o’ the gyards an’ then at t’other, a-smilin’ an’ tickled nearly out ’n his senses. An’ wunst he said, ‘Ef

this ain’t the glory o’ God revealed in the work o’ man, what is?’ The gyards ’lowed he acted so cur’ous they would hev b’lieved he war a plumb idjit, ef it hed n’t a-been fur what happened arterward at the Pen.”

“Waal, what war it ez happened at the Pen?” demanded Pete Blenkins. His red face, suffused with the glow of the smouldering forge-fire, was a little wistful, as if he grudged his quondam striker these unique sensations.

“They put him right inter the forge at the Pen, an’ he tuk ter the work like a pig ter carrots.” The ex-convict paused for a moment, and cast his eye disparagingly about the primitive smithy. “They do a power o’ work thar, Pete, ez you-uns never drempt of.”

“Shucks!” rejoined Pete incredulously, yet a trifle ill at ease.

“’Vander war a good blacksmith fur the mountings, but they sot him ter l’arnin’ thar. They ’lowed, though, ez he war pearter ’n the pearrest. He got ter be powerful pop’lar with all the gyards an’ authorities, an’ sech. He war plumb welded ter his work, — he sets more store by metal than by grace. He ’lowed ter me ez he would n’t hev missed bein’ thar fur nothin’! ’Vander air a powerful cur’ous critter: he ’lowed ter me ez one year in the forge at the Pen war wuth a hunderd years in the mountings ter him.”

Poor Cynthia! Her eyes, large, luminous, and sweet, with the holy rapture of a listening saint, were fixed upon the speaker’s evil, uncouth face. Evander had not then been so unhappy!

“But when they hired out the convict labor ter some iron works’ folks, ’Vander war glad ter go, ’kase he ’d git ter l’arn more yit ’bout workin’ in iron an’ sech. An’ he war powerful outed when he hed ter kem back, arter ten months, from them works. He hed tuk his stand in metal thar, too. An’ he hed fixed some sort ’n contrivance ter head rivets quicker ’n cheaper ’n it air generally done;

an' he war afeard ter try ter git it 'patented,' ez he calls it, 'kase he b'lieved the Pen could claim it ez convict labor, though some said not. Leastwise, he determinated ter hold on ter his idee till his term war out. But he war powerful interrupted in his mind, fur fear somebody else would think up the idee, too, an' patent it fust. He war powerful irked by the Pen arter he kem back from the iron works. He 'lowed ter me ez he war fairly crazed ter git back ter 'em. He 'lowed ez he hed ruther see that thar big shed an' the red-hot pud-dler's balls a-trundlin' about, an' all the wheels a-whurlin', an' the big shears a-bitin' the metal ez nip, an' the tremendous hammer a-poundin' away, an' all the dark night around split with lines o' fire, than to see the hills o' heaven! It 'pears to me mo' like hell! But jes' when 'Vander war honing arter them works ez ef it would kill him ter bide away from thar, his pardon kem. He fairly lept an' shouted fur joy!"

"His pardon!" cried Cynthia.

"Air 'Vander pardoned fur true?" exclaimed a chorus of mountaineers.

The ex-convict stared about him in surprise. "Ain't you-uns knowed that afore? 'Vander hev been out 'n the Pen a year."

A year! A vague, chilly premonition thrilled through Cynthia. "Whar be he now?" she asked.

"Yander ter them iron works. He lit out straight. I seen him las' week, when I war travelin' from my cousin Jerry's house, whar I went ez soon ez I got out 'n the Pen. The steam-kyars stopped at a station ez be nigh them iron works, an' I met up with 'Vander on the platform. That's how I fund out all I hev been a-tellin' ye, 'kase we did n't hev no time ter talk whilst we war in the Pen; they don't allow no chin-choppin' thar. When 'Vander war released the folks at the iron works tuk him ter work on weges, an' gin him eighty dollars a month."

There was an outburst of incredulity.

"Waal, sir!"

"Tim'thy, ye kerry that mouth o' yourn too wide open, an' it leaks out all sorts o' lies!"

"We-uns know ye of old, Tim'thy!"

"Pine Mounting hain't furgot ye yit!"

"I would n't gin eighty dollars fur 'Vander Price, hide, horns, an' taller!" declared Pete Blenkins, folding his big arms over his leathern apron, and looking about with the air of a man who has placed his valuation at extremely liberal limits.

"I knowed ye would n't b'lieve that, but it air gospel-true," protested the ex-convict. "'Thar is more money a-goin' in the valley 'n thar is in the mountings, an' folks pays more fur work. Besides that, 'Vander hev got a patent, ez he calls it, fur his rivet contrivance, an' he 'lows ez it hev paid him some a'ready. It'll sorter stiffen up the backbone o' that word ef I tell ye ez he 'lowed ez he hed jes' sent two hundred dollars ter Squair Bates ter lift the mortgage off 'n old man Price's house an' land, an' two hundred dollars more ter be gin ter his dad ez a presint. An' Squair Bates acted 'cordin' ter 'Vander's word, an' lifted the mortgage, an' handed old man Price the balance. An' what do ye s'pose old man Price done with the money? He went right out an' buried it in the woods, fur fear he'd be pulled out 'n his bed fur it, some dark night, by lawless ones. He'll never find it agin, I reckon. The idjit hed more sense. I seen 'Lijah diggin' fur it, ez I rid by thar ter-day."

"Did 'Vander 'low when he air comin' back ter Pine Mounting?" asked Pete Blenkins. "He hev been gone two year an' a half now."

"I axed him that word. An' he said he mought kem back ter see his folks nex' year, mebbe, or the year arter that. But I misdoubts. He air so powerful

tuk up with metal an' iron, an' sech, an' so keen 'bout his 'ventions, ez he calls 'em, ez he seemed mighty glad ter git shet o' the mountings. 'Vander 'lows ez you-uns dunno nothin' 'bout iron up hyar, Pete."

It was too plain. Cynthia could not deceive herself. He had forgotten her. His genius, once fairly evoked, possessed him, and faithfully his ambitions served it. His love, in comparison, was but a little thing, and he had left it in the mountains, — the mountains that he did not regret, that had barred him so long from all he valued, that had freed him him at last only through the prison doors. His love had been an unavowed love, and there was no duty broken. For the first time she wondered if he ever knew that she cared for him, — if he never remembered. And then she was suddenly moved to ask, "Did he 'low ter you-uns who got his pardon fur him?"

"I axed that word when las' I seen him, an' the critter said he actially hed never tuk time ter think 'bout 'n that. He 'lowed he war so tickled ter git away from the pen'tiary right straight ter the iron works an' the consarn he hed made ter head rivets so peart, ez he never wondered bout 'n it. He made sure, though, now he hed kem ter study bout 'n it, ez his dad hed done it, or it mought hev been gin him fur good conduc' an' sech."

"'T war Cynthia Ware hyar ez done some of it," explained Pete Blenkins, "though Jubal Tynes stirred himself right smart."

As Cynthia walked slowly back to her home in the gorge, she did not feel that she had lavished a noble exaltation and a fine courage in vain; that the subtlest essence of a most ethereal elation was expended as the motive power of a result that was at last flat, and sordid, and most material. She did not murmur at the cruelty of fate that she should be grieving for his woes while he was

so happy, so blithely busy. She did not regret her self-immolation. She did not grudge all that love had given him; she rejoiced that it was so sufficient, so nobly ample. She grudged only the wasted feeling, and she was humbled when she thought of it.

The sun had gone down, but the light yet lingered. The evening star trembled above Pine Mountain. Massive and darkling it stood against the red west. How far, ah, how far, stretched that mellow crimson glow, all adown Lost Creek Valley, and over the vast mountain solitudes on either hand! Even the eastern ranges were rich with this legacy of the dead and gone day, and purple and splendid they lay beneath the rising moon. She looked at it with full and shining eyes.

"I dunno how he kin make out ter furgit the mountings," she said; and then she went on, hearing the crisp leaves rustling beneath her tread, and the sharp bark of a fox in the silence of the night-shadowed valley.

Mrs. Ware had predicted bitter things of Cynthia's future, more perhaps in anger than with discreet foresight. Now, when her prophecy was in some sort verified, she shrank from it, as if with the word she had conjured up the fact. And her pride was touched in that her daughter should have been given the "go-by," as she phrased it. All the mountain — nay, all the valley — would know of it. "Law, Cynthy," she exclaimed, aghast, when the girl had rehearsed the news, "what be ye a-goin' ter do?"

"I'm a-goin' ter weavin'," said Cynthia. She already had the shuttle in her hand. It was a useful expression for a broken heart, as she was expert at the loom.

She became so very skillful, with practice, that it was generally understood to be mere pastime when she would go to help a neighbor through the weaving of the cloth for the children's clothes.

She went about much on this mission ; for although there were children at home, the work was less than her industry, and she seemed "ter hev a craze fur stirrin' about, an' war a toler'ble oneasy critter." She was said to have "broken some sence 'Vander gin her the go-by, like he done," and was spoken of at the age of twenty-one as a "settled single woman ;" for early marriages are the rule in the mountains. When first her father and then her mother died, she cared for all the household, and the world went on much the same. The monotony of her tragedy made it unobtrusive. Perhaps no one on Pine Mountain remembered aright how it had all come about, when after an absence of ten years Evander Price suddenly reappeared among them.

Old man Price had, in the course of nature, ceased to sit upon the fence, — he could hardly be said to have lived. The fence itself was decrepit ; the house was falling to decay. The money which Evander had sent from time to time, that it might be kept comfortable, had been safely buried in various localities and in separate installments, as the remittances had come. To this day the youth of Pine Mountain, when afflicted with spasms of industry and, as unaccustomed, the lust for gold, dig for it in likely spots as unavailingly as the idiot once sought it. Evander took the family with him to his valley home, and left the little hut for the owl and the gopher to hide within, for the red-berried vines to twine about the rotting logs, for the porch to fall in the wind, for silence to enter therein and make it a dwelling-place.

"How will yer wife like ter put up with the idjit?" asked Pete Blenkins of his old striker.

"She'll be *obleeged* ter like it!" retorted Evander, with an angry flash in his eyes, presaging contest.

It revealed the one dark point in his prospects. The mountaineers were not

so slow-witted as to overlook it, but Evander had come to be the sort of man whom one hardly likes to question. He had a traveling companion, however, who hailed from the same neighborhood, and who talked learnedly of coal measures, and prodded and digged and bought leagues of land for a song, — much of it dearly bought. He let fall a hint that in marrying, Evander had contrived to handicap himself. "He would do wonders but for that woman!"

The mountain auditors could hardly grasp the finer points of the incompatibility ; they could but dimly appreciate that the kindling scintilla of a discovery in mechanics, more delicately poised on practicability than a sunbeam on a cobweb, could have a tragic extinction in a woman's inopportune peevishness or selfish exactions.

In Evander's admiration of knowledge and all its infinite radiations, he had been attracted by a woman far superior to himself in education and social position, although not in this world's goods. She was the telegraph operator at the station near the iron works. She had felt that there was a touch of romance and self-abnegation in her fancy for him, and this titillated her more tutored imagination. His genius was held in high repute at the iron works, and she had believed him a rough diamond. She did not realize how she could have appreciated polished facets and a brilliant lustre and a conventional setting until it was too late. Then she began to think this genius of hers uncouth, and she presently doubted if her jewel were genuine. For although of refined instincts, he had been rudely reared, while she was in some sort inured to table manners and toilet etiquette and English grammar. She could not be content with his intrinsic worth, but longed for him to prove his value to the world, that it might not think she had thrown herself away. In moments of disappointment and depression his prison

record bore heavily upon her, and there was a breach when, in petulance, she had once asked, If he were indeed innocent in receiving the stolen goods, why had he not proven it? She urged him to much striving to be rich; and she would fain travel the old beaten road to wealth in the iron business, and scorned experiments and new ideas and inventions, that took money out without the certainty of putting it in. And she had been taught, and was an adept in specious argument. He could not answer her; he could only keep doggedly on his own way; but obstinacy is a poor substitute for ardor. Though he had done much, he had done less than he had expected, — far, far less in financial results than she had expected. His ambitions were still hot within him, but they were worldly ambitions now. They scorched his more delicate sensibilities, and seared his freshest perceptions, and set his heart afire with sordid hopes. He was often harassed by a lurking doubt of his powers; he vaguely sought to measure them; and he began to fear that this in itself was a sign of the approach to their limits. He could still lift his eyes to great heights, but alas for the wings, — alas!

He had changed greatly. He had become nervous, anxious, concentrated, yet not less affectionate. He said much about his wife to his old friends, and never a word but loyal praise. “Em’ly air school-l’arned fur true, an’ kin talk ekal ter the rider.”

The idiot Lijah was welcome at his side, and the ancient yellow cur, that used to trot nimbly after him in the old days, was rejoiced to limp feebly at his heels. He came over, one morning, and sat on the rickety little porch with Cyn-

thia, and talked of her father and mother; but he had forgotten the mare, whose death she also mentioned, and the fact that old Suke’s third calf was traded to M’ria Baker. His recollections were all vague, although at some reminiscence of hers he laughed jovially, and ’lowed that “in them days, Cynthy, ye an’ me hed a right smart notion of keeping company tergether.” He did not notice how pale she was, and that there was often a slight spasmodic contraction of her features. She was busy with her spinning-wheel, as she placidly replied, “Yes, — though I always ’lowed ez I counted on livin’ single.”

It was only a fragmentary attention that he accorded her. He was full of his plans and anxious about rains, lest a rise in Caney Fork should detain him in the mountains; and he often turned and surveyed the vast landscape with a hard, callous glance of worldly utility. He saw only weather signs. The language of the mountains had become a dead language. Oh, how should he read the poem that the opalescent mist traced in an illuminated text along the dark, gigantic growths of Pine Mountain!

At length he was gone, and forever, and Cynthia’s heart adjusted itself anew. Sometimes, to be sure, it seems to her that the years of her life are like the floating leaves drifting down Lost Creek, valueless and purposeless, and vaguely vanishing in the mountains. And then she remembers that the sequestered subterranean current is charged with its own inscrutable, imperative mission, and she ceases to question and regret, and bravely does the work nearest her hand, and has glimpses of its influence in the widening lives of others, and finds in these a placid content.

Charles Egbert Craddock.

PRESIDENTIAL NOMINATIONS.

FOREIGN economists have been at some pains to prove that presidential government in the United States is a failure, and this they attribute to the un-wisdom of a "collective mediocrity." They felicitate us on our free institutions, but decry our method of selecting the chief magistrate of the nation.

M. de Tocqueville, who visited this country during the administration of Andrew Jackson, noted the paucity of great men here at that period, and philosophized concerning it:—

"On my arrival in the United States I was surprised to find so much distinguished talent among the subjects, and so little among the heads of the government. It is a well-authenticated fact that at the present day the most able men in the United States are very rarely placed at the head of affairs; and it must be acknowledged that such has been the result in proportion as democracy has outstepped all its former limits. The race of American statesmen has evidently dwindled most remarkably in the course of the last fifty years. . . . This is as much a consequence of the circumstances as of the laws of the country. When America was struggling, in the high cause of independence, to throw off the yoke of another country, and when it was about to usher a new nation into the world, the spirits of its inhabitants were roused to the height which their great efforts required. In this general excitement the most distinguished men were ready to forestall the wants of the community, and the people clung to them for support, and placed them at its head. But events of this magnitude are rare, and it is from an inspection of the ordinary course of affairs that our judgment must be formed."

If M. de Tocqueville could have foreseen the late civil war, he would have

observed the same phenomenon. In that abnormal condition of affairs, the leadership of our armies and of our congressional bodies devolved upon the men most capable of grappling with the emergency. The bone, sinew, and brain of both sections were brought into play in that crucial contest, and all the latent power of the nation was developed. Most of the leaders of the struggle have passed away, and now the complaint is general that the void which they left has not been filled. The question arises, Are we dependent upon a crisis for the evolution of great men? Apparently so, although there is no valid reason for it. In England, the Pitts, George Canning, Sir Robert Peel, Lord John Russell, Lord Palmerston, the Earl of Beaconsfield, and Mr. Gladstone form an almost continuous line of statesmen, than whom that country has never produced greater. There is good ground for belief that every country possesses at least one great man. In the United States his natural place is the presidential chair, the seat of power. As a matter of fact, the White House seems to stand upon a hill, gleaming like a Jack-o'-lantern, to lure public men to heights that are simply inaccessible. This anomaly in a popular government attracted the attention of John Stuart Mill, who found something intrinsically wrong in our method of choice. He says, —

"In the United States, at the election of President, the strongest party never dares put forward any of its strongest men, because every one of these, from the mere fact that he has been long in the public eye, has made himself objectionable to some portion or other of the party, and is therefore not so sure a card for rallying all their votes as a person who has never been heard of by the public at all until he is produced as the

candidate. Thus, the man who is chosen, even by the strongest party, represents, perhaps, the real wishes only of the narrow margin by which that party outnumbered the other. Any section whose support is necessary to success possesses a veto on the candidate. Any section which holds out more obstinately than the rest can compel all the others to adopt its nominee; and this superior pertinacity is, unhappily, more likely to be found among those who are holding out for their own interest than for that of the public. The choice of the majority is therefore very likely to be determined by that portion of the body who are the most timid, the most narrow-minded and prejudiced, or who cling most tenaciously to the exclusive class interest; in which case the electoral rights of the minority, while useless for the purposes for which votes are given, serve only for compelling the majority to accept the candidate of the weakest or worst portion of themselves."

Mr. Mill here specifically attacks the convention, but he and M. de Tocqueville both concur in regarding the evil of unwise choice as in separable from the selection of a chief magistrate by popular suffrage. They are right in their facts, but in their conclusion lies a fundamental error.

If democracy is responsible for the colorless character of its Presidents, it is a sin of omission, and not of commission. In truth, the people of this country have very little to do with the choice of the supreme magistrate, their option being restricted to two men, the creatures of two practically irresponsible conventions. If, in the selection of presidential candidates, democracy exhibits that indifference, singular and inexplicable to foreigners, which is the opportunity of intellectually small and ambitiously great men, and if its enthusiasm in the campaign preceding the election is mostly an artificial party product, it has the good and sufficient reason that it cannot

be expected to take an interest in that which has passed beyond its control. Party organization is so strong and effectual that a revolt from the regular nominee is an act of impotency that serves only to strengthen the opposing party. Between Scylla and Charybdis, the prospect of the voter is not happy. The mischief is in the autocracy of the convention, and its correction necessitates a transfer of power from that body to the people. Mankind is governed by names, and the term "popular convention" still screens many abuses. Although the philosophical cause of the evil may have escaped the foreign critic, he has keenly apprehended the indisputable fact. Now what is so patent to outsiders must be well understood here. Nay, it is not only understood, but it has engendered a widespread dissatisfaction with the existing method, which invariably rejects men of national reputation, and compromises by evolving candidates out of obscurity. "Statesman X" has figured largely in the presidential annals of this country. Since the death of the last survivor of the founders of the republic, the list of Presidents, with few exceptions, presents a mournful and mediocre array, and has suggested the cant phrases "his obscurity" and "his accident," which are of long standing, and contain much significance.

Dr. von Holst, an able if pessimistic historian of the American constitution, says, "In the person of Adams [John Quincy] the last statesman who was to occupy it for a long time left the White House;" and that "so many of the Presidents" who succeeded him "have worn as their only coat-of-arms the manufacturer's mark of the party 'machine' that the rest of the world is sometimes tempted to estimate the dignity of the office too nearly in accordance with the worthiness of the person who holds it for the time being." Whether or not this severe reflection is

deserved, a glance at the history of the convention and the character of its progeny will reveal.

The national convention is a modern outgrowth of a caucus of Congressmen which nominated presidential candidates from 1800 to 1824. The first of these was denounced by a Philadelphia editor, with grim felicity, as a "jacobinical conclave," and he was called to the bar of the Senate to answer for his "false, defamatory, scandalous, and malicious assertions." However, these bodies met popular expectation by choosing men whom the party sentiment had designated, until, in 1824, their attempt to dictate a nominee in the person of William H. Crawford was attended by their own inglorious demise. Andrew Jackson assisted at the obsequies, and was instrumental in raising the present convention on the ruins of the old system.

The methods by which the latter's candidacy for the presidency was advocated have been handed down as a sacred heritage to "machine" politicians, and may be best described in the words of Professor Sumner. Andrew Jackson had a powerful coadjutor in William B. Lewis. "Lewis was the great father of the wire-pullers. He first practiced in a masterly and scientific way the art of starting movements, apparently spontaneous, at a distance, and in a quarter from which they win prestige or popularity. . . . On this system political activity is rendered theatrical. The personal initiative is concealed. There is an adjustment of rôles, a *mise en scène*, and a constant consideration of effect. Each person acts on the other in prearranged ways. Cues are given and taken, and the effect depends on the fidelity of each to his part. The perfection of the representation is reached when the audience or spectators are disregarded until the finale, when the chief actor, having reached the *dénoûment* towards which he and his comrades have so long been laboring,

comes to the footlights and bows to 'the will of the people.'"

Jackson's successor was the last Vice-President who attained to the presidency by popular suffrage; and this he accomplished through a cut-and-dried arrangement. "Van Buren was nominated by two hundred and sixty votes out of three hundred and twenty-six. The 'spontaneous unanimity' of the convention was produced by the will of Andrew Jackson and the energetic discipline of the kitchen cabinet. It may well be doubted whether, without Jackson's support, Van Buren could have got two hundred and sixty votes for President or Vice-President in the whole United States, in 1832." It is worthy of remark that a newspaper, the *Globe*, "dragooned the whole Jackson party into the support of Van Buren," as the last instance on record in which a newspaper had anything to do with securing the nomination of a presidential candidate.

Mr. Harrison, who succeeded Mr. Van Buren as President, was nominated in 1839 by the Whig convention, which reluctantly abandoned Mr. Clay, the undoubted choice of the party.

On the death of Mr. Harrison, Vice-President Tyler became President, because nobody expected it, and, at the expiration of his term, found political oblivion, his party failing to indorse his administration by a renomination.

The mountain labored, and Mr. Polk became President, as the compromise nominee of a convention that did not give him a single vote on the first ballot.

On the death of General Taylor, who had been awarded the presidency for his splendid victories in Mexico, Mr. Fillmore succeeded. At the expiration of his time, he was offered as a candidate before the Whig convention, but could not obtain twenty votes from the free States.

Mr. Pierce was the accident of the Democratic convention of 1852. During the first thirty-five ballots his name

was not even mentioned, but he gained the nomination on the forty-ninth.

Mr. Buchanan was nominated by his party's convention, after a very stubborn contest with Douglas.

That Mr. Lincoln proved equal to his responsibilities, Mr. Bagehot, an eminent English economist, does not ascribe to the merits of democratic choice as effected by a convention. He says:—

“The first election of Mr. Lincoln was a characteristic instance of the workings of such a government [presidential government] upon a great occasion. And what was that working? It may be summed up: it was government by an *unknown* quantity. Hardly any one in America had any living idea what Mr. Lincoln was like, or any definite notion what he would do. The leading statesmen, under the system of cabinet government, are not only household words, but household *ideas*. . . . We have simply no notion what it would be to be left with the visible sovereignty in the hands of an unknown man. The notion of employing a man of unknown smallness at a crisis of unknown greatness is to our minds simply ludicrous. Mr. Lincoln, it is true, happened to be a man, if not of eminent ability, yet of eminent justness. There was an inner depth of Puritan nature, which came out under suffering and was very attractive. But success in a lottery is no argument for lotteries. What were the chances against a person of Lincoln's antecedents, elected as he was, proving to be what he was? Such an incident is, however, natural to a presidential government. *The President is elected by processes which forbid the election of known men*, except at peculiar conjunctures, and in moments when public opinion is excited and despotic; and consequently, when a crisis comes upon us, inevitably we have government by an unknown quantity.”

Mr. Bagehot leaves us the alternative of a government by a nonentity, com-

paratively speaking, or by a cabinet with a premier as its official head, the creation of Congress. It is needless to say that the latter solution of the problem would be as obnoxious to the people of this country as it would be impracticable. The remedy can undoubtedly be found in a measure less radical.

The renomination of Mr. Lincoln and the nomination and renomination of General Grant were due to those exceptional causes which M. de Tocqueville has described, when, in an event of such magnitude and peril as the late civil war, those who had found their way to the front, or by accident were there, became popular idols, defeated the machinations of politicians, or attracted them by their overpowering strength, and received their just reward.

In 1876, Mr. Hayes was the compromise nominee of the Republican convention, although he was the least known of all the candidates.

The nomination of General Garfield in Chicago was another compromise, but a popular one; which again goes to show that a prize is occasionally drawn in lotteries, but affords no argument for their existence. That the convention could do so rational a thing, in so delirious a moment, as to select a man of long legislative experience, of recognized ability and capacity for the office which he was subsequently chosen to fill, was a matter of great surprise and equally great congratulation to the Republican party, and can only be explained by General Garfield's personal presence on the floor of the convention. Had it been known that he desired the presidency, a combination would have been effected immediately, which would no doubt have defeated him, regardless of his merits.

As usual, no account was taken by the Chicago convention of the contingency arising from the possible death of the President, and a Vice-President almost entirely unknown was hastily

nominated. Upon the assassination of President Garfield, Mr. Arthur succeeded to the chief magistracy for the remaining three and a half years, — as unlooked-for an event as an unpredicted eclipse of the sun. The public mind, perturbed by President Garfield's untimely and deplorable end, viewed Mr. Arthur's accession with uneasiness and distrust, and permitted itself to harbor the most unworthy suspicions. The administration of President Johnson was still fresh in common memory. In such a crisis, to win the respect, confidence, and esteem of the American people required a man of refined sensibilities and consummate tact. Mr. Arthur was such a man, and has proved to be a capable executive; but this the convention could not possibly have foreseen, even had it looked at the contingency, because Mr. Arthur, previous to his nomination, had had no public career.

Who will be the next President? The people will arbitrate between the nominees of the Democratic and Republican parties, but who those nominees will be defies all reasonable prophecy. Will the forces of the candidates be marshaled by an iron hand, will a deadlock ensue, and will the nomination be conferred upon some man of mushroom growth, who has never rendered any service to the state that would entitle him to such an honor, and who is distinguished for nothing but his negative character and absence of opinion? The people are passive spectators of the intrigues and cabals of the convention; the newspapers, the vehicles of their opinions, serve only to record its proceedings, not to influence the result; and both are as far removed from the scene as though they were in another planet. We are told that "the eminent men of a party, in an election extending to the whole country, are never its most available candidates. All eminent men have made personal enemies, or have done something, or at the lowest pro-

fessed some opinion, obnoxious to some local or other considerable division of the community, and likely to tell with fatal effect upon the number of votes; whereas a man without antecedents, of whom nothing is known but that he professes the creed of the party, is readily voted for by its entire strength."¹ If this is so beyond remedy, then presidential government is a failure; but the convention, and not the people, is responsible for the ignominy of it.

Stable government rests upon the confidence of the masses, and it follows that in America the masses must choose that government. The theory is that this Republic is "of the people, for the people, and by the people," and the practice should be made to conform to it. The prerogative, however, of naming the President has been usurped by nearly every convention, and the nominees rarely, if ever, represent the will of the parties. If the people can choose only between two men at an election, they have the right to say who those two men shall be. We have had a few able Presidents in the past, but it was in spite of, and not because of, the convention. The absolutism of this body, concerning whose action really nothing can be predicated, has become so intolerable that a future lease of life must depend upon a considerable modification of its powers. What Mr. Dickerson said in the Senate, sixty years ago, regarding the presidential election applies with equal force to the present mode of nomination: "The President should be elected by a majority, and not by a minority, of the people, and no one should hold that office who has not with him the physical strength of the country. If he have it, all is safe, for the power that has created can protect and defend; if he have it not, his holding the office is an outrage upon the principles of our government, and is unsafe both for himself and the country.

¹ J. S. Mill, *Representative Government*, chap. xiv.

A strong majority will not patiently submit to a weak minority, who, taking advantage of the faults in our constitution, have succeeded in placing their man in the presidential chair." Mr. Benton once declared that "the only effectual mode of preserving our government from the corruptions which have undermined the liberty of so many nations is to confide the election of our chief magistrate to those who are farthest removed from the influence of his patronage; that is, to the whole body of American citizens," and he might have added, from the bribes of office and the allurements of designing candidates.

No particular reference has been made in this paper to that mode of nomination whereby a majority of a few votes — as in the state convention of New York in 1880 — pledged the entire delegation to one man. The abrogation of the "unit rule," in the national Republican convention, and the subsequent change in representation made by the national Republican committee, tend to defeat this injustice. But the reform does not go far enough. It is believed that the adoption of the following plan would be attended with benefit, as remedying many of the evils which have been enumerated: —

I. The candidates for President and Vice-President shall be balloted for by the congressional district conventions. The representation in these conventions shall be strictly proportional, and based on the party vote in the preceding presidential election. One delegate shall be sent to each convention for every fifty such votes, or fraction thereof, cast in the district.

II. All the congressional district conventions shall meet on the same day, and, first, shall cast one ballot for President, and, second, one ballot for Vice-President. The vote of each delegate shall count one, and the votes of all the delegates shall be recorded in favor of their respective candidates.

III. A national convention shall be held not later than two weeks after the meeting of the congressional district conventions. To this convention each congressional district convention shall send one delegate for every one hundred delegates, or fraction thereof, of which it is composed; and each of the Territories, Indian Territory excepted, and the District of Columbia shall send two delegates.

IV. In this national body the party platform shall be adopted, and all the votes given for all the candidates in the congressional district conventions shall be counted. If any one candidate shall have received a majority of all votes cast, he shall be declared the nominee of the party; but if no one candidate shall have received a majority of such votes, the national convention shall proceed to choose a candidate from the five names which have received the five highest number of votes. In case of a tie, a sixth candidate shall not be excluded. The method of procedure shall be the same for Vice-President.

With the Republican presidential vote of 1880 as a basis of representation, the apportionment of delegates among the various States will be as shown in the table on the following page.

I. Removing the choice of President and Vice-President from one national convention, containing eight hundred and twenty delegates, to two hundred and ninety-three district conventions, containing about ninety thousand delegates, dethrones an oligarchy, and vests the power of nomination in a body of men sufficiently large to guarantee the choice of a popular candidate, and to render abortive all attempts at corruption or "machine" manipulation. The adoption of the Crawford County (Pennsylvania) system, which provides for the selection of candidates by the direct vote of the people, presents an insurmountable difficulty; since, as Horace Greeley has said, these preliminary

STATES.	Representation 1884, old basis.	Representation on vote of 1880, new basis.	Gain.	Loss.
Alabama.....	20	12	-	8
Arkansas.....	14	9	-	5
Florida.....	8	5	-	3
Georgia.....	24	11	-	13
Kentucky.....	26	22	-	4
Louisiana.....	16	8	-	8
Maryland.....	16	16	-	-
Mississippi.....	18	7	-	11
Missouri.....	32	31	-	1
North Carolina....	22	24	2	-
South Carolina....	18	12	-	6
Tennessee.....	24	22	-	2
Texas.....	26	12	-	14
Virginia.....	24	17	-	7
West Virginia.....	12	10	-	2
Southern States....	300	218	-	84

STATES.	Representation 1884, old basis.	Representation on vote of 1880, new basis.	Gain.	Loss.
California.....	16	17	1	-
Colorado.....	6	6	-	-
Connecticut.....	12	14	2	-
Delaware.....	6	3	-	3
Illinois.....	44	64	20	-
Indiana.....	30	47	17	-
Iowa.....	26	37	11	-
Kansas.....	18	25	7	-
Maine.....	12	15	3	-
Massachusetts.....	28	34	6	-
Michigan.....	26	38	12	-
Minnesota.....	14	19	5	-
Nevada.....	6	2	-	4
New Hampshire.....	8	9	1	-
New Jersey.....	18	25	7	-
New York.....	72	112	40	-
Ohio.....	46	76	30	-
Oregon.....	6	5	-	1
Pennsylvania.....	60	89	29	-
Rhode Island.....	8	4	-	4
Vermont.....	8	10	2	-
Wisconsin.....	22	29	7	-
Nebraska.....	10	11	1	-
Northern States....	502	691	201	12

Territories.....18, 18, 0.
Number of delegates on present basis....820
Number of delegates on proposed basis...927

This calculation is not strictly accurate, as the vote of the State has been taken as a basis, and not that of the districts. The actual representation would be slightly increased, owing to the fractional divisions among the districts.

elections, being unwarranted by law, are corrupted by systematic frauds. It need not, therefore, be considered here. The district convention, however, is open to no such objection. Delegates are chosen by the primaries, who assemble *en masse*. The proceedings of the convention are formal and public, and the officers are elected by a majority of its constituents. Consequently, the possibilities of fraud are greatly diminished.

The representation in each convention will, as has been said, be one delegate for every fifty votes cast for the party in the district in the preceding presidential election. The size of the conventions will, in consequence, vary in the different districts, and inequality be thus prevented.

The plan proposed in this paper involves neither extra expense nor extra trouble, since the scheme of representation recently adopted by the national Republican committee compels the meeting of a convention in every congressional district in the United States within ninety days previous to the meeting of the national convention, to send delegates thereto.

II. These conventions shall meet on the same day, in order that one may not be influenced by the action of another.

If more than one ballot each for President and Vice-President were permitted, the prime object of the contemplated reform, namely, the expression of the free will of each delegate in every district convention, would be defeated; because continuous balloting would secure a majority, force a compromise nominee, and stifle the voice of the minority. To illustrate: If a district convention in the State of New York, consisting of three hundred delegates, should cast one hundred and twenty-five votes for A, one hundred votes for B, and seventy-five votes for C, under the system proposed by the national committee, the balloting would continue until one of the three candidates, say C, received a

majority. This would be sufficient to pledge the delegates, who should represent this district convention in the national convention, to C, and thus the votes cast for A and B would go for naught. But, under the proposed system, the votes which each had would be added to those they might receive in other districts of their own State and of other States; and this combination might suffice to secure A or B the nomination. Of course the old formula of silencing the minority by making the nomination unanimous would not be permissible; and is not at all requisite, if the dissenting delegates have definite notions of their own regarding the merits of candidates, the presumption being that they have.

Since the result of the balloting in no one single district convention is decisive, it is a matter of indifference whether a candidate receives its majority or unanimous vote. The delegates to the national convention go unpledged, being permitted the latitude of the five highest names.

III. It will be observed that all state distinctions are swept away, including the four delegates at large; it being deemed unnecessary that the party voters, who have a just representation in the district, should be represented twice.

It will also be noted that the apportionment of delegates, for example, of the Republican party to the national convention is not based on the majority which the Republicans may obtain in any particular State, but, as a matter of equal justice, rests upon the number of Republican votes cast, and not upon the number of Democratic votes.

In the event of a nomination of President and Vice-President by the district conventions, the holding of a national convention, to which in any event delegates should be sent, will be merely a formality, such as is the meeting of presidential electors in a State after an election.

IV. Theoretically, the result of the balloting in the district conventions would not be known until the votes were formally counted in the national convention, two weeks later. Practically, the wires would acquaint every district with the issue of the contest within a few hours.

Should there be a choice, the national convention, after adopting the party platform, would without further preliminary ratify the nomination. Should there be no choice, the delegates would proceed to select a candidate from the five names which had received the highest popular sanction; a number small enough to insure the selection of a man of national reputation, and large enough to afford that latitude which the consideration of availability requires.

It may be objected that the limited number of candidates would cause a deadlock, lasting for days, out of which a compromise nomination now affords an egress. It is a sufficient answer that party harmony would forbid an inflexibly stubborn contest; and, further, that a public spectacle so demoralizing would in all probability defeat the ultimate nominee at the election.

This plan is not offered as a panacea for all the evils in American politics, nor is it so radical as to involve the abolition of a single existing institution, except the four delegates sent by the state conventions. Long-established customs are not to be destroyed at one fell swoop, especially when a certain degree of efficiency is the partial atonement for their abuses. The design is simply to cripple the power of the "machine" by limiting the discretion of the convention, and by conferring upon the great body of district conventions, which are now the mere handmaids of the national assembly, the right of first choice; and in the failure of that, the selection of five men, from whom the nominee must be taken. While it is not possible to do

away with "wire-pulling," it can be so weakened by subdivision as to nullify the efforts of those political despots who are laconically called "bosses." To "pack" and control a state convention, say of New York, is one thing, and is conceivable; to "pack" and control thirty-three district conventions in that State is quite another thing, and is utterly inconceivable, even were the State held in fee-simple.

It may be urged that if, as under the proposed system, the power of choice were given to ninety thousand delegates, the number of candidates presented by them would be prodigious. This is exceedingly improbable, because every delegate would know that, should he vote for some local dignitary whose name would have no likelihood of being among the highest five, his ballot would be thrown away. This salutary limit of five would also check the growing tendency, which is constantly displayed outside the convention, of put-

ting in nomination a host of the illustrious obscure; and would correct that misapprehension existing in the minds of many which confuses the dignity and power of the presidency of fifty millions of people with that of a twelve-hundred-dollar clerkship.

It is reasonable to believe that, when the district conventions should have come to know the limits as well as the extent of their power, an earnest endeavor would be made to dispense with the arbitration of the national convention by securing that harmonious action which sacrifices personal feeling to the well-being of the state.

Lastly, if the election of the candidate for Vice-President depended on the suffrages of the many thousands in the district conventions, those would covet the honor by whom only it could be obtained, namely, men of national repute, and the office would become politically, what it is constitutionally, a stepping-stone to the presidency.

Oliver T. Morton.

HAROUN AL RASCHID.

GOLDEN pride and fragrant light
Are mine, and thereto was I born;
Thronèd pomp is mine of right,
Robes bestarred, or like the morn;
All words of pearl to me belong
Singers can string in shining song;
Jewels, as perfect song-notes rare,
Are mine own to waste or wear.

Not less hath this right hand power
Whereof such shows are but the flower,—
Power deep-rooted in the earth,
That shakes to royal wealth or mirth.

Yet, on many a deep blue night,
Clad and shod in coarsest wise,
All my splendors must I slight
For the smile of the common skies:

My feet, that inlaid courts forego,
 Lanes of the dusty city know;
 I jest among the bronzed slaves,
 And am well met with merry knaves,
 And quaff poor drink, and feel it glow;
 Steep me in simple weal and woe;
 Yea, learn to swim in those dim waves
 That, my palace flight before,
 Fawning fall with plausive roar.

Hence rumors dear shall rise and rise
 Of my descending and disguise;
 Whereat the slave's freed heart shall sing:
 A Sultan looked into his eyes:
 How is he, then, so mean a thing?
 By torchlight of such memories
 The Sultan in himself he sees.
 Thus, being loved, shall live my name,
 Glowing in the general flame
 Of the people's hearth and heart;
 While men lie entombed apart
 That were as glorious and as great,
 Forgot, because they kept their state;
 Crumbling with the crumbling Past
 Into a dust unnamed at last,
 Whence their gems procured shall be
 By some wiser soul like me.

Helen Gray Cone.

A ROMAN SINGER.

XIX.

TEMISTOCLE closed the door, then opened it again, and looked out, after which he finally shut it, and seemed satisfied. He advanced with cautious tread to where Hedwig sat by the window.

"Well? What have you done?" she inquired, without looking at him. It is a hard thing for a proud and noble girl to be in the power of a servant. The man took Nino's letter from his pocket, and handed it to her upon his open palm. Hedwig tried hard to take it with indifference, but she acknowl-

edges that her fingers trembled and her heart beat fast.

"I was to deliver a message to your excellency, from the old gentleman," said Temistocle, coming close to her and bending down.

"Ah!" said Hedwig, beginning to break the envelope.

"Yes, excellency. He desired me to say that it was absolutely and most indubitably necessary that your excellency should be at the little door to-night at twelve o'clock. Do not fear, Signora Contessina; we can manage it very well."

"I do not wish to know what you ad-

vise me to fear, or not to fear," answered Hedwig, haughtily; for she could not bear to feel that the man should counsel her or encourage her.

"Pardon, excellency; I thought" — began Temistocle humbly; but Hedwig interrupted him.

"Temistocle," she said, "I have no money to give you, as I told you yesterday. But here is another stone, like the other. Take it, and arrange this matter as best you can."

Temistocle took the jewel and bowed to the ground, eying curiously the little case from which she had taken it.

"I have thought and combined everything," he said. "Your excellency will see that it is best you should go alone to the staircase; for, as we say, a mouse makes less noise than a rat. When you have descended, lock the door at the top behind you; and when you reach the foot of the staircase, keep that door open. I will have brought the old gentleman, by that time, and you will let me in. I shall go out by the great gate."

"Why not go with me?" inquired Hedwig.

"Because, your excellency, one person is less likely to be seen than two. Your excellency will let me pass you. I will mount the staircase, unlock the upper door, and change the key to the other side. Then I will keep watch, and if any one comes I will lock the door and slip away till he is gone."

"I do not like the plan," said Hedwig. "I would rather let myself in from the staircase."

"But suppose any one were waiting on the inside, and saw you come back?"

"That is true. Give me the keys, Temistocle, and a taper and some matches."

"Your excellency is a paragon of courage," replied the servant, obsequiously. "Since yesterday I have carried the keys in my pocket. I will bring you the taper this evening."

"Bring it now. I wish to be ready."

Temistocle departed on the errand. When he returned, Hedwig ordered him to give a message to her father.

"When the count comes home, ask him to see me," she said. Temistocle bowed once more, and was gone.

Yes, she would see her father, and tell him plainly what she had suffered from Benoni. She felt that no father, however cruel, would allow his daughter to be so treated, and she would detail the conversation to him.

She had not been able to read Nino's letter, for she feared the servant, knowing the writing to be Italian and legible to him. Now she hastened to drink in its message of love. You cannot suppose that I know exactly what he said, but he certainly set forth at some length his proposal that she should leave her father, and escape with her lover from the bondage in which she was now held. He told her modestly of his success, in so far as it was necessary that she should understand his position. It must have been a very eloquent letter, for it nearly persuaded her to a step of which she had wildly dreamed, indeed, but which in her calmer moments she regarded as impossible.

The interminable afternoon was drawing to a close, and once more she sat by the open window, regardless of the increasing cold. Suddenly it all came over her, — the tremendous importance of the step she was about to take, if she should take Nino at his word, and really break from one life into another. The long-restrained tears, that had been bound from flowing through all Benoni's insults and her own anger, trickled silently down her cheek, no longer pale, but bright and flushed at the daring thought of freedom.

At first it seemed far off, as seen in a magician's glass. She looked, and saw herself as another person, acting a part only half known and half understood. But gradually her own individual soul

entered into the figure of her imagination; her eager heart beat fast; she breathed and moved and acted in the future. She was descending the dark steps alone, listening with supernatural sense of sound for her lover's tread without. It came; the door opened, and she was in his arms, — in those strong arms that could protect her from insult and tyranny and cruel wooing; out in the night, on the road, in Rome, married, free and made blessed forever. On a sudden the artificial imagery of her laboring brain fell away, and the thought crossed her mind that henceforth she must be an orphan. Her father would never speak to her again, or ever own for his a daughter that had done such a deed. Like icy water poured upon a fevered body, the idea chilled her and woke her to reality.

Did she love her father? She had loved him, — yes, until she crossed his will. She loved him still, when she could be so horror-struck at the thought of incurring his lasting anger. Could she bear it? Could she find in her lover all that she must renounce of a father's care and a father's affection, — stern affection, that savored of the despot, — but could she hurt him so?

The image of her father seemed to take another shape, and gradually to assume the form and features of the one man of the world whom she hated, converting itself little by little into Benoni. She hid her face in her hands, and terror stanching the tears that had flown afresh at the thought of orphanhood.

A knock at the door. She hastily concealed the crumpled letter.

"Come in!" she answered boldly; and her father, moving mechanically, with his stick in his hand, entered the room. He came as he had dismounted from his horse, in his riding boots, and his broad felt hat caught by the same fingers that held the stick.

"You wished to see me, Hedwig," he said coldly, depositing his hat upon the

table. Then, when he had slowly sat himself down in an armchair, he added, "Here I am." Hedwig had risen respectfully, and stood before him in the twilight. "What do you wish to say?" he asked in German. "You do not often honor your father by requesting his society."

Hedwig stood one moment in silence. Her first impulse was to throw herself at his feet, and implore him to let her marry Nino. The thought swept away for the time the remembrance of Benoni and of what she had to tell. But a second sufficed to give her the mastery of her tongue and memory, which women seldom lose completely, even at the most desperate moments.

"I desired to tell you," she said, "that Baron Benoni took advantage of your absence to-day to insult me beyond my endurance." She looked boldly into her father's eyes as she spoke.

"Ah!" said he, with great coolness. "Will you be good enough to light one of those candles on the table, and to close the window?"

Hedwig obeyed in silence, and once more planted herself before him, her slim figure looking ghostly between the fading light of the departing day and the yellow flame of the candle.

"You need not assume this theatrical air," said Lira calmly. "I presume you mean that Baron Benoni asked you to marry him?"

"Yes, that is one thing, and is an insult in itself," replied Hedwig, without changing her position.

"I suspect that it is the principal thing," remarked the count. "Very good; he asked you to marry him. He has my full authority to do so. What then?"

"You are my father," answered Hedwig, standing like a statue before him, "and you have the right to offer me whom you please for a husband. But you have no authority to allow me to be wantonly insulted."

"I think that you are out of your mind," said the count, with imperturbable equanimity. "You grant that I may propose a suitor to you, and you call it a wanton insult when that suitor respectfully asks the honor of your hand, merely because he is not young enough to suit your romantic tastes, which have been fostered by this wretched southern air. It is unfortunate that my health requires me to reside in Italy. Had you enjoyed an orderly Prussian education, you would have held different views in regard to filial duty. Refuse Baron Benoni as often as you like. I will stay here, and so will he, I fancy, until you change your mind. I am not tired of this lordly mountain scenery, and my health improves daily. We can pass the summer and winter, and more summers and winters, very comfortably here. If there is anything you would like to have brought from Rome, inform me, and I will satisfy any reasonable request."

"The baron has already had the audacity to inform me that you would keep me a prisoner until I should marry him," said Hedwig; and her voice trembled as she remembered how Benoni had told her so.

"I doubt not that Benoni, who is a man of consummate tact, hinted delicately that he would not desist from pressing his suit. You, well knowing my determination, and carried away by your evil temper, have magnified into a threat what he never intended as such. Pray let me hear no more about these fancied insults." The old man smiled grimly at his keen perception.

"You shall hear me, nevertheless," said Hedwig in a low voice, coming close to the table, and resting one hand upon it as though for support.

"My daughter," said the count, "I desire you to abandon this highly theatrical and melodramatic tone. I am not to be imposed upon."

"Baron Benoni did not confine him-

self to the course you describe. He said many things to me that I did not understand, but I comprehended their import. He began by making absurd speeches, at which I laughed. Then he asked me to marry him, as I had long known he would do as soon as you gave him the opportunity. I refused his offer. Then he insisted, saying that you, sir, had determined on this marriage, and would keep me a close prisoner here until the torture of the situation broke down my strength. I assured him that I would never yield to force. Then he broke out angrily, telling me to my face that I had lost everything, — name, fame, and honor, — how, I cannot tell; but he said those words; and he added that I could regain my reputation only by consenting to marry him."

The old count had listened at first with a sarcastic smile, then with increased attention. Finally, as Hedwig repeated the shameful insult, his brave old blood boiled up in his breast, and he sat gripping the two arms of his chair fiercely, while his gray eyes shot fire from beneath the shaggy brows.

"Hedwig," he cried hoarsely, "are you speaking the truth? Did he say those words?"

"Yes, my father, and more like them. Are you surprised?" she asked bitterly. "You have said them yourself to me."

The old man's rage rose furiously, and he struggled to his feet. He was stiff with riding and rheumatism, but he was too angry to sit still.

"I? Yes, I have tried to show you what might have happened, and to warn you and frighten you, as you should be frightened. Yes, and I was right, for you shall not drag my name in the dirt. But another man, — Benoni!" He could not speak, for his wrath, and his tall figure moved rapidly about the room, his heart seeking expression in action. He looked like some forgotten creature of harm, suddenly galvanized

into destructive life. It was well that Benoni was not within reach.

Hedwig stood calmly by the table, proud in her soul that her father should be roused to such fury. The old man paused in his walk, came to her, and with his hand turned her face to the light, gazing savagely into her eyes.

"You never told me a lie," he growled out.

"Never," she said boldly, as she faced him scornfully. He knew his own temper in his child, and was satisfied. The soldier's habit of self-control was strong in him, and the sardonic humor of his nature served as a garment to the thoughts he harbored.

"It appears," he said, "that I am to spend the remainder of an honorable life in fighting with a pack of hounds. I nearly killed your old acquaintance, the Signor Professore Cardegna, this afternoon." Hedwig staggered back, and turned pale.

"What! Is he wounded?" she gasped out, pressing her hand to her side.

"Ha! That touches you almost as closely as Benoni's insult," he said savagely. "I am glad of it. I repent me, and wish that I had killed him. We met on the road, and he had the impertinence to ask me for your hand, — I am sick of these daily proposals of marriage; and then I inquired if he meant to insult me."

Hedwig leaned heavily on the table, in an agony of suspense.

"The fellow answered that if I were insulted he was ready to fight then and there, in the road, with my pistols. He is no coward, your lover, — I will say that. The end of it was that I came home, and he did not."

Hedwig sank into the chair that her father had left, and hid her face.

"Oh, you have killed him!" she moaned.

"No," said the count shortly; "I did not touch a hair of his head. But he rode away toward Trevi." Hedwig

breathed again. "Are you satisfied?" he asked, with a hard smile, enjoying the terror he had excited.

"Oh, how cruel you are, my father!" she said, in a broken voice.

"I tell you that if I could cure you of your insane passion for this singer fellow, I would be as cruel as the Inquisition," retorted the count. "Now listen to me. You will not be troubled any longer with Benoni, — the beast! I will teach him a lesson of etiquette. You need not appear at dinner to-night. But you are not to suppose that our residence here is at an end. When you have made up your mind to act sensibly, and to forget the Signor Cardegna, you shall return to society, where you may select a husband of your own position and fortune, if you choose; or you may turn Romanist, and go into a convent, and devote yourself to good works and idolatry, or anything else. I do not pretend to care what becomes of you, so long as you show any decent respect for your name. But if you persist in pining and moaning and starving yourself, because I will not allow you to turn dancer and marry a strolling player, you will have to remain here. I am not such pleasant company when I am bored, I can tell you, and my enthusiasm for the beauties of nature is probably transitory."

"I can bear anything, if you will remove Benoni," said Hedwig quietly, as she rose from her seat. But the pressure of the iron keys that she had hidden in her bosom gave her a strange sensation.

"Never fear," said the count, taking his hat from the table. "You shall be amply avenged of Benoni and his foul tongue. I may not love my daughter, but no one shall insult her. I will have a word with him this evening."

"I thank you for that, at least," said Hedwig, as he moved to the door.

"Do not mention it," said he, and put his hand on the lock.

A sudden impulse seized Hedwig.

She ran swiftly to him, and clasped her hands upon his arm.

"Father!" she cried, pleadingly.

"What?"

"Father, do you love me?" He hesitated one moment.

"No," he said sternly; "you disobey me;" and he went out in rough haste. The door closed behind him, and she was left standing alone. What could she do, poor child? For months he had tormented her and persecuted her, and now she had asked him plainly if she still held a place in his heart, and he had coldly denied it.

A gentle, tender maiden, love-sick and mind-sick, yearning so piteously for a little mercy, or sympathy, or kindness, and treated like a mutinous soldier, because she loved so honestly and purely, — is it any wonder that her hand went to her bosom and clasped the cold, hard keys that promised her life and freedom? I think not. I have no patience with young women who allow themselves to be carried away by an innate bad taste and love for effect, quarreling with the peaceful destiny that a kind Providence has vouchsafed them, and with an existence which they are too dull to make interesting to themselves or to any one else; finally making a desperate and foolish dash at notoriety by a runaway marriage with the first scamp they can find, and repenting in poverty and social ostracism the romance they conceived in wealth and luxury. They deserve their fate. But when a sensitive girl is motherless, cut off from friends and pleasures, presented with the alternative of solitude or marriage with some detested man, or locked up to forget a dream which was half realized and very sweet, then the case is different. If she breaks her bonds, and flies to the only loving heart she knows, forgive her, and pray Heaven to have mercy on her, for she takes a fearful leap into the dark.

Hedwig felt the keys, and took them from her dress, and pressed them to her

cheek, and her mind was made up. She glanced at the small gilt clock, and saw that the hands pointed to seven. Five hours were before her in which to make her preparations, such as they could be.

In accordance with her father's orders, given when he left her, Temistocle served her dinner in her sitting-room; and the uncertainty of the night's enterprise demanded that she should eat something, lest her strength should fail at the critical moment. Temistocle volunteered the information that her father had gone to the baron's apartment, and had not been seen since. She heard in silence, and bade the servant leave her as soon as he had ministered to her wants. Then she wrote a short letter to her father, telling him that she had left him, since he had no place for her in his heart, and that she had gone to the one man who seemed ready both to love and to protect her. This missive she folded, sealed, and laid in a prominent place upon the table, addressed to the count.

She made a small bundle, — very neatly, for she is clever with her fingers, — and put on a dark traveling dress, in the folds of which she sewed such jewels as were small and valuable and her own. She would take nothing that her father had given her. In all this she displayed perfect coolness and foresight.

The castle became intensely quiet as the evening advanced. She sat watching the clock. At five minutes before midnight she took her bundle and her little shoes in her hand, blew out her candle, and softly left the room.

XX.

I need not tell you how I passed all the time from Nino's leaving me until he came back in the evening, just as I could see from my window that the full moon was touching the tower of the castle. I sat looking out, expecting him,

and I was the most anxious professor that ever found himself in a ridiculous position. Temistocle had come, and you know what had passed between us, and how we had arranged the plan of the night. Most heartily did I wish myself in the little amphitheatre of my lecture-room at the University, instead of being pledged to this wild plot of my boy's invention. But there was no drawing back. I had been myself to the little stable next door, where I had kept my donkey, and visited him daily since my arrival, and I had made sure that I could have him at a moment's notice by putting on the cumbrous saddle. Moreover, I had secretly made a bundle of my effects, and had succeeded in taking it unobserved to the stall, and I tied it to the pommel. I also told my landlady that I was going away in the morning, with the young gentleman who had visited me, and who, I said, was the engineer who was going to make a new road to the Serra. This was not quite true; but lies that hurt no one are not lies at all, as you all know, and the curiosity of the old woman was satisfied. I also paid for my lodging, and gave her a franc for herself, which pleased her very much. I meant to steal away about ten o'clock, or as soon as I had seen Nino and communicated to him the result of my interview with Temistocle.

The hours seemed endless, in spite of my preparations, which occupied some time; so I went out when I had eaten my supper, and visited my ass, and gave him a little bread that was left, thinking it would strengthen him for the journey. Then I came back to my room, and watched. Just as the moonlight was shooting over the hill, Nino rode up the street. I knew him in the dusk by his broad hat, and also because he was humming a little tune through his nose, as he generally does. But he rode past my door without looking up, for he meant to put his mule in the stable for a rest.

At last he came in, still humming,

and apologized for the delay, saying he had stopped a few minutes at the inn to get some supper. It could not have been a very substantial meal that he ate, in that short time.

"What did the man say?" was his first question, as he sat down.

"He said it should be managed as I desired," I answered. "Of course I did not mention you. Temistocle — that is his name — will come at midnight, and take you to the door. There you will find this innamorata, this lady-love of yours, for whom you are about to turn the world upside down."

"What will you do yourself, Sor Cornelio?" he asked, smiling.

"I will go now and get my donkey, and quietly ride up the valley to the Serra di Sant' Antonio," I said. "I am sure that the signorina will be more at her ease if I accompany you. I am a very proper person, you see."

"Yes," said Nino pensively, "you are very proper. And besides, you can be a witness of the civil marriage."

"Diavolo!" I cried, "a marriage! I had not thought of that."

"Blood of a dog!" exclaimed Nino, "what on earth did you think of?" He was angry all in a moment.

"Piano, — do not disquiet yourself, my boy. I had not realized that the wedding was so near, — that is all. Of course you will be married in Rome, as soon as ever we get there."

"We shall be married in Ceprano tomorrow night, by the Sindaco, or the mayor, or whatever civil bishop they support in that God-forsaken Neapolitan town," said Nino, with great determination.

"Oh, very well; manage it as you like. Only be careful that it is properly done, and have it registered," I added. "Meanwhile, I will start."

"You need not go yet, caro mio; it is not nine o'clock."

"How far do you think I ought to go, Nino?" I inquired. To tell the

truth, the idea of going up the Serra alone was not so attractive in the evening as it had been in the morning light. I thought it would be very dark among those trees, and I had still a great deal of money sewn between my waistcoats.

"Oh, you need not go so very far," said Nino. "Three or four miles from the town will be enough. I will wait in the street below, after eleven."

We sat in silence for some time afterwards, and if I was thinking of the gloomy ride before me, I am sure that Nino was thinking of Hedwig. Poor fellow! I dare say he was anxious enough to see her, after being away for two months, and spending so many hours almost within her reach. He sat low in his chair, and the dismal rays of the solitary tallow candle cast deep shadows on his thoughtful face. Weary, perhaps, with waiting and with long travel, yet not sad, but very hopeful, he looked. No fatigue could destroy the strong, manly expression of his features, and even in that squalid room, by the miserable light, dressed in his plain gray clothes, he was still the man of success, who could hold thousands in the suspense of listening to his slightest utterance. Nino is a wonderful man, and I am convinced that there is more in him than music, which is well enough when one can be as great as he, but is not all, the world holds. I am sure that massive head of his was not hammered so square and broad, by the great hands that forge the thunderbolts of nations, merely that he should be a tenor and an actor, and give pleasure to his fellow-men. I see there the power and the strength of a broader mastery than that which bends the ears of a theatre audience. One day we may see it. It needs the fire of hot times to fuse the elements of greatness in the crucible of revolution. There is not such another head in all Italy as Nino's that I have ever seen, and I have seen the best in Rome. He looked so grand, as he sat there, think-

ing over the future. I am not praising his face for its beauty; there is little enough of that, as women might judge. And besides, you will laugh at my ravings, and say that a singer is—a singer, and nothing more, for all his life. Well, we shall see in twenty years; you will, — perhaps I shall not.

"Nino," I asked irrelevantly, following my own train of reflection, "have you ever thought of anything but music — and love?" He roused himself from his reverie, and stared at me.

"How should you be able to guess my thoughts?" he asked at last.

"People who have lived much together often read each other's minds. What were you thinking of?" Nino sighed, and hesitated a moment before he answered.

"I was thinking," he said, "that a musician's destiny, even the highest, is a poor return for a woman's love."

"You see: I was thinking of you, and wondering whether, after all, you will always be a singer."

"That is singular," he answered slowly. "I was reflecting how utterly small my success on the stage will look to me when I have married Hedwig von Lira."

"There is a larger stage, Nino mio, than yours."

"I know it," said he, and fell back in his chair again, dreaming.

I fancy that at any other time we might have fallen into conversation and speculated on the good old-fashioned simile which likens life to a comedy, or a tragedy, or a farce. But the moment was ill chosen, and we were both silent, being much preoccupied with the immediate future.

A little before ten I made up my mind to start. I glanced once more round the room to see if I had left anything. Nino was still sitting in his chair, his head bent, and his eyes staring at the floor.

"Nino," I said, "I am going now. Here is another candle, which you will

need before long, for these tallow things are very short." Indeed, the one that burned was already guttering low in the old brass candlestick. Nino rose and shook himself.

"My dear friend," he said, taking me by both hands, "you know that I am grateful to you. I thank you, and thank you again, with all my heart. Yes, you ought to go now, for the time is approaching. We shall join you, if all goes well, by one o'clock."

"But, Nino, if you do not come?"

"I will come, alone, or with her. If — if I should not be with you by two in the morning, go on alone, and get out of the way. It will be because I am caught by that old Prussian devil. Good-by." He embraced me affectionately, and I went out. A quarter of an hour later I was out of the town, picking my way, with my little donkey, over the desolate path that leads toward the black Serra. The clatter of the beast's hoofs over the stones kept time with the beatings of my heart, and I pressed my thin legs close to his thinner sides for company.

When Nino was left alone, — and all this I know from him, — he sat again in the chair, and meditated; and although the time of the greatest event in his life was very near, he was so much absorbed that he was startled when he looked at his watch and found that it was half past eleven. He had barely time to make his preparations. His man was warned, but was waiting near the inn, not knowing where he was required, as Nino himself had not been to ascertain the position of the lower door, fearing lest he might be seen by Benoni. He now hastily extinguished the light, and let himself out of the house without noise. He found his countryman ready with the mules, ordered him to come with him, and returned to the house, instructing him to follow and wait at a short distance from the door he would enter. Muffled in his cloak, he stood in

the street, awaiting the messenger from Hedwig.

The crazy old clock of the church tolled the hour, and a man wrapped in a nondescript garment, between a cloak and an overcoat, stole along the moonlit street to where Nino stood, in front of my lodging.

"Temistocle!" called Nino, in a low voice, as the fellow hesitated.

"Excellency" — answered the man, and then drew back. "You are not the Signor Grandi!" he cried, in alarm.

"It is the same thing," replied Nino. "Let us go."

"But how is this?" objected Temistocle, seeing a new development. "It was the Signor Grandi whom I was to conduct." Nino was silent, but there was a crisp sound in the air as he took a banknote from his pocket-book. "Diavolo!" muttered the servant, "perhaps it may be right, after all." Nino gave him the note.

"That is my passport," said he.

"I have doubts," answered Temistocle, taking it, nevertheless, and examining it by the moonlight. "It has no *visa*," he added, with a cunning leer. Nino gave him another. Then Temistocle had no more doubts.

"I will conduct your excellency," he said. They moved away, and Temistocle was so deaf that he did not hear the mules and the tramp of the man who led them, not ten paces behind him.

Passing round the rock, they found themselves in the shadow; a fact which Nino noted with much satisfaction, for he feared lest some one might be keeping late hours in the castle. The mere noise of the mules would attract no attention in a mountain town, where the country people start for their distant work at all hours of the day and night. They came to the door. Nino called softly to the man with the mules to wait in the shadow, and Temistocle knocked at the door. The key ground in the lock from within, but the hands that

held it seemed weak. Nino's heart beat fast.

"Temistocle!" called Hedwig's trembling voice.

"What is the matter, your excellency?" asked the servant through the keyhole, not forgetting his manners.

"Oh, I cannot turn the key! What *shall* I do?"

Nino heard, and pushed the servant aside.

"Courage, my dear lady," he said, aloud, that she might know his voice. Hedwig appeared to make a frantic effort, and a little sound of pain escaped her as she hurt her hands.

"Oh, what *shall* I do!" she cried, piteously. "I locked it last night, and now I cannot turn the key!"

Nino pressed with all his weight against the door. Fortunately, it was strong, or he would have broken it in, and it would have fallen upon her. But it opened outward, and was heavily bound with iron. Nino groaned.

"Has your excellency a taper?" asked Temistocle suddenly, forcing his head between Nino's body and the door, in order to be heard.

"Yes. I put it out."

"And matches?" he asked again.

"Yes."

"Then let your excellency light the taper, and drop some of the burning wax on the end of the key. It will be like oil." There was a silence. The key was withdrawn, and a light appeared through the hole where it had been. Nino instantly fastened his eye to the aperture, hoping to catch a glimpse of Hedwig. But he could not see anything save two white hands trying to cover the key with wax. He withdrew his eye quickly, as the hands pushed the key through again.

Again the lock groaned, — a little sob of effort, another trial, and the bolts flew back to their sockets. The prudent Temistocle, who did not wish to be a witness of what followed, pretended to

exert gigantic strength in pulling the door open, and Nino, seeing him, drew back a moment, to let him pass.

"Your excellency need only knock at the upper door," he said to Hedwig, "and I will open. I will watch, lest any one should enter from above."

"You may watch till the rising of the dead," thought Nino, and Hedwig stood aside on the narrow step, while Temistocle went up. One instant more, and Nino was at her feet, kissing the hem of her dress, and speechless with happiness, for his tears of joy flowed fast.

Tenderly Hedwig bent to him, and laid her two hands on his bare head, pressing down the thick and curly hair with a trembling, passionate motion.

"Signor Cardegna, you must not kneel there, — nay, sir, I know you love me! Would I have come to you else? Give me your hand — now — do not kiss it so hard — no — Oh, Nino, my own dear Nino" —

What should have followed in her gentle speech is lacking, for many and most sweet reasons. I need not tell you that the taper was extinguished, and they stood locked in each other's arms against the open door, with only the reflection of the moon from the houses opposite to illuminate their meeting.

There was and is to me something divinely perfect and godlike in these two virgin hearts, each so new to their love, and each so true and spotless of all other. I am old to say sweet things of loving. But I cannot help it; for though I never was as they are, I have loved much in my time. Like our own dear Leopardi, I loved not the woman, but the angel which is the type of all women, and whom not finding I perished miserably as to my heart. But in my breast there is still the temple where the angel dwelt, and the shrine is very fragrant still with the divine scent of the heavenly roses that were about her. I think, also, that all those who love in this world must have such a holy place

of worship in their hearts. Sometimes the kingdom of the soul and the palace of the body are all Love's, made beautiful and rich with rare offerings of great constancy and faith; and all the countless creations of transcendent genius, and all the vast aspirations of far-reaching power, go up in reverent order to do homage at Love's altar, before they come forth, like giants, to make the great world tremble and reel in its giddy grooves.

And with another it is different. The world is not his; he is the world's, and all his petty doings have its gaudy stencil blotched upon them. Yet haply even he has a heart, and somewhere in its fruitless fallows stands a poor ruin, that never was of much dignity at its best, — poor and broken, and half choked with weeds and briars; but even thus the weeds are fragrant herbs, and the briars are wild roses, of few and misshapen petals, but sweet, nevertheless. For this ruin was once a shrine, too, that his mean hands and sterile soul did try most ineffectually to build up as a shelter for all that was ever worthy in him.

Now, therefore, I say, Love, and love truly and long, — even forever; and if you can do other things well, do them; but if not, at least learn to do that, for it is a very gentle thing, and sweet in the learning. Some of you laugh at me, and say, Behold this old-fashioned driveler, who does not even know that love is no longer in the fashion! By Saint Peter, Heaven will soon be out of the fashion, too, and Messer Satanas will rake in the just and the unjust alike, so that he need no longer fast on Fridays, having a more savory larder! And no doubt some of you will say that hell is really so antiquated that it should be put in the museum at the University of Rome, for a curious old piece of theological furniture. Truth! it is a wonder it is not worn out with digesting the tough morsels it gets, when people like you are finally gotten rid of from

this world! But it is made of good material, and will last, never fear! This is not the gospel of peace, but it is the gospel of truth.

Loving hearts and gentle souls shall rule the world some day, for all your pestiferous fashions; and old as I am, — I do not mean aged, but well on in years, — I believe in love still, and I always will. It is true that it was not given to me to love as Nino loves Hedwig, for Nino is even now a stronger, sterner man than I. His is the nature that can never do enough; his the hands that never tire for her; his the art that would surpass, for her, the stubborn bounds of possibility. He is never weary of striving to increase her joy of him. His philosophy is but that. No quibbles of "being" and "not being," or wretched speculations concerning the object of existence; he has found the true unity of unities, and he holds it fast.

Meanwhile, you object that I am not proceeding with my task, and telling you more facts, recounting more conversations, and painting more descriptions. Believe me, this one fact, that to love well is to be all man can be, is greater than all the things men have ever learned and classified in dictionaries. It is, moreover, the only fact that has consistently withstood the ravages of time and social revolution; it is the wisdom that has opened, as by magic, the treasures of genius, of goodness, and of all greatness, for every one to see; it is the vital elixir that has made men of striplings, and giants of cripples, and heroes of the poor in heart though great in spirit. Nino is an example: for he was but a boy, yet he acted like a man; a gifted artist in a great city, courted by the noblest, yet he kept his faith.

But when I have taken breath I will tell you what he and Hedwig said to each other at the gate, and whether at the last she went with him, or stayed in dismal Fillettino for her father's sake.

F. Marion Crawford.

THE RED SUNSETS.

THE way in which men take the unexpected is an excellent gauge of their state of mind. Sudden changes in the face of nature bring the man out of his burrow and exhibit his hidden motives. Fifty years ago the meteoric shower of 1833 showed that the less cultivated class, even in America, still looked upon the accidents of the skies as signs of heavenly wrath and portents of coming ills. Now even the least educated no longer ask, What does this presage? but What is its cause? Naturalism has advanced fast and far in the last century.

The autumn of 1883 will always have a large place in scientific history on account of the strange aspect of its heavens, as well as on account of the preceding eruptions of volcanoes in the Straits of Sunda, which in their grandeur and effects much exceeded any disturbance recorded in history. Although the volcanic outburst changed the geography of a large district, destroyed somewhere near one hundred thousand lives, and sent the ocean waves and the throbs of the air produced by the convulsion over the whole circumference of the earth, its nature was not unusual; it differed from a thousand similar accidents of this troubled world only in degree, — only as the discharge of a twenty-inch cannon differs from that of a small field-piece. But the strange heavens of the later autumn, the fiery glow of sunrise and sunset, the brownish haze that girdles the sun all day, are phenomena so out of the range of common experience that at first all the experts in meteorology were at sea in their explanations. At the outset, many of these students of the atmosphere turned naturally to the conjecture that some of the vagrant matter of space, such as we see in the comets or dust-like meteors, had been drawn down upon our atmosphere, and so enveloped

the earth with a meteoric mist. Others looked upon these movements as a mere intensification of the afterglow, or second sunset, which is not an unfamiliar phenomenon in all extra-tropical regions at certain seasons of the year, particularly in the autumn, and which is probably due to the condensation of vapor in the upper regions of the atmosphere. Gradually, as the facts have been gathered in from all parts of the world, these explanations have been overthrown, and the sunsets have been proven to be in some way connected with the Javanese convulsion. At several points in Europe the new-fallen snow contains particles of volcanic dust essentially like those that fell upon the decks of ships near the point of eruption, and which presumably are the heavier bits that have descended from the dust-cloud in the upper air.

Still further, it has been shown that these curious appearances of the sky occurred more quickly in the district near the volcano than in regions remote from it. It is not easy to determine the precise times when the sunset and sunrise became so brilliant; for at first the phenomenon might seem accidental in its nature, and so not become recorded. Yet it is clear that at Rodríguez, Mauritius, and Seychelles, points from three thousand to three thousand five hundred miles west of Krakatoa, the red sunsets were seen on the 28th of August, within thirty-six hours after the eruption occurred. In Brazil, which is over ten thousand miles away, they appeared on the 30th of September. In Florida, thirteen thousand miles distant, on September 8th. It was noticed in England on the 9th of September, but in Sweden not until the 30th of November; each of these countries being about seven thousand five hundred miles from the

point of eruption.¹ The volcanic mist spread more rapidly in the tropical belt between the parallels of latitude in which Java lies than in the regions to the north and south of this line. Sweeping swiftly about the earth in this tropical belt, it seems to have been carried thence by some slower motion to higher latitudes.

These successions of occurrence, first near the point of disturbance, then in regions more remote, would of themselves be sufficient to establish some connection between the Java convulsion and the brilliant sunsets; but any doubt that might remain is removed by the fact that we have at least one instance of a similar convulsion, in the last century, which we can in the same way connect with a great eruption in Iceland. In 1783, Skapta Jokul, one of the greatest of our volcanoes, passed through a period of eruption which, for its energy, was the most violent ever known in any but a Javanese volcano. Shortly after this eruption occurred, the English skies put on the fiery aspect that our own have at present. In those days men still looked to the heavens for portents, and deep alarm took possession of the people. Mr. James Macaulay has noted the fact that the poet Cowper refers to these sunsets in his letters, as well as in the *Task*, Book II. line 58:—

“Fires from beneath, and meteors from above,
Portentous, unexampled, unexplained,
Have kindled beacons in the skies; . . .
And Nature with a dim and sickly eye
To wait the close of all;”

and Mrs. Somerville, in her *Physical Geography*, called attention to the probable relation between the vapor and ashes thrown out by the Iceland volcano and the brilliant sunsets of Western Europe.² Gilbert White, the well-known author of the *Natural History of Selborne*, also perceived the connection between these lurid skies and the great

eruption in Iceland; though he did not perceive the nature of the facts so clearly as did his able countrywoman.

In regard to the connection between volcanic eruptions and these skies as proven, we have next to consider the nature of the material that conveys the light down to us, the singular method in which it became diffused over the earth, and the reason for its long continuance. Here we are on more uncertain ground than in the first inquiry, yet with care we can find our way to the truth.

If the reader has examined these luminous skies with care, he will have observed that at midday, with an otherwise clear sky, the sun seems to be in a vast tract of thin whitish-brown vapor, looking like a thin mist, which is most evident a few degrees from the sun, and fades away insensibly, until at twenty degrees or less from the sun it imperceptibly melts into the apparently clear sky. Watching this faint cloud, we see that it is constantly changing its shape; dim streamers extend from it from time to time, and then fade away. Sometimes it is much stronger on one side of the sun than on the other. On several occasions it has appeared to be rapidly drifting to the northeast, with a speed comparable to the scud in a gale. These appearances, which I have not seen noted in any of the accounts of the sunsets, vary from day to day and hour to hour. They are explicable only on the supposition that there is a constant drifting of a very thin veil of this misty matter across the heavens near the sun. This matter, being intensely illuminated, is made visible in the region near the sun; elsewhere it is not dense enough to alter the blue of the sky. If we follow the descending sun, we find that when it begins to get into the mists of the horizon it no longer shows this ash-colored fringe, which melts into the dim, vaporous color that seems to encircle the

¹ See W. Upton, in *Science*, vol. iii. p. 37.

² See *Nature*, vol. xxix. p. 177; also *Physical Geography*, by Mary Somerville, chap. iv.

horizon, but which is in fact due to the greater thickness and humidity of the air through which we then look. Nor do we see much of anything of these strange vapors in the first stages of the sunset, for there the glowing lower vapors still mask the upper light. It is after the normal sunset has fairly gone that this higher level of very faint cloud becomes illuminated. The long time that elapses after the sun goes below the horizon before these upper vapors find themselves at the right angle to reflect the light to us, and the long duration of this glow, show us that the volcanic vapor is much further above the earth than any common clouds. Computations based on the duration of this sunset light on the mists in question indicate that they must be somewhere near fifty thousand feet above the surface, or between nine and ten miles high. As the lightest ordinary clouds probably do not rise more than about thirty thousand feet above the earth, in northern regions, in the winter season, it is evident that the great height of these volcanic clouds is a part of the problem with which we have to deal.

There is one other important point to be described in order to have the whole matter before us. This is the color of the vapors. It is clear that these colors differ somewhat, but not notably, from the hues reflected from the usual clouds. The mist about the noonday sun is a little more brown than it would be if it were watery vapor alone, and the sunset glow of the cloud appears to be from a less lustrous surface than clouds of pure watery mist would afford. Moreover, the banding or stratification of the mist, though tolerably evident, is not so clear as it is in the case of ordinary cirrus clouds. It has been noticed in other countries, where these volcanic emanations were thicker than they are in the region about the North Atlantic, that the sun at morning and evening had a greenish color, which is never given

it by the usual vapors of the atmosphere. Mr. Lockyer calls attention to the fact that on one occasion he observed such a color in the sun when it was seen through the steam of a steamship; but this effect cannot be had through pure steam, though it is perhaps obtainable through such a mixture of steam and smoke as comes from the locomotive engine.

If these clouds were composed of dust alone, it is reasonable to suppose that they could not be banded or stratified, as cirrus cloud is; yet they exhibit some distinct traces of this banding. As their phenomena of color show that they are not water vapor alone, it is a fair conclusion that they are made up of a mixture of dust and water vapor, such as occurs in our chimney smoke. Our ordinary coal smoke is always composed in large part of steam, in which the little bits of carbon are mingled, as the soot is in the London fog. When dust of any kind becomes entangled in water vapor, the union is of a singularly permanent nature, the two being unwilling to separate until they fall as rain.

But it has often been asked of the present writer, How is it that these particles of mingled water and dust can remain so long at such a height above the earth? Why do they not fall at once to the earth, instead of floating to and fro, miles above its surface, for some months? To this there is a simple and apparently a sufficient answer, though it may not seem at first as evident as could be desired: the rate at which particles fall through the air is determined by the ratio that their superficies bear to their weight. Now the smaller any bits of matter are, the larger in proportion is their surface to their weight. A certain descending force is required to push the resisting atoms of air apart, and so permit the descent of the gravitating particle. It is this resistance that keeps the upper clouds floating so long and so high above the earth. The particles of

water are constantly falling through the air, but owing to their fineness they may fall only a few inches each day. The same principle is shown in the settling of mud in water. A tumbler of Mississippi water will require days to deposit its mud. We have only to suppose that the particles of mingled dust and water that constitute these volcanic clouds are extremely small, to account for months, or even years, of suspension in the air.

Having now examined that part of the sunset phenomena that is evident to the eye, let us inquire how the dust and vapor was driven to such a height into the atmosphere, and so rapidly distributed over the earth. If we consider what takes place in any violent eruption of a volcano, we will see the explanation of these facts. In the case of this Krakatoa eruption, as in that of Skapta Jokul, indeed in all great eruptions, we easily see that the principal thing that occurs is a furious uprush of steam from the crater, bearing with it a vast quantity of pulverized rock, called dust or ashes. If it were the purpose of this article to explain the phenomena of volcanoes, it would be shown that the volcanic steam is the water that in old ages was inclosed in the small interstices of the rocks as they were formed on the ancient sea floors, and which became heated from the thick coating, or blanket, of other rocks deposited above. When by some chance fracture these gases of the buried water escape, they force quantities of the heated rock before them, as they rush into the air. As the imprisoned water completely penetrates the rock, on expanding it sends its walls into extremely minute fragments, which are borne upward in the rush of steam.

Some years ago, a skillful inventor devised an ingenious machine to reduce the ordinary Southern cane into a state of paper pulp, which consists of very finely divided woody fibre. He prepared a large cannon-shaped vessel, of great strength; into this the cane was

placed, along with some water; a strong lid closed the aperture; heat then being applied to the vessel, the imprisoned mass was brought to a very high temperature, say to twice the heat of boiling water; then, the lid being suddenly removed, all the water in the fibres of the cane was instantly converted into steam, and the mass, reduced to the finest shreds, was blown out of the muzzle of the gun-like vessel. The invention was never profitable, except to the geologist, who finds in it a capital illustration of the action that takes place in highly heated rocks when, by the rents at the volcano's base, they are suddenly permitted to escape to the air. He knows that every crystal has water disseminated all through its structure, and this will cause it, when heated, to be reduced to an exceedingly fine powder as soon as the retaining pressure is removed.

The speed of this uprush from the crater of a great volcano is extremely great. Even from a volcano like Vesuvius, the vast, straight column of steam, blackened with ashes, rises to the height of twenty or thirty thousand feet above the base. When the force of the ascending column is overcome by the friction of the air, the steam spreads out like the top of a great Italian pine, and sails away before the wind. Those who have seen a large cannon at the moment of discharge have doubtless noticed the cylinder of smoke that is projected for a hundred feet or so beyond the mouth, and is then broken into swift-circling clouds. Now imagine a gun standing vertically, with its mouth a mile or more in diameter, and discharging its gases into the atmosphere with several times the speed with which they escape from a piece of artillery, and we will have the essential conditions of a volcanic explosion; only in place of the momentary outrush of the cannon we must imagine the explosion to endure for hours, or perhaps for days.

We have no very good data by which

to determine the height to which the materials ejected from volcanoes are thrown. The strongest piece of modern artillery will, however, drive a ball straight upwards, to the height of about four miles. It may easily be seen, even in small volcanoes such as Vesuvius, that more than this distance is attained by the substances which the eruption throws out. In great volcanoes, such as Krakatoa and many of those of Java and elsewhere, it may be that eruptions eject their matter to several times this height. Masses of considerable size, thrown out of volcanoes, have been known to fall four or five miles away from the crater. Allowing all that we can for wind carriage, it seems necessary to believe that these fragments must have had at least five or six times the speed of motion that we can impress on a cannon-ball, and must have gone upward with nearly enough velocity to carry them beyond the sphere of the earth's attraction.

If the observer could view the spectacle of such an eruption from a point well above the surface of the earth, he would see much that is hidden from those below by the wrap of clouds that quickly gather about the volcano. From such a vantage-point, say in a balloon, at the impossible height of sixty thousand feet above the earth, he would see the swift-moving column of steam and gas rising far above the level of our summer clouds, — ascending possibly, in such an eruption as that of Krakatoa, to the height of one hundred thousand feet above the sea. As this mass of mingled dust and steam rushed upwards, it would

lean over to the westward, because of the greater eastward movement in the upper regions of the atmosphere; but the most remarkable effect would be the very rapid horizontal diffusion of the gases in the thin upper air. In the nearly perfect vacuum which would exist around the upper part of the ejection column, these gases would hurry away in all directions with exceeding speed.¹ This swiftly diffusing sheet of vaporous matter would, we may presume, quickly settle down upon the denser atmosphere below. The thicker the atmosphere the more slowly the matter would fall; the mist would be frozen, as is the water in all the higher-lying clouds, even on a summer day, and, entangling the volcanic dust in its meshes, would fall into the region of the air currents, and so journey over all the lands and seas.

If our imaginary observer from his lofty perch beheld an eruption that rose from the surface of the land, the ejection column before him would contain only the steam that came from the deep-buried rocks which are the seat of the volcanic impulse. But when, as was probably the case at Krakatoa, and is certainly so in many outbreaks, the eruption ascended from the sea floor, then, besides the steam that makes the eruption, there would be a large amount of sea water blown up with the ascending gas, which would enhance the mass of the material that found its way into the upper air.

It is not easy to conceive how vast is the volume of the gas thrown out by a great volcanic eruption. If we assume the area of the crater to be a mile square,

¹ It is possible, as afterwards described, that a portion of the volcanic dust may be thrown nearly or quite beyond the immediate control of the earth's attraction, and that the earth may not recover it for many hours after the time of ejection. If the reader can picture to himself the earth spinning around while this volcano is driving its column of dust and vapor out through the atmospheric envelope; if he can also bring himself to see that, owing to the fact that the rate of movement to the east at the earth's surface is somewhat slower than

it is in the upper air, the updriven matter inclines somewhat to the westward, he will then be able to understand that if the dust is driven above the region whence it would quickly fall upon the earth, it would, when it fell down upon the air, find itself far to the westward of the point where it went up. These considerations are too complicated for discussion in this article. Those accustomed to such enigmas will see, however, in this suggestion a possible explanation of the rapidity with which the volcanic dust diffused itself over the earth.

the column to move upward with the speed of a mile a second, and the gas to have only the density of gunpowder gases within the chamber of a cannon at the moment of firing, as given by Rodman, then we have an amount about equal to all the atmosphere that lies on ten thousand square miles of the earth's surface thrown out in a second of time. If we reduce the rate of the movement to that of a shot when it leaves a gun, we will still have about one third of this quantity. If all the gas discharged from a volcano stayed in the form of highly heated gas, then the pressure of the earth's atmosphere would be doubled in about a fortnight, and even a day of eruption should add something like a pound to the pressure of the atmosphere on a square foot of surface.

The sudden movements of the barometer at points near the volcano of Krakatoa during the last eruption, amounting to an inch or so in height, show that a strong local effect on the atmospheric pressure is produced by the out-rush of gases. That no widespread or continuous effect upon the weight of the air is brought about is doubtless due to the fact that by far the greater part of the gas is steam, that is quickly condensed and falls back upon the earth in the form of rain, which in all such great eruptions deluges the region about the active volcano. The most of the dust — all the coarser grains of it, at least — that is thrown up by these eruptions returns also by gravity, or is borne down by the torrential rain, to the region about the base of the volcano. It is only the remnant of water and of powdered rock that remains high in the air, like the wrack of a thunderstorm, to float far away from the point where it was hurled into the air. Although the foregoing calculations have little definite value, they serve to show the reader how vast is the vaporous discharge in such an eruption, and how, even from its mere shreds and flying waste, the whole at-

mosphere of the earth may for a while put on a strange aspect.

So far we have been considering only the outward appearances given to our atmosphere by the last Java convulsion. Let us see if there are any other effects of it than the changing variety that the mornings and evenings have gained by the eruption. It is a familiar fact that the earth's atmosphere is a singular, delicate mechanism, that moves with trifling impulses in the most varied ways. From its behavior during the Krakatoa eruption we may find one evidence of its sensitiveness to disturbing actions. Mr. Scott has shown that the barometric spasms that caused, during the eruption, the before-mentioned leaps of the mercury about Krakatoa were passed on through the atmosphere with the speed of some hundred miles or more an hour, until they encircled the earth; so that in about fifteen hours the remotest point on the earth had felt the shock of the explosions. But for reasons already given is is not likely that any permanent effect on the weight of the atmosphere can be produced by the volcanic gases. It is otherwise with the dust clouds that cause our golden sunsets. The fact that these particles of vapor and dust send us back the sunlight is proof that they cut off a share of the sun's rays from their proper access to the earth's surface. For months the earth has been wrapped in a veil that denies admission to a small part of the sun's light, and presumably to a portion of his heat as well. Upon this heat all the machinery of the earth's physical and organic life most intimately depends. Take but the hundredth part of it away, and all the life of the earth would feel the loss of power. The air currents would become feebler, the ocean streams less strong; thousands of animals and plants would find their conditions changed, so that the boundaries of the provinces they occupy would be altered, or even life itself abandoned after a few years

of struggle. The first command which life would put upon the physical forces of the earth, if it were happily in its power to command, would be to "get out of my sunshine."

As yet we have no data on which to base any reckoning concerning the effect of this thin veil that enshrouds the world. At the end of January, the mid-day sun, in an otherwise cloudless sky, shines through a veil that considerably diminishes its light. May it not be that the remarkably steady cold of the past thirty days in this country is in some way due to this interference? Whether this be so or no can be settled only when we have the records of the temperature stations within the tropics. But every physical consideration leads us to believe that, though slight, there is some result from this action.

If the Krakatoa eruption could be assumed to represent to us the maximum of volcanic energy, the climatal influences of volcanic eruptions might not properly command our attention; but when we consider that the geological record makes it probable that there have been times in the earth's history when disturbances of this class have been more frequent and on a far larger scale than at present, we are disposed to take a suggestion from this veiled sun, and ask ourselves whether some of those strange changes of climate in the past may not perhaps have had something to do with periods of intense volcanic activity. This supposition may not prove to have any great value, but such is the difficulty we have in explaining the changes that the climate of the earth has undergone in the geologic history that it is worth while to examine any events that promise to help us to understand how such alterations can take place. It appears possible that volcanoes may operate to change the climate of the earth in at least two ways. In the first place, the great amount of water in the form of steam that they hurl into the air tends

to increase the rainfall over a wide region; the greater part of this water will fall near the volcano, but the effect will doubtless be of importance over a wide area. If this rain falls from skies that have any considerable amount of their sunlight fended off by the dust wrap that may be formed over them, this water will be apt to fall in the form of snow. If the dust wrap remained for any considerable time in the air, — and as far as we can see it might remain for several years, for this dust that our air now bears has been afloat for nearly half a year, with no sign of diminution, — then the chapter of accidents might lay the foundations of a glacial period which might endure long after the cause that led to its beginning had ceased to exist. It is not likely that any such great and enduring ice time as that which has just passed away from the earth could be due to volcanic dust and vapor, but it seems possible that to such accidents we may owe climatic changes of much consequence.

There is yet another interesting field of inquiry opened to us by the consideration of the Krakatoa convulsion. The first scientific observers of the red sunsets generally inclined to the opinion that they were produced by the falling upon the earth of some clouds of finely divided matter, such as are thought to give rise to the zodiacal light, — cosmic vapor, as it has been unhappily called. There can be no doubt that the celestial spaces — at least within the region that the earth traverses — are crowded with angular bits of stony matter, ranging in weight from thousands of pounds down to particles as light as the finest dust. Every night millions of the smaller bits fall swiftly upon our earth's atmosphere, sparkle for a moment as shooting stars, and are burnt into vapor by the heat engendered from their friction in the atmosphere. It is a matter of difficulty to account for the origin of these angular fragments in space.

Though they are found in every part of the space our earth passes through, they are most thickly gathered on certain belts, through one of which our earth passes in July, through another in October. The most likely conjecture as to the origin of these meteors that can be made is that in certain periods of particularly intense eruptions the ejection of volcanoes — those it may be of other planets, as well as of the earth — attain such an extreme velocity that they fly clear beyond the control of the orb from which they are projected, and are left to swing through space in orbits determined by the control of the sun. At times these bodies would perhaps come sufficiently into the sphere of the gravitation of a planet to be precipitated upon its surface; but the chance is that they would move on for ages before they neared any sphere with attraction strong enough to draw them to its surface.

To project stones beyond the earth's power to recall them requires a velocity that need not exceed seven miles a second. We have no proof of such extreme speed of uprising in any volcanic eruptions, but there are many reasons for believing that it is not altogether beyond the power of the greater eruptions to accomplish this work.

There is yet another lesson that the Krakatoa convulsion has for us: that is, a lesson in favor of a little more humility on the part of those semi-scientific men who fancy that they know the mechanism of the world as a watchmaker knows the wheels of a watch. Despite all we have known of volcanoes, this Javanese explosion has shown us that they possess powers over the air which were unknown six months ago. This may fairly serve as a warning to those who suppose that we know all the change-bringing agents of the world. There are doubtless many forces that may have had their share in the ancient history of

our earth that are as yet undreamt of in our philosophies.

There remains the question as to how long these dust clouds are to endure in the atmosphere. On that point we can make no answer. For three months they have been drifting over this sky, and to-day they appear to be as high above the earth as they were when they first came. If they own their high elevation to electrical repulsion, as is conjectured by Mr. Crookes and others, there seems no reason why they may not stay in the upper air for years; but if, as is more likely, they are slowly settling towards the lower levels of the atmosphere, they will before long come within the limits wherein the rain clouds gather, when they will quickly be dragged down by the action of the falling drops.

This view is rendered the more probable by the fact that while in November and December the red sunsets and the mist-encircled noonday sun were very constant phenomena, they are now, in the first days of February, scarcely perceptible after a heavy rain or snow storm, though they gradually return with less brilliancy after a few days of good weather. This seems to show that the volcanic matter has in good part fallen into the lower zone of our atmosphere, where it may become entangled in the descending rain or snow. My observations on the height of the sunset glow and the duration of the light show that the remaining dust floats at a lessened elevation above the earth; so it is likely that a few months more will bring the last of it to the ground.

When this volcanic dust ceases to glorify our skies at dawn and eve, we shall part with what has probably been the most remarkable and picturesque accident to the earth's physical life that has been known within the limits of recorded history.

N. S. Shaler.

IN WAR TIME.

VII.

WHEN Wendell told his sister of the state of things at the Mortons', she said that he would have been wise to have stayed with them that night, because the first effect of such intelligence was always "so upsetting," as she phrased it; and besides, with her warmer recognition of the calamities of others, she felt that it was just the moment to add the friend to the doctor, and to do more than was asked. Wendell saw the truth of this, but not so clearly as when he was called from his bed that night to visit his patient, who had become increasingly feverish, and had insisted on having the doctor at once. Then Wendell offered to sleep at the house, until the major grew better, and his offer being gladly accepted, arrangements were made to send the carriage for him every night about ten o'clock.

The constant and familiar intercourse with the Mortons, into which the doctor was thus thrown, became of great use to him. It gentled him, as the old English word has it; and, with the natural quickness of an American, he saw and assimilated a good deal of what was most akin to his tastes, which tended towards easy acceptance of whatever was pleasant or graceful. Moreover, all of these people interested him, and were some of them as novel to his former social experiences as would have been the flora of another planet to his botanical knowledge.

The Mortons, like many other of the older Pennsylvania families, had once, in very early colonial times, been Quakers, or, as they even yet preferred to say, "Friends." They had, however, long since deserted the following of Penn, or, what was more probable, had in stricter days been cut off from the

society for breaches of discipline, and were now, and had long been, "world's people" to other Mortons, their kinsfolk, who came to the house at times, and were as well satisfied with their ancestry as with the polish of their old plate, or the ineffable silk of their marvelous bonnets. There came also many visitors representing staid families who had lived since Penn's settlement in or near the old borough of Germantown, and who had the distinctiveness and individuality of people long hedged about by unchanging circumstances. Their young folks mostly slipped away to the calmly growing city, or went to New York, and were then interiorly and vaguely regarded by aged aunts as lost souls. Those who remained in the ancient homesteads, and lived and died adhesive to the soil, held a certain distinct social place and position, passively yielded rather than demanded. It was not always easy to see why a few of these breeds had won early in colonial life, and held so steadily, their places on the upper levels of society. It may have been sometimes because of the general possession of shrewdness and business capacity, the cumulative quality, or that, among numberless commonplace people of their race, each generation produced one or two who rose to distinction, and thus illustrated a name and sustained its influence.

The little straggling town, with its long main street and outlying lanes, was full of such people as these; whilst also there were frequent visitors from the city, relatives or friends of the Mortons, — quiet Philadelphians, with set ways, and seemingly as much alike as their marble doorsteps, yet ready with an odd fund of undeveloped enterprise for emergencies, if they were sufficiently important.

To many of these people Wendell was more or less an interesting person, as a new comer and the attendant of a man of social importance and of large fortune, and found this position by no means unpleasant. He amused Morton, who liked people to talk for him, and who himself never talked more than he could help; so that, had it not been for the occasional breakdowns in his patient's case, his doctor would have felt, on the whole, that his own life was becoming more and more easy and agreeable.

All this while the war was moving on, and of its fortunes and their influences the little village had its share. There were families whom it tore asunder, and others whom it doomed to mourn their noblest. There were those of the Society of Friends who looked on it as wrong, from beginning to end, but who expended time and money on hospitals and the wounded; while now and then some resolute young fellow, like the famous Free Quakers of the Revolutionary War, would defy the society and the overseers, and go off to the front. These gallant backsliders from the creed of Penn and Barclay generally made themselves heard of in the struggle, and helped to make up a healthy average of active pugnacity for many a kindly, quiet stock which had struck no blow in anger for a century and a half. Out of it all came an increase of life, a freshening of national vitality, which was felt most in the centres of population, and which, stirring all social classes, developed for good or ill whatever there was susceptible of outgrowth alike in old and young. Certainly, no period in the history of our race was ever more interesting.

"I am seventeen, and over," said Arthur Morton; "and next year, by George, I'd like to see what will keep me out of this war! I am so big now, I'm ashamed to have a girl look at me

in the street, and I always feel sure that she is saying, 'There's a fellow who ought to be at the front.'"

"Bother, Arty! I don't believe they think of you at all," said the elder brother.

"Well, perhaps not; but I think of myself."

"Oh, doubtless."

"Come, Ned, don't chaff me about this. When a Quaker like Fox thinks it his duty to go" —

"Must be an awful let-up to a Quaker," replied Edward. "But look here, old man," he went on, as he bent over the table, sketching fancy heads on the margins of a morning paper: "there are two sides to this question; and after all, you could n't go now, the way father is. I am of less and less use every day. Don't talk about it to mother; and if you are down about it, Arty, just think what I must be. Think what I must be!"

"That won't help me," said the boy. "Because you can't go is no reason why I should not. In fact, that is an additional reason why I ought to go. But I suppose there is no use in talking about it now!"

"No, there is no use. And I say, old man, don't talk to me about it any more; not till you must, anyhow! Damn it, Art — I — I can't stand it! I hate books. I never read any. I detest this quiet, humdrum life of our great towns. I love a horse and a gun, and — and — Arty, I shall never have them any more, — never!" he repeated, throwing down his pencil.

"Yes, you will, Ned; I am sure you will."

"Then you are sure without cause. This war will be over, and I shall have struck no blow in it; and, Arty, don't you go to thinking it romantic, but when I look ahead, and know how all the man in me is going to shrivel up by degrees, and that — oh, brother, I might have ridden with Custer, and died man-like in some wild rush of battle! Oh, by

George, old fellow, I am just like a fish on dry land. I think I begin to understand what Mrs. Westerley meant, last week, when she said that there was a certain completeness of calamity that approached the ludicrous. However, I can tell you one thing: you will never hear me complain again. I have said my say. A fellow must have his growl out to somebody."

"I would stay at home, if I could make it so you could go," said Arthur, who had a boy's admiration of the elder brother. "I wish they had some fellows like you in command of that Potomac army."

"Pshaw! I can't command myself, even, as you may see. Don't spread yourself on me as a hero, and above all not a word to mother. Does n't it seem, sometimes, as if life were one great muddle, Arty? Give me my stick. Here's the doctor and Mrs. Westerley, and there comes Mr. Wilmington up the road. What a covey of queer birds!"

After the doctor had gone upstairs, the young men went out to the porch to join Mrs. Westerley, when Mr. Wilmington rode up on his tall sorrel thoroughbred, which not many people cared to mount.

The slightly built old gentleman, with an uncommonly red face and a nose inclined to purple, was on his feet in an instant, and bowing over the widow's hand in an antiquated and formal fashion. He immensely admired her when she was present, and entirely disapproved of her when she was absent.

"Charmed to see you, Mrs. Westerley," he said, raising his large gray eyes, with something quaintly solemn in their gaze.

"And how are your nieces?" she asked.

"Very well, thank you."

"And is there any afternoon news?"

"None, I believe. But as Mr. Addison says, 'The steps of time' — Both-
er! I wish Susie were here! She al-

ways knows what it is — As Mr. Addison" —

"Yes, about Robinson Crusoe, and the footsteps on the sands of time," said the widow, viciously, while the two lads exchanged a surreptitious smile of amusement.

"No," ejaculated Wilmington calmly, "that is n't it! How is your father, boys?"

"Much the same, sir. He wants to see you when the doctor goes."

"Well, I will wait."

"What a lovely day!" said Mrs. Westerley.

"Yes, the day seems quite lovely," assented Wilmington.

"But we want rain."

"Yes, we want rain very much."

"Our wells are nearly dry" —

"Indeed, mine is quite dry."

"But luckily weather does not affect wine at all, I am told; at least, not madeira."

"No, I don't think weather affects wine, but the moon does."

"And when are you coming over to taste my madeira, Mr. Wilmington? I am told it is good; but Major Morton said, last spring, that it needed care, — like myself, he was kind enough to add. Come to-morrow, and take care of some of it for me. You know that when we are out of town we dine at three. I don't want to make a big dinner while the major is ill, but I will ask Doctor Wendell, — I want to ask him. And, Edward, I suppose you won't care to come?"

"No. Mother's all the time urging me to leave the house, but I can't do it; I really cannot."

"Well, then, I must find some one else. Shall it be to-morrow, Mr. Wilmington?"

"Nothing could give me greater pleasure," said the old gentleman. "At three to-morrow, madam. At three, you said?"

Wendell also received his invitation;

and when the widow added, "You know they are quite informal, — our summer dinings. Don't put on a dress-coat," he thanked her, and went away pleased and a trifle puzzled. To be told what he was to wear struck him as comical.

"I will walk with you," said Edward, "if you are not in a hurry, and will give me your arm."

"How are you doing?" asked the doctor, as they moved away.

"I am worse, doctor. I walk badly, and I try in vain to hide it from mother." Then pausing a moment, he added, "Shall I go down hill rapidly? You may be sure that I am fully prepared to hear the worst you can tell me; and frankly, I would rather know what I have to expect. Just answer me two or three questions, will you?"

"If you really wish it."

"Yes, I do wish it. Shall I lose all use of my legs?"

"No, I think not."

"Will my head suffer? Shall I lose my mind? That's not — or at least it was not — as good as my legs; but still, when it is all there is left" —

"No; that does n't often happen in these troubles."

"Then I shall still be of a little use at home, and no worse off than some ugly girl whom no one wants to marry!" After a pause he again spoke: "There is, I suppose, not the faintest chance that I shall ever be well enough to sit a horse?"

"Hardly, I think; but while there is life there is hope."

Wendell was ashamed of this stupid commonplace of consolation, but in truth he did not know what to say.

"And to think of all the healthy-legged idiots who can go to the front, and are dawdling about Newport and Saratoga! Oh, doctor — By Heaven, but it's hard!"

"Yes," replied Wendell, "it is hard," and walked in silence. He felt in a vague way for the lad, but did not know

what to say. He tried to put himself, mentally, in this young fellow's place, but neither his experiences nor his intelligence suggested to him just what he ought to say; for although a dreamily imaginative man, he was possessed of none of that realistic, half-dramatic faculty, which in its highest developments and united with tenderness constitutes the genius of sympathy. With all his love of poetry and of nature, he lacked this precious gift.

"Yes, it is hard, — it is very hard," he continued, after a pause; and so saying regretted the distinctness with which he had answered the young man's straightforward queries. He had left himself none of the usual vaguely consolatory doubts on which the over-questioned doctor is apt to fall back.

"I did n't expect you to say anything to comfort me," said Edward. "What I really wanted was the truth."

"You asked me to be frank," returned Wendell, who did not easily recognize a direct nature, and was apt to search his index of human motives under other than the obvious headings for what was plainly to be read on the page before him, and who fancied no one could want a cruel truth set before him in its nakedness. Had he been a true woman, he would have been touched by the manliness and moral courage of the young fellow's questions. Had he been a more masculine man, he would have met them with sympathetic appreciation.

"Yes," repeated Edward, "I asked you to be frank, and I am really very thankful, sir, that you have told me everything. It must be hard for a doctor to do this," said the lad, with a slight tremor about his lips, and with a strange and thoughtful gentleness, "and perhaps I ought to have saved you the annoyance of telling me. In fact, I did think of writing; but it came out, somehow, just now, in spite of my not being quite ready. On the whole, it is just as well."

"I thought so, poor boy! He did not really want the truth," said Wendell to himself; not seeing how much the lad had considered the doctor's embarrassing share in the matter, nor how completely he had overrated the doctor's sympathetic reluctance to be unpleasantly outspoken.

There are delicate overtones of selfishness which belong only to the purest and sweetest natures refined by the truest good-breeding. They are of the very poetry of social conduct. The lad was full of them; but Wendell unfortunately was one whose sensibility to moral harmonies failed of hearing-power for these higher notes of the gamut of character.

He answered young Morton with a few phrases of ordinary consolation, to which the latter made no reply, save to drop now and then a simple affirmative. In fact, he was lost to the passing moments, and was sadly looking back upon a world of action, and forward to a world of passive inactivity. Then he suddenly set these thoughts aside for a calmer hour, and, stopping, put out his hand.

"You have been a good friend to me," he said. "Do watch my father well, and keep an eye on mother, too. So far she bears her troubles admirably; but what with father's state and my own miserable bothers, it would n't surprise me to see her break down."

"Her power of endurance is certainly remarkable," returned Wendell. "Indeed, I was surprised, yesterday, to see how she could turn aside from it all. When I came downstairs, after seeing your father alone, I found her quite amused over Hester's comments on those queer plant caricatures of Grandville."

"Yet," said Edward, "my mother is not very fond of young girls. But I think Hester really delights her. You do not know that years and years ago we lost a little sister, and that ever since then mother has seemed to take no in-

terest at all in girls. It is a thing I never could quite understand. I have seen her put herself out of the way to avoid talking to them, or being long with them. But she appears to take to Hester in a way I cannot see through — I don't mean — what I mean is that the girl is so gay, and alive, and full of childish surprises, of odd ideas, that any one must like her; but mother, in my memory, has never shown any pleasure in a little girl. I say all this, doctor, because it may make you feel that Hester is a good person to have in our house."

"Thanks," said Wendell. "I have sometimes hesitated" —

"Well, don't, then! She will always be welcome, — as welcome as you; and that is saying a good deal. Good-night, doctor, and once again, thank you."

"Shall I give you my arm back to the house?"

"Oh, no," replied Edward, laughing. "I shall hobble along slowly. Good-night."

VIII.

Ezra Wendell was gratified at the prospect of dining with Mrs. Westerley, and not less that Mr. Wilmington was to be of the party. He knew that the old gentleman was something of a force in the Morton household, and a man socially well considered everywhere; and the doctor overestimated such influences, as people are apt to overestimate the values, social or other, of taciturn persons. Then also Mrs. Morton, who had now taken Wendell's fortunes in charge, had told him that Mr. Wilmington had spoken about consulting him in regard to his gout. The doctor was pleased, too, because Morton was somewhat better in the morning; so that altogether his sensitiveness of temperament was agreeably dealt with by events, and he went with more than usual cheerfulness through his day's work, trying to

suppress the feeling that there was anything unusual in the matter of dining with a handsome and sprightly woman.

Mrs. Westerley was a lady by no means given to half measures. She had for the present "lost her heart to these utterly unconventional people, my dear." It was a question how long the loss would continue, but at the time we speak of she had socially adopted the doctor, and meant not only that he should succeed medically, but also that the little aristocracy of the neighborhood should accept him in social relations. All men interested Mrs. Westerley, and this one was to her a quite novel, and therefore a valuable, variety of the genus homo. Moreover, just at present she was somewhat bored, which, to do her justice, was rare, since, as a rule, her means of amusement were as varied as the hours allowed. She had married young, and within a year had lost her husband by an accident. She had mourned him in due fashion, and then had abruptly laid aside her widow's weeds, and crossed the ocean, to become a favorite in pleasant circles, and to return, after several winters, the same gay, light-hearted woman as before. What lay beneath this joyous masquerade only one woman — Mrs. Morton — knew, and the daws believed that Alice Westerley had no heart to wear upon her sleeve.

At present, she was bent upon attracting as well as helping the new doctor, and she was hardly less inclined to please his sister, as, like some few women, she enjoyed, next to her male conquests, those of her own sex. Of Miss Wendell, she as yet knew nothing, except that Mrs. Morton described her as a "very nice, plain kind of person, who does n't wear cuffs, and who, of all women, could not possibly interest you, my dear."

Nevertheless, Mrs. Westerley ordered her ponies at eleven o'clock, and, with a critical look at groom and harness, she set off on a round of errands, with the

intention of calling last upon Miss Wendell. Presently, as she drove down the main street, she pulled up suddenly, with an abruptness to which her ponies were not altogether unused.

"Mr. Fox!" she cried, "Mr. Fox!" An erect, broadly built man, of more than middle height, clean-shaven and of fair color, approached her carriage. "I should have called you 'colonel,'" she said. "I heard you were at home on leave. Come and dine with me at three. As to my human *ménu*, there is a clever doctor for my piece of resistance, and old Wilmington, and myself."

The colonel was in undress uniform, and said quietly, "Yes, I would like it; but may I go away early? And, by the way, I have n't the sign of a civilized dress, — only my police uniform," and he looked round at his shoulder-straps, smiling.

"As to uniform," she replied, "I will try to bear it. I am an awful copperhead, you know. But we dine at three, as we always do in summer. As to going away early, you may; but I am sure you won't. And I forgot to say that I have some tremendous madeira."

The colonel's brown eyes lifted. "I will come, even at the risk of storing up awful retributive memories for days in camp, when the fare is beans and bacon."

"Three o'clock, then. Good-by," and she drove away. "Gracious," she exclaimed, "what an escape! If I had had to leave my doctor to talk madeira with Wilmington! What nice eyes the man has!"

Her errands done, the ponies drew up beneath the lindens in front of Dr. Wendell's house. There was no need to ring. Hester Gray was sitting on the stoop at the door, in the warm October sunshine, surrounded by a queer little museum of miscellaneous objects, over which the widow's eyes passed, amazed. There were two glass preserving jars, with a spray or two of leaves

in each, on which some green and gold caterpillars were patiently browsing. In the girl's lap was a large land turtle and several square paper boxes, as well as an open blank book, in which she was pasting very neatly a brilliant collection of autumn leaves. She looked up pleasantly, and setting aside her work rose to her feet.

"Why, Hester, what is all this?" asked Mrs. Westerley.

"I just brought out my caterpillars to have some sun," the girl replied. "Dr. Wendell says they like it, and this one is making a cocoon. Shall I take out the big green one?"

"Oh, dear, no!" returned the widow; "it might disturb him. And what is that curious beast doing, on his hind legs? I really think he must be saying his prayers."

"Not he!" cried Hester, laughing. "And do you want to see my leaves, Mrs. Westerley?"

"Not now, my dear. Run and tell your aunt I am here."

"Aunt? Oh, you know she is not my aunt," returned Hester, tranquilly.

"Of course, I know. I mean Miss Wendell."

"Yes." And carefully setting aside her menagerie, the child said, "Please to come in. I will call Miss Ann."

Mrs. Westerley entered the parlor, and, wandering about, took a pleased survey of its appearance. "I wonder," she said to herself, "where that Delft bowl came from. The mark is good," she added, examining it critically. "And the books," she exclaimed, with renewed curiosity, turning to the table,— "what a droll assortment! Swedenborg, Divine Love and Wisdom, Browning, Hakewill's Apologia, — gracious heavens, does any one read a book that big? — Ford's plays, Edwards on the Will, Quarles' Emblems. I should like to know who reads which, as Arty says."

"Oh, Miss Wendell," she exclaimed, turning to greet Ann with one of her

most charming smiles, "how pleasant to find you at home!"

"Will you sit down?" said Ann, composedly. "My brother told me that you were coming to see me. I am sure you are very kind. It is quite neighborly."

"Of course I should come. What a lovely room you have! So much color! You must have studied the effects a good deal."

"I am afraid," rejoined Ann, "that I don't think much of the colors. If I can only keep it clean, I am more than satisfied."

"But one of you must think a good deal about matters of taste. That Bartolozzi is not only beautiful, but it is a proof and very rare."

"My brother Ezra is responsible for these small extravagances. He says that they make life easier; but when I have to dust them,—and I assure you that is very often,—I know he is mistaken in that view of them. If he were the house-keeper, he would find that so many little things make life a good deal harder! I don't mean it is a matter really to make a fuss over."

This candid expression of domestic difficulties amused and puzzled the widow a little, but she replied, "Indeed, I have much the same troubles, and servants do break things. Don't you find that they break things?"

"No," said Ann, simply. "I do all the dusting myself, and I am careful, very careful, because brother values all these prints and bits of china."

"And how beautiful and charming they are! I was looking at that bowl on the mantel, before you came down. It is Delft, and very good Delft."

"Yes, that is one of the few things from home. I believe it came to Scituate in the Speedwell. My brother says that it belonged to an ancestress of ours, a Mistress Elizabeth Blossom. There is something about her and her father in a book we have. I think they came

over in 1640. How far away it seems! and now this bowl is all there is left on earth to remember her by."

Mrs. Westerley was interested. There was a mild flavor of gentility in this ancient Pilgrim breed, keeping, in its insignificant existence on the shores of Cape Cod, some pride of long descent.

"And you are proud," said the widow, "of your stern Puritan blood. I think I should be."

"Oh, but we were not Puritans," returned Ann; "we were Pilgrims, you know. There is a great difference."

Mrs. Westerley did not know, but she put the matter aside for future reference, saying, —

"Of course, — yes, of course. But do you know, your brother does n't seem to me like a New Englander?"

"Does n't he? I never thought of it at all, myself. Why does n't he?"

"Well, really, I could hardly say, but he does not." She had in her own mind an idea that there was about Wendell a certain softness of manner which was Southern in its character; but this was not quite the thing she desired to say, and so she added, "He talks more like a Marylander, I think."

"I don't know that I ever was called on to notice that, but it may be that he does."

"Have you heard him say to-day what he thinks of Major Morton?"

"No; I have not seen him since his morning visit."

"I think you would feel pleased if you could hear how the Mortons speak of him. He has been so good, and so gentle with the major; and perhaps you have little idea of that man's irritability! Indeed, I can't understand how any one could get on with him as your brother does. He must have a perfect temper."

Ann's face flushed with honest delight. "No one," she said, "knows how good he is." Then her heart opened to this woman who so intelligently appreciated the brother. "It is such a pleasure

for me to feel that he is living where he has a chance to show what he is; and you know I could n't expect every one to feel just as I do about him."

"But you see you were wrong," returned Mrs. Westerley; and then, knowing that she had perhaps dwelt quite enough on Dr. Wendell, she added, "And how good he is to the child! It must be rather a grave business to have a girl suddenly left on your hands. Let me say, once for all, that if in any way I can help you about Hester, you must come to me without hesitation. Will you, now?" and she took Ann Wendell's hand.

"Yes, I will, if there be any need."

"And you won't forget? I really mean it."

"No, I will do as you say;" on which Mrs. Westerley rose, feeling that she had achieved the purpose of her visit, and went out to her ponies, with a kiss from the child, who was still at the open door with her pets, in the sunshine.

Mrs. Alice Westerley lived in a modern house on one of the lanes which border the battlefield of Germantown, and her windows looked over the ancient burial-ground, where sleep side by side the heroes of that indecisive day. A few old hemlocks and spruces, and one or two tulip-poplars were grouped about the grounds, which were only a few acres in extent; but the profusion of vines, now splendid in autumn colors, gave a distinct character to what would otherwise have been but one of numberless modern villas, in no other respect very unlike. Within, it remained very much as it was when she bought it, except that it had acquired that peculiar look of easy comfort and of being lived in which some women have the art of diffusing through any dwelling they may choose to inhabit.

Wendell arrived exactly at the hour, and found himself alone with Colonel Fox, the widow being a little late, as

was apt to be the case. Fox looked at him with brief attention. He had heard something of him before, and what he had heard was not altogether to his liking; yet despite his preconceptions, the doctor's face pleased him.

"Dr. Wendell, I think," said he. "I am Thomas Fox, — Colonel Fox, I suppose I should say; but we Friends cling by mere habit to the ways in which we were brought up."

"I like them," returned Wendell; "but it must be rare to see people of your creed in the army."

"Yes, it is rare," rejoined the colonel, simply. "I am glad our being both so early gives me a chance to ask you about Morton. Is he really very ill?"

"I would have said so until quite lately; but now I feel less uneasy."

"I am glad to hear it, and on such good authority. He made an admirable soldier. Do you see any likeness to him in the picture above you, — the one on the left? It is Mrs. Westerley's great-grandfather. Morton and she are distantly related."

"Indeed," said Wendell, "one would hardly suspect it. The major is such a wreck that I did not know the photograph taken two years ago. Pain is a relentless sculptor. But what a fine picture! I see some resemblance in the way the head is carried."

"It is a Copley, and the two over the table are Stuarts, and that on the left is by the elder Peale. It was hardly fair to hang it near the Stuarts. If you like good portraits, as I do, you will fancy these, I am sure. Just see how the hands are painted, in the Copley!"

"Yes," assented Wendell. "There is character in the way the old fellow grips his sword hilt."

"They say he was only too ready with it," remarked Fox.

"I can believe that," said Wendell, smiling. "But really, we are as unlike these people as we are unlike the English of to-day."

"Yes," returned Fox. "That is true to some extent. You must go further back for the best type of American face. I should say we are more like the English of Charles the First's time. In fact, the old Vandyke face has crossed the seas. You don't see it in England. You do see it with us. But here comes Mrs. Westerley!"

"And of course," said the widow, "you were saying that women never are punctual. Upon my word, the other world will be a great comfort to people like myself. Where time does not exist, punctuality will cease to be a virtue."

"Mr. Wilmington, at last," she added, as he entered.

It was a pleasant dinner to the doctor. The quick, alert chat of the hostess, trained in many varied circles, and knowing how to call out whatever there was of good talk in her guests; the reserved, tranquil, old-fashioned ways of Wilmington, with his long silences and occasional bits of sarcasm; and the grave intelligence of the Quaker colonel, made up a social atmosphere in which Wendell felt that he was appreciated and at his ease. Had he been a keener or more accustomed observer, he would perhaps have noted the momentary attention with which the colonel's brown eyes dwelt furtively, at odd moments, now upon him, and now upon Mrs. Westerley's mobile face; but he was too busy with the happiness of a rare social hour to search for what lay beneath. Whether the quick-witted woman herself observed it was quite another matter. Few things escaped her.

There was first the news of the neighborhood, and then the ever-recurrent talk of the war.

"Do you look for anything from Pope's advance?" asked Mrs. Westerley.

"You won't tell," replied the colonel, smiling, "if I say I do not. He is too confident, and like most of our generals underrates his foe, I think. Lee is not

a general to be underrated, and never so little as when beaten. I don't like these cats in a corner. We shall have to make up our minds to lose man for man until we, who are numerically better off, have enough men left to win with."

"Did thee ever play poker very much, Fox?" inquired Mr. Wilmington without looking up from his plate. Like many of the descendants of Friends, he was apt to talk to those still of the society in Friends' language.

The soldier looked up at Mrs. Westerley, and replied demurely, "I have some dim memory of having heard it described when I was — well, rather young; but as a rule, thee knows it is not largely cultivated in Twelfth Street meeting."

"Well," continued the old gentleman, still pecking at the minutest amount of dinner on which life could be sustained, — "well, when thee gets some one in command who can play poker, I think Mr. Lee will have to go home and go to work."

"How much better," said Wendell, gayly, "to have a competitive examination on poker, open to grays and blues, and accept the result as ending the war. General Lee" —

"Pardon me, doctor, *Mr. Lee*," said Wilmington gravely.

Wendell did not care much whether Robert Lee was given his titular rank or not, and on the whole hated war talk; but he returned, smiling, "Thanks! Mr. Lee will be beaten, as Colonel Fox said, when we make up our minds to lose enough men in drawn battles to leave us at last with more men than he can meet."

"Well," said Wilmington, tranquilly, "that is poker."

"The illustration is faultless," laughed Fox, "but it is n't war."

"No," answered Wendell; "but it is the only war a race like ours can wage, when it is fighting against itself."

"Do you have all these theories in camp, colonel?" asked the widow.

"Oh, enough, and too many of them; less now than we had. But camp life is monotonous, and even Mr. Wilmington's educational resource gets played out, literally I may say, at times."

"Do you remember," said Wendell, "what one of Marlborough's generals told the London alderman when he asked if fighting was n't hard work?"

"No," replied Fox. "What was it?"

"The general declared it was n't very hard, because they fought every morning, and had all the rest of the day to themselves."

"Delightful!" cried Mrs. Westerley. Her doctor was clearly coming on.

"Who can help wondering," said the colonel, "what the alderman answered!"

"That is the defect of most good stories," replied Wendell.

"I wish that general could regulate our little affair," returned Fox. "It is one day's fighting and six weeks of chasséing east and west. Still, it can end only one way, and it would n't be worth while betting on as a matter of chance."

"I rather think we have all bet pretty heavily," said Wilmington. "I've bet a good deal before in my day, but this time I bet more than I liked."

"Indeed?" exclaimed Wendell, with indiscretion, and rather astonished.

Wilmington looked up, with a little of the tremulousness of age in his face. "My boy Jack," he said. Then he looked down at his plate, and there was a brief but perceptible silence, which the widow broke.

"Few have bet more heavily, — few, indeed. I should never have had the courage to bet anything as nice as my friend Jack Wilmington."

Wilmington looked up at her with a faint smile of pleasure. He smiled often, but never laughed.

"What I fear most," said Wendell, "is that when we have conquered the

South we shall have an endless guerrilla warfare."

"Oh, no, no," replied Fox; "the American common sense will stop that. I don't fear guerrilla warfare. The negroes will be the great question."

"Yes," assented Mrs. Westerley. "It is hideous to think of. One can't but pity the South."

"They should have thought of that before," muttered Wilmington.

"Unluckily," said Wendell, "it will be quite as much our business as theirs."

"Yes, exactly," answered the hostess. "Oh, there is one of those horrid newsboys! 'Great battle on the Potomac,' of course. Shall I send for a paper?"

"No, don't, my dear Mrs. Westerley," exclaimed Wilmington. "I try to think as little as I can of it all. In fact, I read the papers but once a week, — on Sunday."

"I wish," said Fox, "that all the editors could be sent to the front."

"With all my heart," returned the widow; "and no doubt you would send the copperheads to reinforce Lee, and so give me a chance of seeing it all."

"No, indeed! A brigade of Mrs. Westerleys at the rebel front would be fatal," cried Fox, laughing.

"I should desert, or malingering, — is n't that what you call shamming sick?" she rejoined. "Gettysburg was quite near enough for me. I was in New York, and do you know my man John buried all the silver; and to this day, if I complain of its want of polish, he puts on an injured air, and says it was 'all along of them rebels, ma'am.' I suppose the excuse will last my time and his!"

"I heard," said old Wilmington, wickedly, "that you meant to make Mr. Lee's visit an excuse to stay in New York."

"Now, that is one of Helen Morton's calumnies! I know by my own experience — I mean that I know of myself

— how little one's friends are to be trusted! However, I have one consolation: I think I have abused her quite enough in the past to leave me with a good balance in my favor."

"But no one believes your abuse," asserted the colonel.

"And it was n't true, then?" asked Wilmington, peering under his lazy eyelids with a sense of mild disapproval at the very comfortable dinner the Quaker colonel was making.

"I did not say it was n't true," retorted Mrs. Westerley, "and New York always is a temptation to me."

"Then why do you stay here?" said Wendell. "To be able to go where you will, and to live where you wish to live, seems to me the most desirable of human liberties."

"Why do I live here? Oh, because I am better here."

"Morally better?" asked the colonel.

"I decline to be catechised!" she returned. "If I were as good as Mr. Wilmington," she continued, with malice in her eyes, "I would n't have to escape temptation by change of residence."

"I knew my time would come," murmured that little old gentleman, remembering with sly satisfaction that he had been rather agreeably naughty in his time, in many localities.

"As to Gettysburg," she resumed, "you were all of you badly enough scared, men and women. For my part, I never believed Lee would get to Philadelphia, — never!"

"And why?" said Wilmington, tumbling into her trap.

"Why?" she continued. "Because, my dear Mr. Wilmington, nothing unusual ever happens in Philadelphia; and that would have been very unusual, therefore it could not happen. Is n't that what you call a syllogism, Dr. Wendell?"

Every one laughed, and Wilmington exclaimed, "You always were cross about Philadelphia."

"No, no," she said, "I like it, and it suits me; but now and then I do incline to go somewhere else, just, you know, to recover a little my belief in the possibility of the unexpected."

"Oh, that is too outrageous!" laughed Fox. "As to New York, it is a pleasant casino, supported by stock gambling."

"And is it true, Mrs. Westerley," said Wilmington, "that you told Morton that bad New Yorkers, when they die, go to Philadelphia?"

"I!" retorted the widow. "Impossible! Somebody in Boston said something like that about Paris. But I always am maligned."

"I wish I had said it," returned Fox.

"And did it take you long to think of it?" inquired the old gentleman.

"Oh, really," complained the widow, "I see it is full time for me to leave you. I was never so abused in my life!" and while speaking she arose, saying to Mr. Wilmington, as the old gentleman, bowing low, held the door open, "You will take my place, please; and there are, I think, some madeiras you may like. At least, I have done my best for you! John, the cigars are in the sideboard. I will give you your coffee in the drawing-room."

Then Mr. Wilmington shifted his seat to the place she had left, and the servant put in front of him, on silver coasters, four or five tall, slender, antique decanters.

The old gentleman, with his head on one side, looked through massive gold eyeglasses at the silver labels, and very deliberately rearranging the bottles filled his glass, and passed the wine to Wendell. "With the sun, if you please," he said. "A little cold, John, this wine," upon which, to Wendell's amazement, he clasped the wine-glass in both hands, and shut his eyes with a tranquil expression of such utter satisfaction at the coming pleasure, and with so much of a look of devotion, that the doctor

conceived for a moment the idea that nothing less than a thankful prayer for a good dinner could be in the old man's mind; but presently he drank off his wine, and remarked, "A good grape juice. '28, I think. I didn't suppose there was any of it left."

Wendell certainly found it good.

The second wine was dismissed with, "I would n't advise you to take that. It wants a good fining, Colonel Fox."

The colonel was of like opinion.

"There is no label on this; but women take no care of their wines. Hem," he said, as he set down his glass, "I remember that wine well. It is precisely my own age. It's getting just a little shaky, like myself, it is smoke! No better wine, Dr. Wendell; do you know it?"

"I can't say that I do," said Wendell, rather puzzled at the appellation. "I know little or nothing of wines."

"Well," remarked Fox, "Mr. Wilmington is a good instructor. I advise you to begin your education."

"But what on earth is smoke?" asked the doctor.

"Don't you taste it?" returned Wilmington. "There is no better madeira. I don't know many as good. A little eggshell would help it."

"Yes, a little eggshell," repeated Fox, with equal gravity.

"I am glad you still like it," exclaimed the old gentleman; "the taste is going out. I don't know five lads who can tell sherry from a fine madeira. My Jack says he likes cider. 'Likes cider,'—good heavens! Will you take another glass, doctor, or a cigar?"

"Unless you want to be excommunicated vinously," said Fox, laughing, "you can't drink after you smoke;" and so the cigars were brought and there was more war talk, during which Fox slipped away to chat with Mrs. Westerley, and the doctor was left alone with Mr. Wilmington.

Wendell very soon found that any discussion which did not involve wine talk was, at this stage of the dinner, quite out of the question, and he therefore wisely yielded, and as a consequence rose many degrees in the old gentleman's favor. What he learned as to wines it is perhaps not worth while to inquire. "And when I say wines," said Mr. Wilmington, "I mean madeiras, sir. There are other drinks; but excepting now and then a rare claret, — a very rare claret, — there are no wines except madeira. None, sir!" said the old gentleman, with unusual warmth, — "none, sir!"

He talked of wines as people talk of other people, of their vices or virtues, their births and decays. His dinners were gossips about wines. Such was the fashion of his day, and he and a very few old friends held to it with the tenacity of age. The friends were dropping fast, but the wines remained, and through them more than in any other way were aroused his pleasantest memories of departed feasts and the comrades at whom he had smiled above some golden south side vintage, in days when manners were more courtly and healths were drunk.

At last, when Wendell timidly remarked that all this care about wines must take up a good deal of time, Mr. Wilmington said, "Yes. It was quite true; they were like women and needed a good deal of attention, and that was just why Morton's wines had all gone to the devil. And a very pretty cellar he might have had, too, if he had only looked after it."

Sunday afternoon, he added, he himself had found a good quiet time to see to his madeiras; and, as Wendell learned later, any Sunday the old gentleman was to be found in his wine garret, contem-

plative and surrounded by demijohns, and eggshells, and what not.

At last, in despair, Wendell suggested that, as the afternoon was wearing on, they might as well have their coffee; upon which Mr. Wilmington reluctantly finished his glass, saying, "Well, I shall get you to dine with me, when Morton mends. I would like you to taste my pale heriot. That is very high up, sir, — very high up."

Just before they joined Mrs. Westerley, the colonel had said, "I do not believe you were really afraid."

"No, I was not afraid. I suppose I am like your raw recruits: want of experience makes them courageous. I can't realize the horrors of war. Were you ever afraid, Colonel Fox? A stupid question, I suppose; but were you ever, now, really?"

"Yes," he replied softly, "once or twice — of you."

The widow flushed a little, and was glad as she heard the coming steps of her other guests.

"I mean — you know what I mean, in war," she said.

"Yes," he answered, quietly, "I have been so afraid, Mrs. Westerley, I have prayed God to help me."

"Oh," she murmured, under her breath, "you are a brave man to say it."

"There are things a man will say to a woman — to some women — which he will say to no man," he rejoined.

"And you go back to-morrow?" she exclaimed, hastily.

"Yes."

At this moment Mr. Wilmington and Wendell entered the room. "Oh, at last, doctor!" she said, "I thought you were never coming. Won't you ring that bell in the corner? But here is John, already! Coffee, John, if you please."

S. Weir Mitchell.

NIGHT IN NEW YORK.

HAUNTED by unknown feet —
Ways of the midnight hour!
Strangely you murmur below me,
Strange is your half-silent power.
Places of life and of death,
Numbered and named as streets,
What through your channels of stone
Is the tide that unweariedly beats?
A whisper, a sigh-laden breath,
Is all that I hear of its flowing.
Footsteps of stranger and foe —
Footsteps of friends, could we meet —
Alike to me in my sorrow;
Alike to a life left alone.
Yet swift as my heart they throb,
They fall thick as tears on the stone:
My spirit perchance shall borrow
New strength from their eager tone.

Still ever that slip and slide
Of the feet that shuffle or glide,
And linger or haste through the populous waste
Of the shadowy, dim-lit square!
And I know not, from the sound,
As I sit and ponder within,
The goal to which those steps are bound, —
On hest of mercy, or hest of sin,
Or joy's short-measured round;
Yet a meaning deep they bear
In their vaguely muffled din.
Roar of the multitude,
Chafe of the million-crowd,
To this you are all subdued
In the murmurous, sad night-air!
Yet, whether you thunder aloud,
Or hush your tone to a prayer,
You chant amain through the modern maze
The only epic of our days.

Still as death are the places of life;
The city seems crumbled and gone,
Sunk 'mid invisible deeps —
The city so lately rife
With the stir of brain and brawn.
Haply it only sleeps;

But what if indeed it were dead,
And another earth should arise
To greet the gray of the dawn?
Faint then our epic would wail
To those who should come in our stead.
But what if that earth were ours?
What if, with holier eyes,
We should meet the new hope, and not fail?

Weary, the night grows pale:
With a blush as of opening flowers
Dimly the east shines red.
Can it be that the morn shall fulfill
My dream, and refashion our clay
As the poet may fashion his rhyme?
Hark to that mingled scream
Rising from workshop and mill —
Hailing some marvelous sight;
Mighty breath of the hours,
Poured through the trumpets of steam;
Awful tornado of time,
Blowing us whither it will.
God has breathed in the nostrils of night,
And behold, it is day!

George Parsons Lathrop.

MADAME DE LONGUEVILLE: AN OUTLINE PORTRAIT.

SOME of M. Victor Cousin's readers are disposed to be more grateful to him for his eight volumes of biographies of the famous Frenchwomen of the seventeenth century than for the historico-philosophical writings which he looked on as the more important work of his life. Of the great men and the great writers of that century most of us have some knowledge, but less, perhaps, of their feminine contemporaries; yet there never was an age more abundant in remarkable women, who impressed themselves upon the social and political life of their times. Everywhere, at court, in the salons of Paris and the noble mansions of the aristocracy, what an array of brilliant and accomplished women the period presents to us, beginning with

Charlotte de Montmorency and ending with Madame de Montespan! Among the splendid group was hardly one who was not noted for a beauty of a type quite different from that of the women of the following century, which, as M. Cousin says, "invented pretty women, charmingly perfumed and powdered dolls." The beauties of the earlier epoch were of the superb style, many of them a peculiarly dazzling order of blonde; and dark and fair dame alike drew after her a company of adorers, spreading everywhere that worship of beauty which was known throughout Europe as "*la galanterie Française*." Their beauty was not their sole distinction: they charmed by the graces of their mind, as well. Some of them were

women of superior intellectual powers, which, unhappily, were often wasted and perverted in pursuit of futile and mischievous ends. The age was one, as our author remarks, in which all things were in the extreme. Men and women permitted both their virtues and their vices to display themselves frankly, and even with a certain *éclat*. This is particularly true of the earlier half of the century, — the age of Descartes, Corneille, Pascal, Arnauld, Bossuet, Fénelon, Malebranche, De Luynes and Richelieu, the great Condé and Turenne, — before Louis XIV. had attained that personal domination by which he impressed himself upon his time; “effacing genuine traits of character while polishing the surface, banishing the great vices and also the great virtues of men.”

Of this anterior period we learn much, directly and indirectly, in becoming acquainted with its women, who, as has been said, were such prominent figures in the social and political spheres. The life of one of these high-born Frenchwomen, Marie de Hautefort, has been briefly sketched in a former number of this magazine. It must be admitted that the characters of but few of her contemporaries could bear comparison with her pure and dignified personality. In the conventual houses, it is true, were to be found women of admirable qualities of mind and heart, — women with the austere energy of a Jacqueline Pascal, the calm and tender wisdom of an Angélique Arnauld. One of the most noted of the Parisian convents was the Carmelite foundation of the Rue St. Jacques, with which many ladies of the great world were closely connected by ties of friendship with the inmates, and as benefactresses of the institution. That proud and ambitious beauty, who, though so much sought after and celebrated, had yet preserved an unblemished reputation, Charlotte de Montmorency, wife of Henri de Bourbon, Prince

of Condé, was accustomed to visit the convent frequently, accompanied by her young daughter, Anne Geneviève, afterwards famous as the Duchess of Longueville. Madame la Princesse was desirous of having a private apartment in the building, similar to that of the queen, where she might install herself and her daughter at any time and for as long a period as she might choose. In the records of the convent there is an act, dated November, 1637, in which it is set down that “in presence of Mère Madeleine de Jésus, humble prioress, Sister Marie de la Passion, sub-prioress, Sister Philippe de St. Paul, and Sister Marie de St. Barthélemy, representing the community, was made known the requests of the high and mighty princess Dame Charlotte Marguérite de Montmorency, spouse of the high and puissant prince Henri de Bourbon, first prince of the blood, and Anne de Bourbon, their daughter, to be received as founders of the new building which the aforesaid reverend sisters are having constructed and added to the more ancient edifice; that the affair having been proposed in full chapter, in consideration of the great piety professed by the said noble princesses and the very charitable affection they have always borne to the order of the Carmelites, and particularly to this monastery, the said princesses are admitted to all the privileges granted to founders, — namely, free entrance to the convent whenever they so desire, there to eat, sleep, assist at divine service and other spiritual exercises, vigils and other pious works of daily custom; granted, moreover, that the said lady princess shall enjoy the privilege she has obtained from the Holy Father of bringing with her two other persons three times in each month, on condition that such other persons shall not remain in the monastery after six o’clock in the evening in summer, and seven in winter. This being accepted, the said ladies oblige themselves to continue the honor of their good

will to the reverend sisters, and also to defray the expense of the new construction."

Anne de Bourbon was hardly more than a child at this time. Her youthful piety was sincere and fervent, and she, as well as her mother, delighted to spend the larger portion of her time with her Carmelite friends, and to play the benefactress to them. She obtained from the Pope the relics of seven virgin martyrs, with a brief from his Holiness attesting their authenticity, and the fact of the names of each of the victims having been found entire or in part on the stones covering their bodies in the Catacombs. If we can imagine ourselves in a Carmelite convent of those days, we may conceive of the saintly joy which must have spread through the house upon the arrival of this magnificent gift. Mademoiselle de Bourbon also caused these and other such treasures in possession of the convent to be placed in a silver casket, in the shape of a dome surmounted by a lantern, around which were set the figures of the four Evangelists. The young girl had, in fact, resolved on becoming a Carmelite herself; but the politic Prince of Condé had other views for his daughter, and she plead for his permission in vain. In order to detach her affections from the Carmelites, she was obliged to appear more frequently in the world. At first she obeyed reluctantly, and as she took little pains to please, her social success was by no means brilliant. The struggle of will between her and her parents went on thus for some time. Anne had never yet been to a ball, but one day she was told that she was to accompany her mother to a grand ball, given at the Louvre. Much distressed, the girl sought the advice of her friends, the Carmelite sisters, who took the question in hand most seriously. Prudence and Penitence, personified by two of the sisters, presided over the council, and it was finally determined that Mademoi-

selle de Bourbon should go to the ball with a haircloth garment worn underneath her *robe de fête*. She was, moreover, strongly urged to be on her guard against the seductions of worldly gayety.

All the memoir writers of the time agree in their admiration of Mademoiselle de Bourbon's beauty. She is described as having lovely eyes, of a tender blue, and these, together with the infantine purity of her fair skin, suggested to every one the epithet "angelic" in speaking of her youthful countenance. Arrayed as became her rank, and sparkling with jewels, Anne went to the ball, full of confidence in her power to resist temptation. Admirers trooped about her; all eyes were upon her. Her heart was stirred by feelings she had never before experienced. "On leaving the ball she was no longer the same person." From this time she made no further effort to win consent to her taking the veil. Though she nowise forgot or neglected to visit her former conventual friends, thenceforth she belonged to another world than theirs, and she allowed herself to be led by the desire of pleasing, and the passion for being applauded on that stage where she saw so many others shine who had not her advantages either of birth, of mind, or of person.

Mademoiselle de Bourbon was something more than a beauty; she must have been, from all accounts, a woman of extraordinary charm. In this respect she resembled the famous Duchess of Chevreuse, whose sway over so many hearts was not due to her beauty alone. But we imagine the two women, equally proud by nature, as differing, nevertheless, very greatly. Madame de Chevreuse exercised an imperious fascination over all who came under her influence: she dazzled them by her audacious temper and her brilliant intellect. Anne de Bourbon charmed by an indefinable quality of her personality; by the curious mingling of haughtiness, noncha-

lance, and a soft languor, in her air and manner.

By the turn of her mind and character, as well as her beauty and grace, Mademoiselle de Bourbon was fitted to become an accomplished scholar of the Hôtel Rambouillet. The mistress of this noted salon did not, it is true, create the taste for intellectual pleasures, for literary elegance, which distinguished the society of the day, but from 1620 to 1648 the Hôtel Rambouillet was the most resorted to of all the Parisian salons. It was not till a later period that the nobility of ideas and elevation of sentiment which reigned here degenerated, among the numerous imitations of the mode in the inferior circles of Paris and the provinces, into that pseudo-grandeur, that exaggerated and affected tone of thought and speech, which Molière mocked at in *Les Précieuses Ridicules*. It was in 1660 that this first piece was printed, and *Les Femmes Savantes*, in 1663. Both Italian and Spanish literature were esteemed and studied by the frequenters of the Hôtel Rambouillet. Here it was not enough for a gentleman that he should be distinguished as a hero; he must also show himself a man of gallantry, — *l'honnête homme*, as it was somewhat mysteriously agreed to denominate the gentleman of intelligence, liberal culture, and agreeable manners. Madame de Rambouillet herself had been beautiful in her youth, but had never roused the breath of scandal. She had an extreme delight in the companionship of clever and refined people, without making any pretensions to wit in her own person. As a hostess, she charmed her guests. Her daughter, Julie, afterwards Duchess of Montausier, was less noted for her beauty than her mother had been, but her powers of mind were superior, and she was Madame de Rambouillet's gracious assistant in dispensing the hospitalities of the house. The drawing-room in which these ladies received, the famous

blue chamber, was furnished throughout in blue velvet, relieved with silver and gold. From the large windows, reaching from floor to ceiling, and commonly open when the weather permitted, a prospect was had of a beautiful and well-kept garden, which appeared the larger from its neighborhood to other gardens belonging to the adjoining mansions.

Among those who frequented the Hôtel Rambouillet was Corneille, who sometimes read aloud his compositions to the appreciative company assembled there. A welcome guest was Voiture, a writer comparatively unknown to posterity, but of repute in his own day, and who understood how to commend himself to beautiful women and young gentlemen, who in the intervals of war occupied themselves with the refined pleasures of the intellect. It was to his credit that Voiture also knew how to preserve his independence, while associating thus familiarly with these great lords and ladies. Corneille, "timid and proud," was not wholly at his ease, it is said, in the social world. He listened almost always in silence; but Voiture was the life of the house. His mind was always alert, in trim; and while Corneille could scarcely succeed in keeping out something of the tragic manner even from the comedies he intended to be most diverting, Voiture allowed his pleasantries to mingle even in his serious discourse. He had a caustic wit, and people were on their guard against giving him occasion for an epigram, which, "like a swift and poisoned arrow," might in a few hours make the circuit of Paris. He wrote occasional verses, analogous to those nowadays called *vers de société*, and seems, in short, to have been one of those light, and agreeable *littérateurs* who often achieve a considerable though not a lasting reputation. The great Condé, as he was to be known, — the young Duc d'Enghien, as he then was, — often accompanied his sister to the intellectual banquets of the Hôtel Ram-

bouillet, and even indulged in the verse-writing which was one of the pleasures *à la mode* of the aristocratic circle. His verses are pretty bad, even for a prince, it must be confessed. Another *habituée* of the Hôtel Rambouillet, and an intimate friend of the daughter of the house, was Madame de Sablé, an amiable woman, of excellent literary taste but mediocre talent, whose happiest gift was her ability to draw superior persons about her; and when the Hôtel Rambouillet had ceased to be an intellectual centre, the tradition of it was continued in the salon which the Marquise de Sablé held for many years in the Place Royale.

The Saturdays of Mademoiselle de Scudéry were of quite another order from the assemblies of the Hôtel Rambouillet. Although intelligent persons, of whatever condition, whose manners were good, were welcome at the latter house, yet it happened that the greater part of the guests were of high rank, and the aristocratic tone prevailed; while at the Saturdays the company was in general decidedly *bourgeois*,—persons who affected an air of distinction, and delivered themselves of pretentious commonplaces. At the Hôtel Rambouillet conversation was familiar, and whatever the subject, war, religion, or politics, it was discussed with simplicity and ease. At the Saturdays the topics were purely literary. Almost at the same time, Mademoiselle, “la grande Mademoiselle,” daughter of Gaston, Duc d’Orléans, received her friends at the Luxembourg, and set the fashion of making those literary “portraits,” the most famous of which are from her own pen. This style of literature, which became very prevalent in the provinces as well as in Paris, preceded the “Characters” of Bruyère, who painted, not individuals, but his times and society at large.

The Hôtel Condé was also a rendezvous of the best society. It was a magnificent mansion, with sumptuous ap-

pointments, rich tapestries, rare pictures, and other treasures of art collected by the Montmorencys, and descended from them to the Princess of Condé, who did the honours of her house with a dignified grace. Here Anne de Bourbon passed the winters, visiting at the Hôtel Rambouillet, at the Louvre, at the cardinal’s palace, and at other hotels of the Place Royale. The princess was no friend of Richelieu; she had not forgiven him the death upon the scaffold of her brother Montmorency, whom all her prayers had been unable to save; but she yielded to the politic schemes of her husband, and his endeavor to bring about a marriage between their son and the cardinal’s niece, Mademoiselle de Brezé. The summers were spent at Fontainebleau with the court, at Chantilly and other of the princess’ country residences, at Ruel, the cardinal’s estate, and elsewhere. At Chantilly, a vast domain, for a long time in possession of the Montmorencys, the princess held a little court of her own friends, her son’s, and her daughter’s. The prince, her husband, ordinarily remained in Paris. In this charming spot the young people diverted themselves in a hundred ways: with driving and riding; with promenades in the bosky alleys of the garden and park, on the terrace or the borders of the lakes, singly or in groups, as the humor took them. In the heat of the day, gathered on the balconies or on the lawns, romances were read aloud; there were singing and recitation of verses. One of the principal amusements was the making of verse,—of sonnets, elegies, etc. Voiture was a frequent guest. At Ruel, the cardinal was accustomed to amuse his guests with grand mythological ballets, in imitation of those given at the Louvre, and other fêtes of almost royal magnificence.

Among Mademoiselle de Bourbon’s friends and guests at Chantilly was Mademoiselle de Vigéau, the object of the young Duc d’Enghien’s early and faithful attachment. Although of good

family, her rank and position were not proportioned to those of a prince of the blood royal, and the marriage with the cardinal's niece was imposed upon the Duc d'Enghien, in spite of his resistance. He never loved the wife who displayed towards him a great devotion, but remained always constant in his heart to the unfortunate Mademoiselle de Vigueau. The tender affection she continued to feel for her lover was not to be satisfied by anything but a marriage with the duke, who, in fact, made more than one effort to obtain a separation from his wife. For a while the lovers continued to meet. On taking leave of him at the time of his departure for Germany (before the battle of Nordlingen), Mademoiselle de Vigueau was so overcome that when he was gone from the house she fainted. So false and painful a situation could not be prolonged, and Mademoiselle de Vigueau, resisting the remonstrances of her family, became a Carmelite in the convent of the Rue St. Jacques. Anne de Bourbon was throughout the confidante of her brother, between whom and herself there always existed a very warm affection.

Among the many young and brilliant cavaliers by whom Anne was surrounded, she does not appear to have distinguished any one with her special regard. Several brilliant marriages were talked of for her, and she was even promised at an early age to the Prince de Joinville, whose death put an end to the project. Finally, in 1642, when Mademoiselle de Bourbon was twenty-three years of age, she was married to the Duc de Longueville, next to the princes of the blood the greatest seigneur in France. He was forty-seven years old, and a widower. Anne de Bourbon manifested considerable repugnance to the marriage, but, as in all the alliances of these noble families, personal feelings on either side went for nothing in the matter. The marriage ceremonies were even

more brilliant than those of the Duc d'Enghien, and Mademoiselle de Bourbon's beauty never appeared more dazzling than on this occasion. The Duc de Longueville was a gentleman of accredited bravery and some military talent, liberal, indeed magnificent, in his ideas and habits, but weak in character, and easily carried away by the influence of others. It was his misfortune throughout life to be drawn into enterprises beyond his ability to conduct, and where his defects rather than his virtues displayed themselves. The marriage was never a happy one, though during the earlier years of it the wife's conduct was irreproachable. She neither admired nor loved her husband, and her pride was wounded by the knowledge of his passion for the Duchess of Montbazou, who, even after the marriage, made every effort to retain her influence over M. de Longueville. The *liaison* between them was not a secret, and became the cause of many sharp reproaches addressed to her son-in-law by the Princess of Condé. Madame de Longueville's indifference to her husband enabled her to support his treatment without any display of irritation; but she considered herself authorized to surround herself, as before her marriage, with a little court of worshipers. She was the object of more poetic admiration than ever, and everywhere she carried herself with that air of gentle nonchalance which was her characteristic manner. She loved none among the crowd of adorers, though she distinguished with some marks of favor Maurice, Count of Coligny, who had been a former suitor for her hand.

It was in May, 1643, that the Duc d'Enghien, then but twenty-two years of age, distinguished himself by the victory of Rocroy, where, taking on himself to lead the right wing of the army in person, he drove before him the Italian, Walloon, and German infantry, and, nothing intimidated by the reverses of

his left wing and the cries for succor from his centre, continued to push forward his victorious columns, till, sweeping round on the enemy's left, he caught their main body between two fires, and gained the day. The court and the whole of Paris were in transports of enthusiasm; a disastrous defeat had been feared, and in its stead was a triumphant success. The proud delight experienced at the Hôtel Condé may easily be imagined, when one of the duke's comrades brought thither the news of the battle. The Spanish colors taken at Rocroy were hung in the great halls of the hôtel, previous to being carried to Notre Dame, and people flocked to look at them. All the muses of Rambouillet, great and small, chanted the praises of their brilliant disciple, and many persons were moved to tears at hearing of the young conqueror's order that the army should kneel upon the battle-field to give thanks for the victory and that his next care was for the wounded among his own men and those of the enemy.

In espousing the side of Mazarin, in his quarrel with the Importants, the house of Condé had drawn upon itself the enmity of this party, members of the old nobility who at an earlier day had striven to make head against Richelieu. The great minister's systematic endeavor was to keep down the power of the ancient noblesse and to elevate the royal prerogative, while they, in turn, maintained the struggle for their feudal privileges. Mazarin, pursuing his predecessor's policy, encountered the same opposition, which at the period we speak of was beginning to take shape as the earlier movement of the Fronde. Madame de Longueville's political indifference, with the amiability she generally showed in all things where her heart was not interested, had hitherto secured her from any mark of party hostility. She had, however, an enemy in the person of Madame de Montbazon, step-

mother of Madame de Chevreuse, and mistress, as we have said, of the Duc de Longueville. Madame de Montbazon was a type of the worst feminine character to be found in any age. She was conspicuous even in those lax times for the free indulgence of her passions. "I have never known any one," says De Retz, "who preserved so little respect for virtue." What mental force she possessed showed itself chiefly in a turn for intrigue and perfidy; she was to be trusted in nothing. "She cared for nothing but her pleasures, and for her own interests even above them. Vain and fond of money, she sought influence and fortune by the help of her beauty, which was very considerable." Her most striking features were her black eyes and hair, in combination with a remarkably white skin; her mouth gave an expression of hardness to her face. Her air was haughty, but her manner of talking *degagé* and free. Evidently she was in all respects a notable contrast to Madame de Longueville, for whom she cherished a jealous hate. One evening, when a large company was assembled at her house, two letters were picked up, which Madame de Montbazon pretended had fallen from the pockets of Maurice de Coligny, Madame de Longueville's admirer, who had just left the room; and she asserted, moreover, that they were in the handwriting of Madame de Longueville. The scandal was caught up and repeated by the Importants. In reality, the letters were not forged, but were found by Madame de Montbazon in her salon, where they had been dropped by the Marquis de Maulevrier, who had received them from Madame de Fouguerolles. Maulevrier, trembling at the idea of having compromised his correspondent, hastened to beg the aid of his friend La Rochefoucauld in the matter. The latter succeeded in persuading Madame de Montbazon that it was for her interest to give up the letters, which, by a comparison of handwritings,

could so easily be proved not to have come from Madame de Longueville. The letters having been shown to the Princess of Condé and some friends of Madame de Longueville, they were burned in the queen's presence. The Duc de Longueville would have had the affair rest there, and his wife was satisfied to have the truth established; but the Princess of Condé could not brook the insult to her daughter, and declared that if the matter were not taken up, she and her family would retire from the court. The whole party of the Importants were excited about the matter, especially Beaufort, a lover of Madame de Montbazon; but Mazarin, by no means willing to embroil himself with the Condés, induced the queen to settle the imbroglio by insisting on an apology to the injured duchess, the words of which were dictated to Madame de Montbazon in a little billet, to be fastened to her fan, that it might be repeated word for word. In the presence of the queen and Mazarin the duchess pronounced her harangue, with an air that mocked at the words she used. Having omitted to address the princess as "madame," in the opening of her discourse, the princess complained of the discourtesy, and the duchess was obliged to recommence. The reply to the apology had also been set down beforehand, and this being duly made, the hollow reconciliation was complete. The princess had also been promised that she should not be compelled to remain in any place where she should find Madame de Montbazon of the company. Shortly after, however, the queen being invited to a collation given by the Duchess of Chevreuse, the princess accompanied her mistress, and, contrary to what she had been told, she encountered there Madame de Montbazon. The princess made an excuse to retire, and the queen, not feeling justified in retaining her, begged Madame de Montbazon to pretend an illness and to withdraw from the scene.

The duchess would not consent to do so, and the offended queen herself refused to remain longer, and quitted the place with the princess. The Duchess of Montbazon received an order, in a few days' time, enjoining her to leave Paris, which disgrace done to her exasperated greatly her allies, the Importants, and hastened the execution of the plot against Mazarin, formed by Beaufort and others. It failed, however, through Mazarin's vigilance, and Beaufort was imprisoned.

Madame de Longueville, now in her twenty-sixth year, had left far behind her, as it seemed, the days when she had aspired to renounce the world for the conventual life. More and more she conformed to the manners of the age, though as yet without contracting a spot on her fair fame. Without personal ambition, she was ready in everything to serve the interests of her brother, over whom her influence was all-powerful. In 1646, she followed her husband to Münster, where he had resided for a year past as ambassador and minister plenipotentiary. She was accompanied by her step-daughter, a young woman nearly her own age, and by several friends. The journey from Paris to Münster was one continual ovation for the Duchess of Longueville. Governors issued forth to meet her, at the head of their garrisons, and she was furnished with escorts of cavalry. Her husband came from Münster to Wesel, to meet her, and Turenne, who commanded on the Rhine, gave her the spectacle of an army drawn up in order of battle and put through its various manœuvres. She made an almost triumphal entrance into Münster, where, during the following autumn and winter, she reigned as sovereign of the social world. The Count d'Avaux, a politician and man of great finesse, wrote in a congratulatory letter to the Princess of Condé, —

"Madame, it was from your daugh-

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...that I learned of establishing herself at Ville, Madame de Longueville's intent was to show the people that by thus putting her own person into their hands she guaranteed the good faith of her husband and her younger brother, Conti. It was De Retz who conveyed her and the Duchess of Bouillon, with their children, from the Hôtel de Longueville to the town-hall. "The Grève was crowded, even to the roofs of the houses ; and while the men shouted for joy, women wept at the spectacle, when the two noble ladies appeared upon the steps of the Hôtel de Ville, each with an infant in her arms. Madame de Longueville put the finishing stroke to the enthusiasm by lifting her child above her head, and exclaiming in her clear and silvery voice, ' Parisians, our husbands confide to you what is dearest to them on earth, — their wives and their children ! ' She was answered with cries of wild delight, and De Retz followed up her address by a shower of gold from the window."

Condé had none of the qualities of a statesman. He changed sides more than once, during the course of the Fronde, having no clear and fixed policy to maintain. With his sister it was otherwise ; the clue that guided her through the tangle of the eventful years being her sole devotion to La Rochefoucauld. Now in Normandy or Holland, now in Paris, according as the Fronde or the court party was uppermost, she displayed at all times the resolute and intrepid temper of a man, while employing at the same time the fascinations of her feminine personality to seduce Turenne from his loyalty, and to cement more closely the union of the conspirators. At the time when the queen and Mazarin had resolved on striking boldly at the head of the Fronde, and had caused Conti, the Duc de Longueville, and Condé himself to be arrested in Paris, Madame de Longueville, being left defenseless, started at once for Nor-

mandy, which a year further risen in revolt at her bidding. But at Rouen she found the face of affairs altered, and she was obliged to proceed to Havre. The queen, on hearing of the duchess' flight, hastened after her to Rouen, which she reached shortly after Madame de Longueville's departure. The latter arrived at the gates of Havre only to see them shut against her ; and, finding an asylum there peremptorily denied her, pursued her way to Dieppe. The queen ordered the governor of Normandy to lay siege to the castle of Dieppe. "The fugitive duchess escaped from the place by a back entrance, and with two women and a few gentlemen who had refused to forsake her she traveled for two leagues, on foot, to the little port of Pourville, where a vessel awaited her which she herself had provided for the day of necessity. The tide was so strong and the wind so tempestuous that the sailors entreated her not to embark ; but the duchess, fearing the regent more than the tempest, persisted in going on board. As the tide made it impossible to bring a boat to shore, one of the sailors attempted to carry her thither ; but a wave swept him off his feet, and he fell, with his beautiful burden. She sank into deep water, but after some exertion she was dragged into the boat. On recovering from the immersion, she would again have tried to reach the vessel, but the sailors declared that it would be to fly in the face of Providence. She therefore was obliged to adopt some other expedient, and, sending for horses, she rode along the coast through the whole of that night and the following day, till she reached the house of a nobleman, who received her and her attendants with courtesy, and concealed them for some time beneath his roof. While there she learned that the captain of the vessel on which she was to have embarked was in the cardinal's interest, and that if she had set foot upon its deck she would have been arrested. She soon returned to Havre, this time

ter monde. But the news of the taking of Dunkirk. Such a victory should have been announced from such lips. Rejoice, madame, in the praises due to so great a captain, since France owes him to you. But along with the triumph of the brother permit me to place those of the sister, who is held here in such esteem that the single point on which the congress of Münster is in accord is that you, Madame la Princesse, are the happiest and most glorious mother in the world."

Brilliant as was her social success, Madame de Longueville nevertheless felt her stay at Münster an exile, and in the winter of 1647, on the death of her father, she returned to Paris, where she found herself surrounded by a court of adorers more numerous and more devoted than ever. This was the most triumphant portion of her career. Madame de Motteville says of her, "The Duchesse de Longueville, on her return to Paris, appeared there with more éclat than before her departure. Every one sought her favor as the highest honor. The affection which her brother, the Prince of Condé, had for her, her great beauty, and the superiority of her mind caused her to be so considered that those for whom she testified friendship were looked on as the minions of fortune." The prosperity of her life seemed at its height. But it was at the close of this year that she fell under the influence of La Rochefoucauld, her passion for whom was the source of all the agitations of her existence during the next six years, and of the long penitence with which she expiated her errors. The Duc de la Rochefoucauld had his attractive qualities, — an agreeable person, the air of a *grand seigneur*, manners at once polished and natural, graceful facility in conversation, and a refined intelligence; but he was vain and selfish, putting in practice those principles of self-interest that are set forth in his *Maxims* as the motive powers of

human conduct. It was to attain [As] his own ends that he sought to form a liaison with Madame de Longueville, as is proved by a passage from his own writings. She gave him her heart, and thenceforth devoted herself wholly to him. He being one of the chiefs of the Importants, she set herself to win over to that party her younger brother, her husband, and also the Prince of Condé. With the first two this was an easy matter, but with Condé there was more difficulty. It is impossible, in this place, to follow Madame de Longueville through the mazes of the Fronde, in which, from first to last, she was a prime mover. She had by nature little of Madame de Chevreuse's stirring energy of character, nor did she rival the latter's remarkable penetration in political affairs; yet not even Madame de Chevreuse herself surpassed La Rochefoucauld's mistress in thorough-going devotion, tenacity, and courage. She even put herself in opposition to her brother Condé, her love for whom had always been the deepest sentiment of her heart. This was in 1649, when the queen-regent had fled with the young king to St. Germain, and Condé had been persuaded by Mazarin that his higher glory was to be known as preserver of the monarchy rather than as upholder of the people, with whom the Frondeurs had signed an act of union. It was then that, as Lavallée sets it down in the pages of his history, "the Duchess of Longueville installed herself at the Hôtel de Ville, with a court of frivolous and licentious lords. Her beauty, her delicate intelligence, and the celebrity she had gained in Paris and the whole of France made her the talk of Europe." It was at the same time, we may remark, that the young king, the queen, and Mazarin, at St. Germain, were sleeping in the unfurnished palace upon straw, which was all too scarce to furnish beds for their suite, — such were the piquant contrasts furnished by the

in male attire; and having introduced herself to the captain of an English ship as a nobleman who had just been engaged in a duel and was obliged to leave France, she succeeded in obtaining a passage to Holland, where the Prince and Princess of Orange received her as though she had been a fugitive queen."

For six years the miserable struggle of the Fronde went on, — "a war of intrigues, mines and countermines, internal discords and open violences, where the public good counted for nothing, and the parliament and people served but as instruments of seigniorial ambition." It was merely a coalition of individual and selfish interests. La Rochefoucauld was no worse than others because from the beginning he had pursued only his personal ends. But he laid himself open to the charge of a base ingratitude when, having broken with his mistress, he descended to injure her in the estimation of her brother, and to the publication in a foreign country of memoirs whose authorship he disavowed, in which he related the history of their love, and exposed the weaknesses of one who had sacrificed all for him, and whom he should have died to defend. The cause, or rather the occasion, of the rupture was this. To serve the interests of Condé, his sister, at a certain conjuncture, made trial of her influence on the Duc de Nemours, who was enamored of Madame de Châtillon. Probably something of the emulation of conquest between rival beauties led Madame de Longueville to the mingling of a little coquetry with her pursuit of a more serious and disinterested purpose. The intercourse between her and the duke was but brief, but reports, which may have been exaggerated, reached La Rochefoucauld, then at Bordeaux. A candid explanation would have cleared away the cloud; but La Rochefoucauld broke with Madame de Longueville with such sudden haste as implied his having found a pretext for bringing about

a separation long desired. Whether or not this were really the case, the appearance of a wrong to him sufficed. His self-love was the most sensitive spot in his nature. Moreover, it was no longer for his interest, as it once had been, to remain in intimate relations with Madame de Longueville. He had not drawn from the Fronde struggle the advantages he had hoped for, and weary of the wandering and adventurous life he had been following for several years he desired nothing better than to accommodate his quarrel with the court party. That party, as we know, triumphed in the end, and La Rochefoucauld, at the cessation of the struggle, arranged his affairs with the court admirably to his satisfaction. He obtained a comfortable pension for himself and an honorable position for his son. He accepted a seat in Mazarin's carriage, saying smilingly, "Everything happens in France." No such conclusion of the matter was possible for Madame de Longueville. Constant to her brother Condé and to her party, so long as it had any existence, she only consented at the last, and under necessity, to accept the amnesty signed at Bordeaux. The Prince of Condé with his wife was then in the Low Countries. If his sister had followed her inclination, she would have joined them there; but her mind was already filled with graver thoughts of repentance and expiation, and she turned whither duty seemed to call, to her aged husband and her home in Normandy. She was but thirty-five years old, and still in all the brilliancy of her ripe beauty; she might for many years longer have enjoyed the pleasures of the world. But she chose to turn her mind away from them forever; and the remaining twenty-five years of her life were passed first in Normandy, then among the Carmelites, and lastly with the Jansenists of Port Royal, where, in 1679, she died.

We are tempted to be the less severe

to her faults that she herself deplored them so long and so sincerely. The end of her days recalls the beginning, before the angelic-faced young girl who went to the Louvre ball with the garment of mortification beneath her festal robes had felt the contagion of the moral at-

mosphere she breathed, and, ill defended by her husband, had succumbed to the force of universal example. From the saintly refuge of her latter years, how strange it must have been to her to look back upon that short but fatal episode of her life, the days of the Fronde!

Maria Louise Henry.

THE RETURN OF A NATIVE.

It was never distinctly understood by his compatriots how Truesdale had earned the title of filibuster. The blending of reproach and glory implied in this term he bore with dignity and good-humor, and, it was sometimes suspected, with inner complacency. He touched but lightly upon the sequence of events which in his adventurous young manhood had turned the current of his life away from the ordinary channels. For many years he had been as complete an alien as it is possible for one to be who still at intervals stands on his country's threshold to discharge some errand of merely commercial interest. He had made his home in an old Spanish city in that portion of our continent which the geographies designate Central, but which, viewed in the light of all that is characteristically American, has more than a European remoteness and indifference. Another language had become more ready to his thought than his mother-tongue, and in employing the latter his phrases were tinged with an unconscious euphuism, the natural effect produced by a Latin graft upon the long-neglected stock of the vernacular.

A few months previous to the incidents here to be narrated Truesdale had arrived in New York, with the vague purpose of renewing an acquaintance with his countrymen and of studying the social conditions in his native land, about which he had almost a foreigner's

curiosity. What happened soon after his return — how in him society joyfully recognized a genuine specimen from the remote regions, in its charts marked *Hic sunt leones* — it is not within the province of this sketch to relate. Perhaps he had not disdained the rôle of splendid barbarian; he may not have been altogether unwilling to "grace my own triumph," as he had characterized his acquiescence with the schemes of his exhibitors: yet, in his serious reflections, he felt that he had made but small progress in the study which he had proposed to himself; he had been stripping layer after layer off the social nut, and yet so far had not reached the kernel of essential sweetness. It was at this point in the experiment that he spoke often, albeit somewhat floridly, of the "dear old sylvan life of the West;" his boyhood's home; the tender associations it held for him; the idyllic and grotesque characters, the homely worth, which had flourished there. As it was with the lotos-eaters, so with himself; he, too, knew how sweet it is

"To muse, and brood, and live in memory
With those old faces of our infancy,
Heaped over with a mound of grass."

Oftenest, in his reverie, he saw the small chamber that had been his, in his mother's house: the whitewashed walls, the slant ceiling, the one window opening towards the morning. There, what dreams he had entertained! — surely not

of frontier adventure and the cruelties of war, but of a life dear to Apollo and the Muses. It was when this retrospective mood was upon him that he was wont to show his metropolitan friends an old ambrotype portrait of a youth, with pensive, Antinous face, framed with loose ringlets of dark hair, these falling over a wide, rolling collar of the fashion known as Byronic. The portrait having elicited the usual romantic and speculative comments, Truesdale would observe in a careless, reminiscential tone, "A most unfortunate young fellow, I knew, years ago. Wrote poetry; thought he had the divine afflatus. Checkered career, — gold-mining, fighting greasers, and what not; dead long ago, if reports are to be trusted." Rumors of his own demise had more than once reached Truesdale; and on one occasion he had been charged with imposture, when personating himself supposed deceased.

Previous to this unlooked-for attack of nostalgia, it had been in vain to urge Truesdale's revisitation of his old home, though frequent pressing invitations had been sent him by the remnant of his family residing there. He had not believed in your sentimental pilgrimage. "When you are disposed to go back and touch the shrine with your hands, don't do it; keep at a discreet, worshipping distance," had been his precept. But he had not been a day in "old Hillsboro'" before his objection to the sentimental pilgrimage was dispelled. He blessed the lazy immutability of the times and manners illustrated in the lives of his old friends and neighbors. As he looked on the summer fields, it seemed to him that they were still waving the unshorn harvests of twenty years ago. He was pleased to see above him the same "low, Hillsboro' sky," held up at the horizon by tall, Atlas-shouldered woods, — the sky that had shut down too close, the woods that had presented a hostile phalanx, to his impatient youth. Chiefly was he pleased that he could be

thus pleased with the old scenes and associations. Did it not argue, he asked himself, that his heart was still warm and impressionable, open to all gentle influences, as is the soil to the ministrations of sun and dew?

He had visited the village burying-ground, given over to the care of blooming sweet-brier and wild strawberry in early summer, and later to aster, goldenrod, and life-everlasting. A long time he had stood, with uncovered head, beside his mother's grave, and then had moved but a few steps away, where a low headstone bore the legend, "Rosalie Graham. Aged twenty-one. 'There the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.'" A strange scripture for her, it seemed to him. When had the wicked troubled her tranquil and innocent life? He, at least, had gone away, and had not spoken aught to vex her. Weary? He could not believe it, with her fresh young face still blooming in his memory.

He had not neglected to attend the Sabbath morning service in the little, lonesome, white-painted, sun-beaten church, that stood at one side of the village green. He could not enough praise the devout faith and abounding good works of those whom he curiously denominated "Apostolic Methodists." In them he recognized the stuff of the Huguenots, of the Covenanters, and the Puritans. Their prayers and exhortations, he demonstrated, were as replete with natural poetry as with fervent piety. "A wellspring in a desert land," "stately steppings of the Almighty," "abundant entrance into the kingdom," — where could you find more lively imagery, more vigorous English, than in these and like expressions contained in the unwritten ritual of this earnest, faithful people? Indeed, he now gave himself, both by observation and practice, to recover the short, stout, Anglo-Saxon vocables, which so many years' use of a foreign language had wrested

from his command. He had been freshly convinced of the great resources afforded in the vernacular, by hearing an old neighbor, noted for her allocutive energy, remark that she had "just given the hired man a good tongue-banging"!

As a matter of course, Truesdale had called upon Uncle Gail Hartwell, now in his ninety-second year, and mentally dwelling among the events of the early portion of the century. Truesdale, sentimentally moved by the sight of the worthy patriarch and the generations gathered around him, had repeated the "seven ages of man." "And did old Bony write that you've been a-sayin'?" asked the patriarch, who had listened with misty attention. "Ah, yes," Truesdale had observed in an aside, "Bony was a sweet poet."

In this bronzed, foreign-appearing man, this stranger so anxious to be treated as a native, Hillsboro' people had at first found it difficult to recognize the youth they had known in times past. Afterwards, all were desirous to substantiate the great truth that the boy is father of the man. One testified that Truesdale had once, in the coldest January weather, walked ten miles to borrow a book owned by deponent's uncle. Another, surveying the hero's imposing height and muscularity, affirmed that he "always told 'em there was pluck enough in Jim Truesdale to stock a nation." Still another remembered that when they went to "deestrick" school "Jimmy was always A No. 1 in geography. P'int to South Afriky, an' he knew all about it, 'cause he was goin' there some day to shoot lions; p'int to Brayzil, an' he was goin' there to clean out them di'mon's in the big river; an' he said he'd go over them Alps, if he had to pour vinegar on 'em, as Hannybil did!"

Whatever desperate passages there may have been in Truesdale's history, no truculent indices appeared in his countenance, its expression being uniformly

one of serene self-reliance. Yet there were those who noticed that his eyes had a habit of masked watchfulness, while others saw in the same eyes something of elate expectancy. Certain it was, if, looking up the tame country road, he remarked, "What is that coming yonder? It has the appearance of an Indian on horseback," the observation was sufficient to stir the imagination of any youthful hearer. Also, in the summer evenings spent at the farmhouse of his relatives, when he would pace up and down the floor, occasionally pausing at the open door and peering into the twilight scene without, the action suggested that at some time in his life such sentinel-like vigilance had been habitual. While there was little in his present appearance that could be construed as indicating a bellicose element in his past, it is true that if the glossy locks of his dark hair (just touched with a first frost) had been parted at a certain place, a long white mark, the scar of an old sabre-cut, would have been disclosed. He carried a cane, but with such adroitness as to make its use appear a whimsicality of taste, rather than a necessity. None would have suspected that an old hip wound, still troublesome at intervals, strongly recommended the services of a walking-stick. Some good Hillsboro' souls kindly prescribed for his supposed rheumatism, — that malady being perennially prevalent in the community.

At a picnic, as he had anticipated, Truesdale had a rare opportunity to taste the half-forgotten flavor of rural social life. At this picnic, the holiday confluence of two neighboring schools, were present, besides the demure young school-mistresses and their small summer flocks, the parents of the children and many friends of education. Among these last, most of them old acquaintances of Truesdale, was Squire Jerrold, a person of authority in Hillsboro', as became one connected with the Jerrolds in the East. Had *Colonel* Truesdale

(Hillsboro' etiquette had decided that this prefix was suitable) ever seen the *Genealogy of the Jerrold Family*? No? Then he must see it. Squire Jerrold was troubled with headache and dizziness, but had been much comforted by the perusal of the ancestral record: all the Jerrolds, so far as he could gather, had had "something the matter with their heads," especially those who had been eminent in professional life. In politics the squire was a staunch Democrat, and an adorer of that canonized patriot, General Jackson. Though not profane in his habits of speech, he was known sometimes, in vehement debate, to employ the favorite oath of his political idol. When he did so, with an effort to dilate his small frame and to clinch his short, soft fingers into a forcible fist, the effect was most laughable, or pathetic, according to the character or the mood of the spectator.

Next to the squire, on the temporary seating arranged for those who were to listen to the children's exercises, sat Elder Doolittle. He was a large, vigorous man, a powerful preacher, so called by those who sat under his boanergic ministration of gospel truth. His massive head was rendered larger in appearance by the abundance of iron-gray hair which it bore, and which its owner, by the unconscious working of some curious cranial muscle, could bring down over his forehead to within an inch and a half of his bushy eyebrows. Had his scalp been of india rubber, its elasticity and recoil could scarcely have been greater. Whether this agitation of the outer integument was related to the inner act of cerebration might have been a fit subject for scientific investigation. The elder exchanged hearty greetings with Truesdale, who, he felt sure, had been sent to his charge to be rescued as a brand from the burning.

Among the friends of education before mentioned was old Sammy Upson, the cooper. With no drop of Celtic

blood in his veins, nevertheless he could scarcely open his mouth without an Irish bull issued therefrom. In relating his experience, in the class-meeting, a few Sundays before, he had most feelingly referred to the time "when I lay on my death-bed." On being nudged by his grand-daughter, who sat beside him, he had added, "my death-bed, as it were, though the Lord, in his infinite wisdom, saw fit to spare me for a few more fleetin' years!" His latest felicity of this sort had been uttered while on the witness-stand, in a suit being tried at the county-seat. Such and such things had happened so and so, he attested, as sure as he held up his hand betwixt God and heaven!

Between old Sammy Upson and Moffitt Herkimer sat Hollering Clapp, whose stentorian voice, in the old days, could be heard as far as any farmhouse noon-bell could send its summons. Many a time had Truesdale listened to the musical storms awakened in the West Woods by Clapp's singing of his favorite hymns, while his axe rang in unison. It was touching now to observe how thin and piping had become that phenomenal voice, confessing to its own disabilities. "Could n't holler now worth a cent. All used up with coughin'. S'pose I've got the long lingerin' consumption."

Truesdale remembered Moffitt Herkimer as having excelled in every department of woodcraft: never a bee-tree but Moffitt Herkimer was informed as to its exact locality; never a coon-hunt in which his sagacity and agility were not exercised; never a well to be dug, on anybody's farm, but the witch-hazel in his canny hand must be consulted. He had also been the best runner in five townships. On Truesdale's inquiring whether he could now get over the ground as rapidly, he replied, "Wall, I cal'late I could, mebbe. Give me a smooth road, an' if my soles wan't too tender from wearin' shoes so much, in these days, I cal'late I could run to

the Centre inside of three minutes and a half."

"No, you could n't, you ole fool," interposed Mrs. Herkimer, whose remarkably hard common sense never dealt in euphemism; "you could n't, and you know you could n't,—all stiffened up with the rheumatiz as you be. Had to have a chair to get up into the buggy with, last Sunday!"

Very refreshing to Truesdale's eye was the scene before him. The green recesses of the wood; the slight motion of the leaves; the lights and shadows that played over the little stage, changeably brocading the white dresses of the two girlish teachers; the happy children, in their holiday attire, now "coming to order" at a word from her who acted as mistress of ceremonies,—all pleased the returned native more than any pageant of civic prosperity he had ever witnessed. Where under heaven were the children so favored, so well clothed, so well mannered, so intelligent and apt withal, as here in his own country?

During the opening exercises,—in part performed by a melodeon, which seemed to express astonishment at its own presumption in trying to fill so vast an auditorium,—a singular arrival was noticed. This might have been some grotesque genius of the wood,—some *lusus*, called into existence by Nature in her most rollicking mood. Advancing slowly, the new comer threw himself upon an inviting bed of moss under a tree, and there stretched out his rotund proportions, while he surveyed the holiday company with an air of lazy enjoyment. "Fatty Wheaton," whispered one of Truesdale's juvenile friends. "He's fat, like that, because his folks let him eat so much pork when he was a baby. He's been asked to go with a circus, but his folks won't let him."

The opening exercises over, a pale-faced, tow-haired boy came upon the stage, and in shrill-pitched voice an-

nounced that he was trying to climb the Hill of Science, and that Truth was his guide and sure reliance. The young pilgrim had much difficulty in making the ascent, having several times to be "prompted." "That boy must be a Hackett, and that accounts for his perplexities," thought Truesdale. "No Hackett was ever known to climb the slight elevation he speaks of." Next, a gypsy maiden, with sunburnt hair of many shades, and lips and cheeks red as the fruit of the wild rose, extolled, in rapid sing-song, the advantages and pleasures to be found in country life. Then, a tall boy came forward with a temperance piece, depicting in Miltonic blank verse the envious strife stirred up in Pandemonium by a certain peregrinating fiend, who boasted of the mischief he had accomplished upon the earth:—

"But tell me first, O mighty spirit, thy name.

'My name,' the fiend replied, 'is "Alcohol!"'

After this, a bevy of girls filled the little stage, and a dialogue entitled Gossip was acted. Each gossip had sewing or knitting work in her hands; there was frequent laying together of shrewd heads, much mysterious whispering, much lifting of the eyebrows in scandalized amazement, while many promises of secrecy were exacted.

The exercises went forward, but Truesdale had dropped into a reverie. As he bent his eyes upon the ground, a plant with delicate light green leaves and small yellow flowers arrested his attention. It seemed bending forward to say, "I know you, but I see you have forgotten me." Its name did not at once come to his mind, but when it did he was pleased, recognizing an old acquaintance. Sheep-sorrel?—of course it was; and he tried his memory with other plants around him, and had soon added cohosh, milkweed, and lobelia to the list of his botanical recollections. The grass,—how fat and sleek it grew in one place, shining with prosperity!

What would he not have given for such a grass-plot transferred to his garden in the tropics! Did anybody know how good it was to see the grass growing, after living under a sun too fervid for this temperate, cool-blooded plant? Would it not be sweet to take up his life anew under these old trees that had shaded the home of his childhood? Enough had he seen of the cocoa and the orange tree; these had been well; but now give him an apple-orchard and a title to the West Woods of Hillsboro'. What better could he do, perhaps, than return here for good, buy a little farm, and live the "gentle life"? Perhaps some daughter of Arcadia —

But a daughter of Arcadia was even now sweetly smiling, sweetly speaking; and her words, addressed to him, were these: —

"We would be pleased to listen to some remarks from Colonel Truesdale."

There was a hush of expectation, in which all eyes were turned towards the colonel, who slowly rose to his feet. I pretend to no clairvoyant cleverness; the account of what passed through his mind is based upon his own affidavit. He rose to his feet, because it was expected that he should do so. The events of his life drifted before him, as in the retrospect of a drowning man. Now, now, do these good people think to reach the heart of his mystery. Now must he show them his scars, and they will give him their most sweet voices. He takes a step forward. Something to interest the children, of course. Then, they would, perhaps, like to hear how a jaguar — a bold, bad beast, dear children — met his death in his own den. Two balls of fire in the dark were the mark of the dare-devil fellow. . . . Or take this: Four riders, hotly pursued. They spur their horses, and bid fair to escape. But a chasm is reached. Leap it, or fall into the hands of the enemy. Three go over safely. The fourth tries to follow. *Adios, mundo*, — good-by,

world! and down. . . . Or this: Evening, after a red day of battle. On this side, the moon rising over the long mountain wall; on that, the ocean and the sunset. A band of soldiers, a couple of prisoners, halt before a small village. The vesper hymn, — chanted prayer for pardon and peace, — sweet and solemn. The younger prisoner joins in the singing, though to-morrow — who knows? His voice rings out clear. When the hymn is done, the dark-eyed women of the village gather around him. "*El es muy suave*, — he is very gentle. Soldiers, don't kill him." . . . Good heavens! what tales are these to pour into the ears of these innocent children! There must be another way, thus: My dear young friends, you are to-day assembled here in the capacity of — a picnic. It rejoices my heart to be permitted to mingle with you here, for I was once as you are. I once roved through these sylvan aisles, warbling my wood-notes wild. Just as you do now, I set traps for the squirrels, and fished out of Crooked *Crick*. Like you, I went to school, loved my books and teacher dear. As I grew up, I increased in virtue and wisdom, and became a bright and shining — filibuster. Fought, bled, and died, times without number. Returning to the home of my youth, the elders arise and call me Colonel, and you all listen, enraptured, to the mellifluous accents of this chin-music of mine.

Up to this point in his unmouthed eloquence, the face of the filibuster had worn an expression of dreamy abstraction, now changing rapidly to one of bewilderment and appeal. Help him, ye woodland powers! How very still it is! — so still that he hears distinctly the hum of bees at work in the blossoms of yonder basswood. He also hears the snuffings and pawings of some canine zealot (doubtless Tige Herkimer) bent upon unearthing a woodchuck. But what evil spell is this? *Vox faucibus hæsit*. Stage-fright, aha! Had he not

harangued and subdued the myrmidons of war? Had he not overruled, in secret juntas, by the crafty persuasiveness of his voice and speech? Had he not, like another Othello, held society, like another Desdemona, entranced by the moving and pictorial quality of his language? And should he now quail before a handful of country children? No! and yet it seemed inevitable. What a merciful deliverance if he could but see a charge of greasers breaking through the thick-
et on his right! Single-handed he would defend his people! He was so taken with this idea that he actually bent a faint smile of scrutiny in the direction of the wished-for raid.

He knew not how long he had stood thus. He perceived that his friends were growing solicitous on his account. Elder Doolittle evinced his sympathetic distress by an unusually violent twitching of his movable scalp, bringing his hair and eyebrows much nearer together than had ever been observed before. The sufferer from long lingerin' consumption was inspired to a paroxysm of coughing, which succeeded in attracting considerable attention away from the spellbound orator. Old Sammy Upson puckered his dry lips, ready for a prolonged whistle of amazement; while Dave Hackett, who had always owed Jim Truesdale a grudge for the latter's "fine-haired notions," smiled with derisive satisfaction. The younger of the two pretty school-teachers, at this trying juncture losing her self-control, tittered audibly. At length, a friend of our hero, perceiving the hopelessness of the situation, came to the rescue. "I would suggest, with Colonel Truesdale's concurrence," said this friend, "that further remarks be deferred until the children, who are getting rather impatient, have had refreshments."

The colonel, with a grave smile and inflection of his head, signed his concurrence. The children, considering themselves dismissed, deserted their hard

seats, and were soon expectantly ranged on each side of the long table, which groaned (if table ever groaned) under its feastful burden. Delicious proclamation of this plenty went abroad on the air. Some bees left their mealy labor in the basswood tree, and came over to the table, where they behaved themselves like true sybarites. As the festivity proceeded, Fatty Wheaton was not forgotten. Whether from shyness or an indisposition towards leaving his mossy couch, he had refused to take his place with the other children; but the good women who dispensed the feast plied him with every sort of delicacy which the table afforded. It appeared to them that, by such attentions, the weight of his obese misery might be lessened.

With but one exception, all were prepared to do justice to the bountiful dinner. This exception was not to be found among the children; nor could it have been Moffitt Herkimer, who declared himself keen enough to eat a woodchuck. (Who, if not he, knew the flavor of woodchuck?) The exception could not have been Squire Jerrold. With a school-boy fondness for sweetmeats, which led him to keep a jar of candies in the closet at home, as also to have his pockets supplied with some sort of "drops" for his hoarseness, he was now engaged in abstracting the raisins from his pudding and the icing from his cake. Elder Doolittle, with the earnestness that characterized all his actions, gave himself to the full enjoyment of the "creature benefits" referred to in the grace pronounced by him. No one had lost an appetite unless it was the filibuster. Verily, dead-sea apples could not have been bitterer to his taste than was the wholesome and delicious food with which his injured friends insisted upon heaping his plate. How could he partake of their kind hospitality, when he had failed to perform the paltry part assigned to him in the day's exercises? He was grimly amused,

sitting between the squire and the elder, to note their efforts to restore his spirits by relating embarrassments similar to his own, which had happened in their experience.

"'D I ever tell you, elder, about the fix I got into down at Plainfield, once when I tried to make a p'litical speech there, just before 'lection? I'd committed every word of it to memory, and then, to make a dead-sure thing of it, I copied it to take with me. Well, I'd been going on swimmingly for about five minutes, when I came up stump. Recollect the very sentence I stuck on: 'Let us, who cherish the star-bright palladium of our rights, secured to us by him who, inflexible in his patriotism, was fitly styled "Old Hickory," — let us' — I said that 'let us' over and over, until some young peppersass in the back part of the room put in, 'Go right ahead; we'll let ye.' Searched my pockets, and pulled out a paper; but by the Eternal! it wa'n't my speech at all, — only a stack of old letters I'd put in by mistake."

"That reminds me, Squire Jerrold, of how I got bushed, when I first entered the ministry. I had to preach before the presiding elder at Copenhagen. I took for my text, TEKEL:

thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting. Of course the sermon was extempour; preaching with notes was n't approved of, then. I got through TEKEL all right, and then I broke down completely, — in fact, had to sit down; and Elder Woolever had to continue the exercises. 'As I was subject to palpitation in those days, the congregation took it for granted that I had had one of my bad turns."

Thus, in the goodness of their hearts, Masters Slender and Shallow strove to comfort and cheer Master Silence. He, however, refused to be comforted, and as soon as he could withdraw without giving offense took his way home by a cross-cut through the West Woods; whipping with his cane the innocent herb-age in his path, and not stopping, as he had thought to do, to see if certain old landmarks were still remaining. Sylvan things had lost their charm.

To this day, Truesdale counts "that disgraceful *fiasco* of mine at the picnic" as among the serious chagrins of a lifetime. "But what could I do?" he asks. "To do the least thing well, a man must have had practice. I could not 'make remarks' to the school, because my training in that direction had been neglected."

Edith M. Thomas.

EN PROVINCE.

VII.

FROM AVIGNON TO ORANGE.

I.

I HAD been twice at Avignon before, and yet I was not satisfied. I probably am satisfied now; nevertheless, I enjoyed my third visit. I shall not soon forget the first, on which a particular emotion set indelible stamp. I was

traveling northward, in 1870, after four months spent, for the first time, in Italy. It was the middle of January, and I had found myself, unexpectedly, forced to return to England for the rest of the winter. It was an insufferable disappointment. I was wretched and broken-hearted. Italy appeared to me at that time so much better than anything else in the world that to rise from table in the middle of the feast was a prospect

of being hungry for the rest of my days. I had heard a great deal of praise of the south of France; but the south of France was a poor consolation. In this state of mind I arrived at Avignon, which under a bright, hard winter sun was tingling — fairly spinning — with the *mistral*. I find in my journal of the other day a reference to the acuteness of my reluctance in January, 1870. France, after Italy, appeared, in the language of the latter country, *poco simpatica*; and I thought it necessary, for reasons now inconceivable, to read the *Figaro*, which was filled with descriptions of the horrible Tropmann, the murderer of the *famille Kink*. Tropmann, Kink, *le crime de Pantin*, — the very names that figured in this episode seemed to wave me back. Had I abandoned the sonorous south to associate with vocables so base?

It was very cold, the other day, at Avignon; for though there was no *mistral*, it was raining as it rains in Provence, and the dampness had a terrible chill in it. As I sat by my fire, late at night — for in genial Avignon, in October, I had to have a fire — it came back to me that eleven years before I had at that same hour sat by a fire in that same room, and, writing to a friend to whom I was not afraid to appear extravagant, had made a vow that in some happier period of the future I would revenge myself on the *ci-devant* city of the Popes by taking it, in a peaceful sense. I suppose that I redeemed my vow on the occasion of my second visit better than on my third; for then I was on my way to Italy, and that vengeance, of course, was complete. The only drawback was that I was in such a hurry to get to Ventimiglia (where the Italian custom-house was to be the sign of my triumph) that I scarcely took time to make it clear to myself at Avignon that this was better than reading the *Figaro*. I hurried on almost too fast to enjoy the security of my sense of moving southward. On

this last occasion I was unfortunately destitute of that sense. Avignon was my southernmost limit; after which I was to turn round and proceed back to England. But in the interval I had been a great deal in Italy, and that made all the difference.

I had plenty of time to think of this, for the rain kept me practically housed for the first twenty-four hours. It had been raining in these regions for a month, and people had begun to look askance at the Rhone, though as yet the volume of the river was not exorbitant. The only excursion possible, while the torrent descended, was a kind of horizontal dive, accompanied with infinite splashing, to the little *musée* of the town, which is within a moderate walk of the hotel. I had a memory of it from my first visit; it had appeared to me more pictorial than its pictures. I found that recollection had flattered it a little, and that it is neither better nor worse than most provincial museums. It has the usual musty chill in the air, the usual grass-grown fore-court, in which a few lumpish Roman fragments are disposed, the usual red tiles on the floor, and the usual specimens of the more livid schools on the walls. I rang up the *gardien*, who arrived with a bunch of keys, wiping his mouth; he unlocked doors for me, opened shutters, and while (to my distress, as if the things had been worth lingering over) he shuffled about after me, he announced the names of the pictures before which I stopped, in a voice that reverberated through the melancholy halls, and seemed to make the authorship shameful when it was obscure, and grotesque when it pretended to be great. Then there were intervals of silence, while I stared absent-mindedly, at haphazard, at some indistinguishable canvas, and the only sound was the downpour of the rain on the skylights. The museum of Avignon derives a certain dignity from its Roman fragments. The town has no Roman

monuments to show ; in this respect, beside its brilliant neighbors, Arles and Nîmes, it is a blank. But a great many small objects have been found in its soil — pottery, glass, bronzes, lamps, vessels and ornaments of gold and silver. The glass is especially charming — small vessels of the most delicate shape and substance, many of them perfectly preserved. These diminutive, intimate things bring one near to the old Roman life ; they seem like pearls strung upon the slender thread that swings across the gulf of time. A little glass cup that Roman lips have touched says more to us than the huge mass of an arena. There are two small silver *casseroles*, with chiseled handles, in the museum of Avignon, that struck me as among the most charming survivals of antiquity.

I did wrong, just above, to speak of my attack on this establishment as the only recreation I took that first wet day ; for I remember a terribly moist visit to the former palace of the Popes, which could have taken place only in the same tempestuous hours. It is true that I scarcely know why I should have gone out to see the Papal palace in the rain, for I had been over it twice before, and even then had not found the interest of the place so complete as it ought to be ; the fact, nevertheless, remains that this last occasion is much associated with an umbrella, which was not superfluous even in some of the chambers and corridors of the gigantic pile. It had already seemed to me the dreariest of all great historical buildings, and my final visit confirmed the impression. The place is as intricate as it is vast, and as desolate as it is dirty. The imagination has, for some reason or other, to make more than the effort usual in such cases to restore and repeople it. The fact, indeed, is simply that the palace has been so incalculably abused and altered. These alterations have been so numerous that, though I have duly conned the enumerations, supplied in guide-books, of the

principal ones, I do not pretend to carry any of them in my head. The huge bare mass, without ornament, without grace, despoiled of its battlements and defaced with sordid modern windows, covering the Rocher des Doms, and looking down over the Rhone and the broken bridge of Saint-Bénazet (which stops in such a sketchable manner in mid-stream), and across at the lonely tower of Philippe le Bel and the ruined wall of Villeneuve, makes at a distance, in spite of its poverty, a great figure, the effect of which is carried out by the tower of the church beside it (crowned though the latter be, in a top-heavy fashion, with an immense modern image of the Virgin), and by the thick, dark foliage of the garden laid out on a still higher portion of the eminence. This garden recalls, faintly and a trifle perversely, the grounds of the Pincian at Rome. I know not whether it is the shadow of the Papal name, present in both places, combined with a vague analogy between the churches — which, approached in each case by a flight of steps, seem to defend the precinct — but each time I have seen the promenade des Doms it has carried my thoughts to the wider and loftier terrace from which you look away at the Tiber and St. Peter's.

As you stand before the Papal palace, and especially as you enter it, you are struck with its being a very dull monument. History enough was enacted here : the great schism lasted from 1305 to 1370, during which seven Popes, all Frenchmen, carried on the court of Avignon on principles that have not commended themselves to the esteem of posterity. But history has been white-washed away, and the scandals of that period have mingled with the dust of dilapidations and repairs. The building has for many years been occupied as a barrack for regiments of the line, and the main characteristics of a barrack, an extreme nudity and a very strong smell, prevail throughout its endless

compartments. Nothing could have been more cruelly dismal than the appearance it presented at the time of this third visit of mine. A regiment, changing quarters, had departed the day before, and another was expected to arrive (from Algeria) on the morrow. The place had been left in the befouled and belittered condition which marks the passage of the military after they have broken camp, and it would offer but a melancholy welcome to the regiment that was about to take possession. Enormous windows had been left carelessly open all over the building, and the rain and wind were beating into empty rooms and passages; making draughts which purified, perhaps, but which scarcely cleared. For an arrival, it was horrible. A handful of soldiers had remained behind. In one of the big, vaulted rooms several of them were lying on their wretched beds, in the dim light, in the cold, in the damp, with the bleak, bare walls before them, and their overcoats, spread over them, pulled up to their noses. I pitied them immensely, though they may have felt less wretched than they looked. I thought not of the old profligacies and crimes, not of the funnel-shaped torture-chamber (which, after exciting the shudder of generations, has been ascertained now, I believe, to have been a mediæval bakehouse), not of the tower of the *glacière* and the horrors perpetrated here in the Revolution, but of the military burden of young France. One wonders how young France endures it, and one is forced to believe that the French conscript has, in addition to his notorious good-humor, greater toughness than is commonly supposed by those who consider only the more relaxing influences of French civilization. I hope he finds occasional compensation for such moments as I saw those damp young peasants passing on the mattresses of their hideous barrack, without anything around to remind them that they were in the most civilized of countries.

The only traces of former splendor now visible in the Papal pile are the walls and vaults of two small chapels, painted in fresco, so battered and effaced as to be scarcely distinguishable, by Simone Memmi. It offers, of course, a peculiarly good field for restoration, and I believe the government intend to take it in hand. I mention this fact without a sigh; for they cannot well make it less interesting than it is at present.

II.

Fortunately, it did not rain every day (though I believe it was raining everywhere else in the department); otherwise I should not have been able to go to Villeneuve and to Vaucluse. The afternoon, indeed, was lovely when I walked over the interminable bridge that spans the two arms of the Rhone, divided here by a considerable island, and directed my course, like a solitary horseman—on foot, to the lonely tower which forms one of the outworks of Villeneuve-lès-Avignon. The picturesque, half-deserted little town lies a couple of miles further up the river. The immense round towers of its old citadel and the long stretches of ruined wall covering the slope on which it lies are the most striking features of the nearer view, as you look from Avignon across the Rhone. I spent a couple of hours in visiting these objects, and there was a kind of pictorial sweetness in the episode; but I have not many details to relate. The isolated tower I just mentioned has much in common with the detached donjon of Montmajour, which I had looked at in going to Les Baux, and to which I paid my respects in speaking of that excursion. Also the work of Philippe le Bel (built in 1307), it is amazingly big and stubborn, and formed the opposite limit of the broken bridge, whose first arches (on the side of Avignon) alone remain to give a measure of the occasional volume of the Rhone. Half an hour's walk brought

me to Villeneuve, which lies away from the river, looking like a big village, half depopulated, and occupied for the most part by dogs and cats, old women and small children; these last, in general, remarkably pretty, in the manner of the children of Provence. You pass through the place, which seems in a singular degree vague and unconscious, and come to the rounded hill on which the ruined abbey lifts its yellow walls — the Benedictine abbey of Saint-André, at once a church, a monastery, and a fortress. A large part of the crumbling enceinte disposes itself over the hill; but for the rest, all that has preserved any traceable cohesion is a considerable portion of the citadel. The defense of the place appears to have been entrusted largely to the huge, round towers that flank the old gate; one of which, the more complete, the ancient warden (having first inducted me into his own dusky little apartment, and presented me with a great bunch of lavender) enabled me to examine in detail. I would almost have dispensed with the privilege, for I think I have already mentioned that an acquaintance with many feudal interiors has wrought a sad confusion in my mind. The image of the outside always remains distinct; I keep it apart from other images of the same sort; it makes a picture sufficiently ineffaceable. But the guard-rooms, winding staircases, loopholes, and prisons repeat themselves and intermingle; they have a wearisome family likeness. There are always black passages and corners, and walls twenty feet thick; and there is always some high place to climb up to for the sake of a "magnificent" view. The views, too, are apt to get muddled. These dense gate-towers of Philippe le Bel struck me, however, as peculiarly wicked and grim. Their capacity is of the largest, and they contain ever so many devilish little dungeons, lighted by the narrowest slit in the prodigious wall, where it comes over one with a good deal of

vividness and still more horror that wretched human beings ever lay there rotting in the dark. The dungeons of Villeneuve made a particular impression on me — greater than any, except those of Loches, which must surely be the most gruesome in Europe. I hasten to add that every dark hole at Villeneuve is called a dungeon; and I believe it is well established that in this manner, in almost all old castles and towers, the sensibilities of the modern tourist are unscrupulously played upon. There were plenty of black holes in the Middle Ages that were not dungeons, but household receptacles of various kinds; and many a tear dropped in pity for the groaning captive has really been addressed to the spirits of the larder and the fagot-nook. For all this, there are some very bad corners in the towers of Villeneuve, so that I was not wide of the mark when I began to think again, as I had often thought before, of the stoutness of the human composition in the Middle Ages, and the tranquillity of nerve of people to whom the groaning captive and the blackness of a "living tomb" were familiar ideas, which did not at all interfere with their happiness or their sanity. Our modern nerves, our irritable sympathies, our easy discomforts and fears, make one think (in some relations) less respectfully of human nature. Unless, indeed, it be true, as I have heard it maintained, that in the Middle Ages every one did go mad, — every one *was* mad. The theory that this was a period of general insanity is not altogether indefensible.

Within the old walls of its immense abbey the town of Villeneuve has built itself a rough *faubourg*; the fragments with which the soil was covered having been, I suppose, a quarry of material. There are no streets; the small, shabby houses, almost hovels, straggle at random over the uneven ground. The only important feature is a convent of cloistered nuns, who have a large garden (always

within the walls) behind their house, and whose doleful establishment you look down into, or down at, simply from the battlements of the citadel. One or two of the nuns were passing in and out of the house; they wore gray robes, with a bright red cape. I thought their situation most dreary. I came away, and wandered a little over the base of the hill, outside the walls. Small white stones cropped through the grass, over which low olive-trees were scattered. The afternoon had a yellow brightness. I sat down under one of the little trees, on the grass — the delicate gray branches were not much above my head — and rested, and looked at Avignon across the Rhone. It was very soft, very still and pleasant, though I am not sure it was all I once should have expected of that combination of elements: an old city wall for a background, a canopy of olives, and, for a couch, the soil of Provence.

When I came back to Avignon the twilight was already thick; but I walked up to the Rocher des Doms. Here I again had the benefit of that amiable moon which had already lighted up for me so many romantic scenes. She was full, and she rose over the Rhone, and made it look, in the distance, like a silver serpent. I remember saying to myself, at this moment, that it would be a beautiful evening to walk round the walls of Avignon — the remarkable walls, which challenge comparison with those of Carcassonne and Aigues-Mortes, and which it was my duty, as an observer of the picturesque, to examine with some attention. Presenting themselves to that silver sheen, they could not fail to be impressive. So, at least, I said to myself; but, unfortunately, I did not believe what I said. It is a melancholy fact that the walls of Avignon had never impressed me at all, and I had never taken the trouble to make the circuit. They are continuous and complete, but for some mysterious rea-

son they fail of their effect. This is partly because they are very low, in some places almost absurdly so; being buried in new accumulations of soil, and by the filling in of the moat up to their middle. Then they have been too well tended; they not only look at present very new, but look as if they had never been old. The fact that their extent is very much greater makes them more of a curiosity than those of Carcassonne; but this is exactly, at the same time, what is fatal to their pictorial unity. With their thirty-seven towers and seven gates they lose themselves too much to make a picture that will compare with the admirable little vignette of Carcassonne. I may mention, now that I am speaking of the general mass of Avignon, that nothing is more curious than the way in which, viewed from a distance, it is all reduced to naught by the vast bulk of the palace of the Popes. From across the Rhone, or from the train, as you leave the place, this great gray block is all Avignon; it seems to occupy the whole city, expansive, with its shrunken population, as the city is.

III.

It was the morning after this, I think (a certain Saturday), that when I came out of the Hôtel de l'Europe, which lies in a shallow concavity just within the city gate that opens on the Rhone — came out to look at the sky from the little *place* before the inn and see how the weather promised for the obligatory excursion to Vaucluse — I found the whole town in a terrible taking. I say the whole town advisedly, for every inhabitant appeared to have taken up a position on the bank of the river, or on the uppermost parts of the promenade of the Doms, where a view of its course was to be obtained. It had risen surprisingly in the night, and the good people of Avignon had reason to know what a rise of the Rhone might signify. The town, in its lower portions, is quite

at the mercy of the swollen waters ; and it was mentioned to me that in 1856 the Hôtel de l'Europe, in its convenient hollow, was flooded up to within a few feet of the ceiling of the dining-room, where the long board which had served for so many a *table d'hôte* floated disreputably, with its legs in the air. On the present occasion the mountains of the Ardèche, where it had been raining for a month, had sent down torrents, which, all that fine Friday night, by the light of the innocent-looking moon, poured themselves into the Rhone and its tributary, the Durance. The river was enormous, and continued to rise, and the sight was beautiful and horrible. The water, in many places, was already at the base of the city walls ; the quay, with its parapet just emerging, being already covered. The country, seen from the plateau des Doms, resembled a vast lake, with protrusions of trees, houses, bridges, gates. The people looked at it in silence, as I had seen people before — on the occasion of a rise of the Arno, at Pisa — appear to consider the prospects of an inundation. “ Il monte ; il monte toujours ” — there was not much said but that. It was a general holiday, and there was an air of wishing to profit, for sociability's sake, by any interruption of the commonplace (the popular mind likes “ a change,” and the element of change mitigates the sense of disaster) ; but the affair was not otherwise a holiday. Suspense and anxiety were in the air, and it never is pleasant to be reminded of the helplessness of man. In the presence of a loosened river, with its ravaging, unconquerable volume, this impression is as strong as possible ; and as I looked at the deluge which threatened to make an island of the Papal palace, I perceived that the scourge of water is greater than the scourge of fire. A blaze may be quenched, but where could the flame be kindled that would arrest the quadrupled Rhone ? For the population of Avig-

non a good deal was at stake, and I am almost ashamed to confess that in the midst of the public alarm I considered the situation from the point of view of the little projects of a sentimental tourist. Would the prospective inundation interfere with my visit to Vaucluse, or make it imprudent to linger twenty-four hours longer at Avignon ? I must add that the tourist was not, perhaps, after all, so sentimental. I have spoken of the pilgrimage to the shrine of Petrarch as obligatory, and that was, in fact, the light in which it presented itself to me ; all the more that I had been twice at Avignon without undertaking it. This is why I was vexed at the Rhone — if vexed I was — for representing as impracticable an excursion which I cared nothing about. How little I cared was manifest from my inaction on former occasions. I had a prejudice against Vaucluse, against Petrarch, even against the incomparable Laura. I was sure that the place was cockneyfied and threadbare, and I had never been able to take an interest in the poet and the lady. I was sure that I had known many women as charming and as handsome as she, about whom much less noise had been made ; and I was convinced that her singer was factitious and literary, and that there are half a dozen stanzas in Wordsworth that speak more to the soul than the whole collection of his *fioriture*. This was the crude state of mind in which I determined to go, at any risk, to Vaucluse. Now that I think it over, I seem to remember that I had hoped, after all, that the submersion of the roads would forbid it. Since morning the clouds had gathered again, and by noon they were so heavy that there was every prospect of a torrent. It appeared absurd to choose such a time as this to visit a fountain — a fountain which would be indistinguishable in the general cataract. Nevertheless, I took a vow that if at noon the rain should not have begun to descend upon Avignon I would

repair to the head-spring of the Sorgues. When the critical moment arrived, the clouds were hanging over Avignon like distended water-bags, which only needed a prick to empty themselves. The prick was not given, however; all nature was too much occupied in following the aberrations of the Rhone to think of playing tricks elsewhere. Accordingly, I started for the station in a spirit which, for a tourist who sometimes had prided himself on his unfailing supply of sentiment, was shockingly perfunctory.

"For tasks in hours of insight willed
May be in hours of gloom fulfilled."

I remembered these lines of Matthew Arnold (written, apparently, in an hour of gloom), and carried out the idea, as I went, by hoping that with the return of insight I should be glad to have seen Vaucluse. Light has descended upon me since then, and I declare that the excursion is in every way to be recommended. The place makes a great impression, quite apart from Petrarch and Laura.

There was no rain; there was only, all the afternoon, a mild, moist wind and a sky magnificently black, which made a *repoussoir* for the paler cliffs of the fountain. The road, by train, crosses a flat, expressionless country, toward the range of arid hills which lie to the east of Avignon, and which spring (says Murray) from the mass of the Mont-Ventoux. At Isle-sur-Sorgues, at the end of about an hour, the foreground becomes much more animated and the distance much more (or perhaps I should say much less) actual. I descended from the train and ascended to the top of an omnibus, which was to convey me into the recesses of the hills. It had not been among my previsions that I should be indebted to a vehicle of that kind for an opportunity to commune with the spirit of Petrarch; and I had to borrow what consolation I could from the fact that at least I had the omnibus to myself. I was the only passenger; every one else was at Avignon,

watching the Rhone. I lost no time in perceiving that I could not have come to Vaucluse at a better moment. The Sorgues was almost as full as the Rhone, and of a color much more romantic. Rushing along its narrowed channel under an avenue of fine *platanes* (it is confined between solid little embankments of stone), with the goodwives of the village, on the brink, washing their linen in its contemptuous flood, it gave promise of high entertainment further on.

The drive to Vaucluse is of about three quarters of an hour; and though the river, as I say, was promising, the big, pale hills, as the road winds into them, did not look as if their slopes of stone and shrub were a nestling-place for superior scenery. It is a part of the merit of Vaucluse, indeed, that it is as much as possible a surprise. The place has a right to its name, for the valley appears impenetrable until you get fairly into it. One perverse twist follows another, until the omnibus suddenly deposits you in front of the "cabinet" of Petrarch. After that you have only to walk along the left bank of the river. The cabinet of Petrarch is to-day a hideous little *café*, bedizened, like a signboard, with extracts from the ingenious Rime. The poet and his lady are, of course, the stock in trade of the little village, which has had for several generations the privilege of attracting young couples engaged in their wedding tour, and other votaries of the tender passion. The place has long been familiar, on festal Sundays, to the swains of Avignon and their attendant nymphs. The little fish of the Sorgues are much esteemed, and, eaten on the spot, they constitute, for the children of the once Papal city, the classic suburban dinner. Vaucluse has been turned to account, however, not only by sentiment, but by industry; the banks of the stream being disfigured by a pair of hideous mills for the manufacture of paper and of wool. In an enterprising and economical age, the water-

power of the Sorgues was too obvious a motive; and I must say that, as the torrent rushed past them, the wheels of the dirty little factories appeared to turn merrily enough. The footpath on the left bank, of which I just spoke, carries one, fortunately, quite out of sight of them, and out of sound as well, inasmuch as on the day of my visit the stream itself, which was in tremendous force, tended more and more, as one approached the fountain, to fill the valley with its own echoes. Its color was magnificent, and the whole spectacle more like a corner of Switzerland than a nook in Provence. The protrusions of the mountain shut it in, and you penetrate to the bottom of the recess which they form. The Sorgues rushes and rushes; it is almost like Niagara after the jump of the cataract. There are dreadful little booths beside the path, for the sale of photographs and *immortelles* — I don't know what one is to do with the *immortelles* — where you are offered a brush dipped in tar to write your name withal on the rocks. Thousands of vulgar persons, of both sexes, and exclusively, it appeared, of the French nationality, had availed themselves of this implement; for every square inch of accessible stone was scored over with some human appellation. It is not only we in America, therefore, who besmirch our scenery; the practice exists, in a more organized form (like everything else in France), in the country of good taste. You leave the little booths and stalls behind, but the bescribbled crag, bristling with human vanity, keeps you company even when you stand face to face with the fountain. This happens when you find yourself at the foot of the enormous straight cliff out of which the river gushes. It rears itself to an extraordinary height — a huge forehead of bare stone — looking as if it were the half of a tremendous mound, split open by volcanic action. The little valley, seeing it there, at a

bend, stops suddenly, and receives in its arms the magical spring. I call it magical on account of the mysterious manner in which it comes into the world, with the huge shoulder of the mountain rising over it, as if to protect the secret. From under the mountain it silently rises, without visible movement, filling a small natural basin with the stillest blue water. The contrast between the stillness of this basin and the agitation of the water directly after it has overflowed constitutes half the charm of Vaucluse. The violence of the stream when once it has been set loose on the rocks is as fascinating and indescribable as that of other cataracts; and the rocks in the bed of the Sorgues have been arranged by a master-hand. The setting of the phenomenon struck me as so simple and so fine — the vast sad cliff, covered with the afternoon light, still and solid forever, while the liquid element rages and roars at its base — that I had no difficulty in understanding the celebrity of Vaucluse. I understood it, but I will not say that I understood Petrarch. He must have been very self-supporting, and Madonna Laura must indeed have been much to him.

The aridity of the hills that shut in the valley is complete, and the whole impression is best conveyed by that very expressive French epithet *morne*. There are the very fragmentary ruins of a castle (of one of the bishops of Cavaillon) on a high spur of the mountain, above the river; and there is another remnant of a feudal habitation on one of the more accessible ledges. Having half an hour to spare before my omnibus was to leave (I must beg the reader's pardon for this atrociously false note; call the vehicle a *diligence*, and for some undiscoverable reason the offense is minimized), I clambered up to this latter spot, and sat among the rocks in the company of a few stunted olives. The Sorgues, beneath me, reaching the plain, flung itself crookedly across the

meadows, like an unrolled blue ribbon. I tried to think of the *amant de Laure*, for literature's sake, but I had no great success, and the most I could do was to say to myself that I must try again. Several months have elapsed since then, and I am ashamed to confess that the trial has not yet come off. The only very definite conviction I arrived at was that Vaucluse is indeed cockneyfied, but that I should have been a fool, all the same, not to come.

IV.

I mounted into my diligence at the door of the Hôtel de Pétrarque et de Laure, and we made our way back to Isle-sur-Sorgues in the fading light. This village, where at six o'clock every one appeared to have gone to bed, was fairly darkened by its high, dense plane-trees, under which the rushing river, on a level with its parapets, looked unnaturally, almost wickedly, blue. It was a glimpse which has left a picture in my mind: the little closed houses, the place empty and soundless in the autumn dusk but for the noise of waters, and in the middle, amid the blackness of the shade, the gleam of the swift, strange tide. At the station every one was talking of the inundation being in many places an accomplished fact, and, in particular, of the condition of the Durance at some point that I have forgotten. At Avignon, an hour later, I found the water in some of the streets. The sky cleared in the evening, the moon lighted up the submerged suburbs, and the population again collected in the high places to enjoy the spectacle. It exhibited a certain sameness, however, and by nine o'clock there was considerable animation in the Place Crillon, where there is nothing to be seen but the front of the theatre and of several cafés—in addition, indeed, to a statue of this celebrated brave, whose valor redeemed some of the numerous military disasters of the reign of Louis XV. The next

morning the lower quarters of the town were in a pitiful state; the situation seemed to me odious. To express my disapproval of it, I lost no time in taking the train for Orange, which, with its other attractions, had the merit of not being seated on the Rhone. It was my destiny to move northward; but even if I had been at liberty to follow a less unnatural course I should not then have undertaken it, inasmuch as the railway between Avignon and Marseilles was credibly reported to be (in places) under water. This was the case with almost everything, but the line itself, on the way to Orange. The day proved splendid, and its brilliancy only lighted up the desolation. Farmhouses and cottages were up to their middle in the yellow liquidity; haystacks looked like dull little islands; windows and doors gaped open, without faces; and interruption and flight were represented in the scene. It was brought home to me that the *populations rurales* have many different ways of suffering, and my heart glowed with a grateful sense of cockneyism. It was under the influence of this emotion that I alighted at Orange, to visit a collection of eminently civil monuments.

The collection consists of but two objects, but these objects are so fine that I will let the word pass. One of them is a triumphal arch, supposedly of the period of Marcus Aurelius; the other is a fragment, magnificent in its ruin, of a Roman theatre. But for these fine Roman remains and for its name, Orange is a perfectly featureless little town, without the Rhone—which, as I have mentioned, is several miles distant—to help it to a physiognomy. It seems one of the oddest things that this obscure French locality—obscure, I mean, in our modern era, for the Gallo-Roman Arausio must have been, judging it by its arches and theatre, a place of some importance—should have given its name to the heirs apparent of the throne of

Holland, and been borne by a king of England who had sovereign rights over it. During the Middle Ages it formed part of an independent principality; but in 1531 it fell, by the marriage of one of its princesses, who had inherited it, into the family of Nassau. I read in my indispensable Murray that it was made over to France by the treaty of Utrecht. The arch of triumph, which stands a little way out of the town, is rather a pretty than an imposing vestige of the Romans. If it had greater purity of style, one might say of it that it belonged to the same family of monuments as the *Maison Carrée* at Nîmes. It has three passages — the middle much higher than the others — and a very elevated attic. The vaults of the passages are richly sculptured, and the whole monument is covered with friezes and military trophies. This sculpture is rather mixed; much of it is broken and defaced, and the rest seemed to me ugly, though its workmanship is praised. The arch is at once well preserved and much injured. Its general mass is there, and as Roman monuments go it is remarkably perfect; but it has suffered, in patches, from the extremity of restoration. It is not, on the whole, of absorbing interest. It has a charm, nevertheless, which comes partly from its soft, bright yellow color, partly from a certain elegance of shape, of expression; and on that well-washed Sunday morning, with its brilliant tone, surrounded by its circle of thin poplars, with the green country lying beyond it and a low blue horizon showing through its empty portals, it made, very sufficiently, a picture that hangs itself to one of the lateral hooks of the memory. I can take down the modest composition, and place it before me as I write. I see the shallow, shining puddles in the hard, fair French road; the pale blue sky dilated by days of rain; the disgarnished autumnal fields; the mild sparkle of the low horizon; the solitary figure in sa-

bots, with a bundle under its arm, advancing along the *chaussée*; and in the middle I see the little ochre-colored monument, which, in spite of its antiquity, looks bright and gay, as everything must look in France of a fresh Sunday morning.

It is true that this was not exactly the appearance of the Roman theatre, which lies on the other side of the town; a fact that did not prevent me from making my way to it in less than five minutes, through a succession of little streets concerning which I have no observations to record. None of the Roman remains in the south of France are more impressive than this stupendous fragment. An enormous mound rises above the place, which was formerly occupied — I quote from Murray — first by a citadel of the Romans, then by a castle of the princes of Nassau, razed by Louis XIV. Facing this hill a mighty wall erects itself, thirty-six metres high, and composed of massive blocks of dark brown stone, simply laid one on the other; the whole naked, rugged surface of which suggests a natural cliff (say of the *Vaucluse* order) rather than an effort of human, or even of Roman labor. It is the biggest thing at Orange — it is bigger than all Orange put together — and its permanent massiveness makes light of the shrunken city. The face it presents to the town — the top of it garnished with two rows of brackets, perforated with holes to receive the staves of the *Velarium* — bears the traces of more than one tier of ornamental arches; though how these flat arches were applied, or encrusted, upon the wall, I do not profess to explain. You pass through a diminutive postern — which seems in proportion about as high as the entrance of a rabbit-hutch — into the lodge of the custodian, who introduces you to the interior of the theatre. Here the mass of the hill affronts you, which the ingenious Romans treated simply as the material of

their auditorium. They inserted their stone seats, in a semicircle, in the slope of the hill, and planted their colossal wall opposite to it. This wall, from the inside, is, if possible, even more imposing. It formed the back of the stage, the permanent scene, and its enormous face was coated with marble. It contains three doors, the middle one being the highest, and having above it, far aloft, a deep niche, apparently intended for an imperial statue. A few of the benches remain on the hillside, which, however, is mainly a confusion of fragments. There is part of a corridor built into the hill, high up, and on the crest are the remnants of the demolished castle. The whole place is a kind of wilderness of ruin; there are scarcely any details; the great feature is the overtopping wall. This wall being the back of the scene, the space left between it and the chord of the semicircle (of the auditorium) which formed the proscenium is rather less than one would have supposed. In other words, the stage was very shallow, and appears to have been arranged for a number of performers standing in a line, like a company of soldiers. There stands the silent skeleton, however, as impressive by what it leaves you to guess and won-

der about as by what it tells you. It has not the sweetness, the softness of melancholy, of the theatre at Arles, but it is more extraordinary, and one can imagine only tremendous tragedies being enacted there, —

“Presenting Thebes’ or Pelops’ line.”

At either end of the stage, coming forward, is an immense wing — immense in height, I mean, as it reaches to the top of the scenic wall; the other dimensions are not remarkable. The division to the right, as you face the stage, is pointed out as the green room; its portentous altitude and the open arches at the top give it the air of a well. The compartment on the left is exactly similar, save that it opens into the traces of other chambers, said to be those of a hippodrome adjacent to the theatre. Various fragments are visible which refer themselves plausibly to such an establishment; the greater axis of the hippodrome would appear to have been on a line with the triumphal arch. This is all I saw, and all there was to see, of Orange, which had a very rustic, bucolic aspect, and where I was not even called upon to demand breakfast at the hotel. The entrance of this resort might have been that of a stable of the Roman days.

Henry James.

PHILLIDA AND CORIDON.

THE happiness of birds, heretofore taken for granted, and long ago put to service in a proverb, is in these last days made a matter of doubt. It transpires that they are engaged without respite in a struggle for existence, — a struggle so fierce that at least two of them perish every year for one that survives.¹ How, then, can they be otherwise than miserable?

¹ Wallace, *Natural Selection*, page 30.

There is no denying the struggle, of course; nor need we question some real effect produced by it upon the cheerfulness of the participants. The more rationalistic of the smaller species, we may be sure, find it hard to reconcile the existence of hawks and owls with the doctrine of an all-wise Providence; while even the most simple-minded of them can scarcely fail to realize that a world in which one is liable any day to

be pursued by a boy with a shot-gun is not in any strict sense paradisiacal.

And yet, who knows the heart of a bird? A child, possibly, or a poet; certainly not a philosopher. And happiness, too, — is that something of which the scientific mind can render us a quite adequate description? Or is it, rather, a wayward, mysterious thing, coming often when least expected, and going away again when, by all tokens, it ought to remain? How is it with ourselves? Do we wait to weigh all the good and evil of our state, to take an accurate account of it *pro* and *con*, before we allow ourselves to be glad or sorry? Not many of us, I think. Mortuary tables may demonstrate that one half of the children born in this country fail to reach the age of twenty years. But what then? Our "expectation of life" is not dependent upon statistics. The tables may be correct, for aught we know; but they deal with men in general and on the average; they have no message for you and me individually. It seems not unlikely that birds may be equally illogical; always expecting to live, and not die, and often giving themselves up to impulses of gladness without stopping to inquire whether, on grounds of absolute reason, these impulses are to be justified. Let us hope so, at all events, till somebody proves the contrary.

But even looking at the subject a little more philosophically, we may say — and be thankful to say it — that the joy of life is not dependent upon comfort, nor yet upon safety. The essential matter is that the heart be engaged. Then, though we be toiling up the Matterhorn, or swept along in the rush of a bayonet charge, we may still find existence not only endurable, but in the highest degree exhilarating. On the other hand, if there is no longer anything we care

for; if enthusiasm is dead, and hope also, then, though we have all that money can buy, suicide is perhaps the only fitting action that is left for us, — unless, perchance, we are still able to pass the time in writing treatises to prove that everybody else ought to be as unhappy as ourselves.

Birds have many enemies and their full share of privation, but I do not believe that they often suffer from *ennui*. Having "neither storehouse nor barn,"¹ they are never in want of something to do. From sunrise till noon there is the getting of breakfast, then from noon till sunset the getting of dinner, — both out-of-doors, and without any trouble of cookery or dishes, — a kind of perpetual picnic. What could be simpler or more delightful? Carried on in this way, eating is no longer the coarse and sensual thing we make it.

Country children know that there are two ways to go berrying. According to the first method, you stroll into the pasture in the cool of the day, and at your leisure pick as many as you choose of the ripest and largest of the berries, putting every one into your mouth. This is agreeable. According to the second method, you carry a basket, which you are expected to bring home again well filled. And this way — well, tastes will differ, but I think most unsophisticated persons prefer the other. The hand-to-mouth process certainly agrees best with our idea of life in Eden; and, what is more to the purpose now, it is the one which the birds, still keeping the garden instead of tilling the ground, continue to follow.

That this unworldliness of the birds has any religious or theological significance I do not myself believe. Still, as anybody may see, there are certain very plain Scripture texts on their side.

¹ The shrike lays up grasshoppers and sparrows, and the California woodpecker hoards great numbers of acorns, but it is still in dispute, I believe, whether thrift is the motive with either of them. Considering what has often been done in

similar cases, we may think it surprising that the Scripture text above quoted (together with its exegetical parallel, Matthew vi. 26) has never been brought into court to settle the controversy; but to the best of my knowledge it never has been.

Indeed, if birds were only acute theologians, they would unquestionably proceed to turn these texts (since they find it so easy to obey them) into the basis of a "system of truth." Other parts of the Bible (so the theory would run) must be *interpreted*, to be sure; but *these* statements mean just what they say, and whoever meddles with them is carnally minded and a rationalist.

But somebody will object that, with our talk about a "perpetual picnic" we are making a bird's life one cloudless holiday; forgetting what we have before admitted about a struggle for existence, and leaving out of sight altogether the seasons of scarcity, the storms, and the biting cold. These hardships are real enough, and serious enough; but they are not necessarily inconsistent with enjoyment; they may even give to life an additional zest. It is a matter of every-day observation that the people who have nothing to do except to "live well" (as the common sarcasm has it) are not always the most cheerful; while there are certain diseases, like pessimism and the gout, which seem appointed to wait on luxury and idleness, — as though nature were determined to have the scales kept somewhat even. And surely this divine law of compensation has not left the innocent birds unprovided for, — the innocent birds of whom it was said, "Your heavenly Father feedeth them." How must the feathered pair exult, when, in spite of owls and hawks, squirrels and weasels, small boys and oölogists, they have finally reared a brood of offspring! The long uncertainty and the thousand perils only intensify the joy. In truth, so far as this world is concerned, the highest bliss is never to be had without antecedent sorrow; and even of heaven itself we may not scruple to say that if there are painters there they probably feel obliged to put some shadows into their pictures.

But of course (and this is what we

have been coming to through this long introduction), — of course our friends of the air are happiest in the season of mating; happiest, and therefore most attractive to us who find our pleasure in studying them. In spring, of all times of the year, it seems a pity that everybody should not be an ornithologist. For "all mankind love a lover;" and the world, in consequence, has given itself up to novel-reading, not knowing, unfortunately, how much better that rôle is taken by the birds than by the common run of story-book heroes.

People whose notions of the subject are derived from attending to the antics of our imported sparrows have no idea how delicate and beautiful a thing a real feathered courtship is. To tell the truth, these foreigners have associated too long and too intimately with men, and have fallen far away from their primal innocence. There is no need to describe their actions. The vociferous and most unmannerly importunity of the suitor, and the correspondingly spiteful rejection of his overtures by the little vixen on whom his affections are for the moment placed, — these we have all seen until we are weary.

The sparrow will not have been brought over the sea for nothing, however, if his bad behavior serves to heighten our appreciation of our own native songsters, with their "perfect virtues" and their "manners for the heart's delight."

The American robin, for instance, is not by any means a bird of exceptional refinement. His nest is rude, not to say slovenly, and his general deportment is unmistakably common. But watch him when he goes a-wooing, and you will begin to feel quite a new respect for him. How gently he approaches his beloved! How carefully he avoids ever coming disrespectfully near! No sparrow-like screaming, no dancing about, no melodramatic gesticulation. If she moves from one side of the tree to the

other, or to the tree adjoining, he follows in silence. Yet every movement is a petition, an assurance that his heart is hers and ever must be. The action is extremely simple; there is nothing of which to make an eloquent description; but I should pity the man who could witness it with indifference. Not that the robin always behaves in one way; he is much too versatile for that. On one occasion, at least, I saw him holding himself absolutely motionless, in a horizontal posture, staring at his sweetheart as though he would charm her with his gaze, and emitting all the while a subdued hissing sound. The significance of this conduct I do not profess to have understood; it ended with his suddenly darting at the female, who took wing and was pursued. Not improbably the robin finds the feminine nature somewhat fickle, and counts it expedient to vary his tactics accordingly; for it is coming to be more and more believed that, in kind at least, the intelligence of the lower animals is not different from ours.

I once came unexpectedly upon a wood-thrush, who was in the midst of a performance very similar to this of the robin. He was standing on the dead branch of a tree, with his crown feathers erect, his bill set wide open, and his whole body looking as rigid as death. His mate, as I perceived the next moment, was not far away, on the same limb. If he was attempting fascination, he was making a serious mistake, I thought, unless his mate's idea of beauty was totally different from mine; for I could hardly keep from laughing at his absurd appearance. It did not occur to me till afterwards that he had probably heard of Othello's method, and was at that moment acting out a story

"of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field,
Of hair-breadth scapes i' the imminent deadly
breach,
Of being taken by the insolent foe
And sold to slavery."

How much depends upon the point of view! Here was I, ready to laugh; while poor Desdemona only thought, "'T was pitiful, 't was wondrous pitiful." Dear sympathetic soul! Let us hope that she was never called to play out the tragedy.

Two things are very noticeable during the pairing season, — the scarcity of females and their indifference. Every one of them seems to have at least two admirers dangling after her,¹ while she is almost sure to carry herself as if a wedding were the last thing she would ever consent to think of; and that not because of bashfulness, but from downright aversion. The observer begins to suspect that the fair creatures have really entered into some sort of no-marriage league, and that there are not to be any nests this year, nor any young birds. But by and by he discovers that somehow, he cannot surmise how, — it must have been when his eyes were turned the other way, — the scene is entirely changed, the maidens are all wedded, and even now the nests are being got ready.

I watched a trio of cat-birds in a clump of alder bushes by the roadside; two males, almost as a matter of course, "paying attentions" to one female. Both suitors were evidently in earnest; each hoped to carry off the prize, and perhaps felt that he should be miserable forever if he were disappointed; and yet, on their part, everything was being done decently and in order. So far as I saw, there was no disposition to quarrel. Only let the dear creature choose one of them, and the other would take his broken heart away. So, always at a modest remove, they followed her about from bush to bush, entreating her in most loving and persuasive tones to listen to their suit; but she, all this time, answered every approach with a

¹ So near do birds come to Mr. Ruskin's idea that "a girl worth anything ought to have always half a dozen or so of suitors under vow for her."

snarl. She would never have anything to do with either of them; she disliked them both, and only wished they would leave her to herself. This lasted as long as I stayed to watch. Still I had little doubt she fully intended to accept one of them, and had even made up her mind already which it should be. She knew enough, I felt sure, to calculate the value of a proper maidenly reluctance. How could her mate be expected to rate her at her worth, if she allowed herself to be won too easily? Besides, she could afford not to be in haste, seeing she had a choice of two.

What a comfortably simple affair the matrimonial question is with the feminine cat-bird! Her wooers are all of equally good family and all equally rich. There is literally nothing for her to do but to look into her own heart and choose. No temptation has she to sell herself for the sake of a fashionable name or a fine house, or in order to gratify the prejudice of father or mother. As for a marriage settlement, she knows neither the name nor the thing. In fact, marriage in her thought is a simple union of hearts, with no taint of anything mercantile about it. Happy cat-bird! She perhaps imagines that human marriages are of the same ideal sort!

I have spoken of the affectionate language of these cat-bird lovers; but it was noticeable that they did not sing, although, to have fulfilled the common idea of such an affair, they certainly should have been doing so, and each trying his best to outsing the other. Possibly, there had already been such a tournament before my arrival; or, for aught I know, this particular female may have given out that she had no ear for music.

Yet there was really nothing peculiar in their conduct. No doubt, in the earlier stages of a bird's attachment he is likely to express his passion musically; but later he is not content to

warble from a tree-top. There are things to be said which cannot appropriately be spoken at long range; and unless my study of novels has been to little purpose, all this agrees well with the practices of human gallants. Do not these begin by singing under the lady's window, or by sending verses to her? and are not such proceedings intended to prepare the way, as speedily as possible, for others of a more satisfying, though it may be of a less romantic nature?

Bearing this in mind, we may be able to account, in part at least, for the disappointment which an inexperienced observer meets with when, fresh from the perusal of (for example) the thirteenth chapter of Darwin's *Descent of Man*, he goes into the woods to look about for himself. He expects to find here and there two or three songsters, each in turn doing his utmost to surpass the brilliancy and power of the other's music; while a feminine auditor sits in full view, preparing to render her verdict, and reward the successful competitor with her own precious self. This would be a pretty picture. Unfortunately, it is looked for in vain. The two or three singers may be found, likely enough; but the female, if she be indeed within hearing, is modestly hidden away somewhere in the bushes, and our student is none the wiser. Let him watch as long as he please, he will hardly see the prize awarded.

Nevertheless he need not feel that his time has been wasted. He certainly will not, if he be one who loves music; for birds, like all true artists, can do their best only on great occasions. Our brown thrush, for instance, is a magnificent singer, albeit he is not of the best school, being too "sensational" to suit the most exacting taste. His song is a grand improvisation: a good deal jumbled, to be sure, and without any recognizable form or theme; and yet, like a Liszt rhapsody, it perfectly answers its

purpose, — that is, it gives the performer full scope to show what he can do with his instrument. You may laugh a little, if you like, at an occasional grotesque or overwrought passage, but unless you are well used to it you will surely be astonished. Such power and range of voice; such startling transitions; such endless variety! And withal such boundless enthusiasm and almost incredible endurance! Considered as pure music, one strain of the hermit thrush is to my mind worth the whole of it; just as a single movement of Beethoven's is better than a world of Liszt transcriptions. But in its own way it is unsurpassable.

Still, though this is a meagre and quite unexaggerated account of the ordinary song of the brown thrush, I have discovered that even he can be outdone — by himself. One morning in early May I came upon three birds of this species, all singing at once, in a kind of jealous frenzy. As they sang they continually shifted from tree to tree, and one in particular (the one who was nearest to where I stood) could hardly be quiet a moment. Once he sang with full power while on the ground (or close to it, for he was just then behind a low bush), after which he mounted to the very tip of a tall pine, which bent beneath his weight. In the midst of the hurly-burly one of the trio suddenly sounded the whip-poor-will's call twice, — an absolutely perfect reproduction.¹

The significance of all this sound and fury; what the prize was, if any, and who obtained it, — this another can conjecture as well as myself. I know no more than old Kaspar: —

“ ‘Why, that I cannot tell,’ said he,
‘But ’t was a famous victory.’ ”

As I turned to come away, the contest all at once ceased, and the silence of the woods, or what seemed like si-

¹ “That ’s the wise thrush: he sings each song twice over,

Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture! ”

lence, was really impressive. The che-winks and field sparrows were singing, but it was like the music of a village singer after Patti; or, to make the comparison less unjust, like the Pastoral Symphony of Handel after a Wagner tempest.

It is curious how deeply we are sometimes affected by a very trifling occurrence. I have remembered many times a slight scene in which three purple finches were the actors. Of the two males, one was in full adult plumage of bright crimson, while the other still wore his youthful suit of brown. First, the older bird suspended himself in mid air, and sang most beautifully; dropping, as he concluded, to a perch beside the female. Then the younger candidate, who was already sitting near by, took his turn, singing nearly or quite as well as his rival, but without quitting the branch, though his wings quivered. I saw no more. Yet, as I say, I have often since thought of the three birds, and wondered whether the bright feathers and the flying song carried the day against the younger suitor. I fear they did. Sometimes, too, I have wondered whether young birds (who none the less are of age to marry) can be so very meek or so very dull as never to rebel against the fashion that only the old fellows shall dress handsomely; and I have tried in vain to imagine the mutterings, deep and loud, which such a law would excite in certain other quarters. It pains me to say it, but I suspect that taxation without representation would seem a small injustice, in comparison.

Like these linnets in the exceptional interest they excited were two large seabirds, who suddenly appeared circling about over the woods, as I was taking a solitary walk on a Sunday morning in April. One of them was closely pursuing

The “authorities” long since forbade *Harporhynchus rufus* to play the mimic. Probably in the excitement of the moment this fellow forgot himself.

the other ; not as though he were trying to overtake her, but rather as though he were determined to keep her company. They swept now this way, now that, — now lost to sight, and now reappearing ; and once they passed straight over my head, so that I heard the whistling of their wings. Then they were off, and I saw them no more. They came from far, and by night they were perhaps a hundred leagues away. But I followed them with my blessing, and to this day I feel toward them a little as I suppose we all do toward a certain few strangers whom we have met here and there in our journeyings, and chatted with for an hour or two. We had never seen them before ; if we learned their names we have long ago forgotten them ; but somehow the persons themselves keep a place in our memory, and even in our affection.

"I crossed a moor, with a name of its own
And a certain use in the world, no doubt ;
Yet a hand's breadth of it shines alone
Mid the blank miles round about :

"For there I picked up on the heather,
And there I put inside my breast,
A moulted feather, an eagle-feather !
Well, I forget the rest."

Since we cannot ask birds for an explanation of their conduct, we have nothing to do but to steal their secrets, if possible, by patient and stealthy watching. In this way I hope, sooner or later, to find out what the golden-winged woodpecker means by the shout with which he makes the fields *récho* in the spring, especially in the latter half of April. I have no doubt it has something to do with the process of mating, but I am puzzled to guess just what the message can be which requires to be published so loudly. Such a stentorian, long-winded cry ! You wonder where the bird finds breath for such an effort, and think he must be a very ungentle lover, surely. But withhold your judgment for a few days, till you see him and his mate gamboling about the branches of some old tree, calling in soft, affectionate

tones, *Wick-a-wick, wick-a-wick* ; then you will confess that, whatever failings the golden-wing may have, he is not to be charged with insensibility. The fact is that our "yellow-hammer" has a genius for noise. When he is *very* happy he drums. Sometimes, indeed, he marvels how birds who have n't this resource are able to get through the world at all. Nor ought we to think it strange that in his love-making he finds great use for this his crowning accomplishment. True, we have nowhere read of a human lover's serenading his mistress with a drum ; but we must remember what creatures of convention men are, and that there is no inherent reason why a drum should not serve as well as a flute for such a purpose.

"All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame."

I saw two of these flickers clinging to the trunk of a shell-bark tree ; which, by the way, is a tree after the woodpecker's own heart. One was perhaps fifteen feet above the other, and before each was a strip of loose bark, which answered for a drum-head. First, the lower one drummed, rather softly. Then, as he ceased, and held his head back to listen, the other answered him ; and so the dialogue went on. Evidently, they were already mated, and were now renewing their mutual vows ; for birds, to their praise be it spoken, believe in courtship after marriage. The day happened to be Sunday, and it did occur to me that possibly this was the woodpeckers' ritual, — a kind of High Church service, with antiphonal choirs. But I dismissed the thought ; for, on the whole, the shouting seems more likely to be diagnostic, and, in spite of his gold-lined wings, I have set the flicker down as almost certainly an old-fashioned Methodist.

Speaking of courtship after marriage, I am reminded of a spotted sandpiper,

whose capers I amused myself with watching, one day last June, on the border of Saco Lake. As I caught sight of him, he was straightening himself up, with a pretty, self-conscious air, at the same time spreading his white-edged tail, and calling, *Tweet, tweet, tweet*.¹ Afterwards he got upon a log, where, with head erect and wings thrown forward and downward, he ran for a yard or two, calling as before. This trick seemed especially to please him, and was several times repeated. He ran rapidly, and with a comical prancing movement. But nothing he did was half so laughable as the behavior of his mate, who all this while dressed her feathers without once deigning to look at her spouse's performance. Undoubtedly they had been married for several weeks, and she was, by this time, well used to his nonsense. It must be a devoted husband, I fancy, who continues to offer attentions when they are received in such a spirit.

Walking a log is a somewhat common practice with birds. I once detected our little golden-crowned thrush showing off in this way to his mate, who stood on the ground, near by. In his case the head was lowered instead of raised, and the general effect was heightened by his curiously precise gait, which even on ordinary occasions is enough to provoke a smile.

Not improbably every species of birds has its own code of etiquette; unwritten, of course, but carefully handed down from father to son, and faithfully observed. Nor is it cause for wonder if, in our ignorant eyes, some of these "society manners" seem a little ridiculous. Even the usages of fashionable human circles have not always escaped the laughter of the profane.

I was standing on the edge of a small thicket, observing a pair of cuckoos as

they made a breakfast out of a nest of tent caterpillars (it was a feast rather than a common meal; for the caterpillars were plentiful, and, as I judged, just at their best, being about half grown), when a couple of scarlet tanagers appeared upon the scene. The female soon selected a fine strip of cedar bark, and started off with it, sounding a call to her handsome husband, who at once followed in her wake. I thought, What a brute, to leave his wife to build the house! But he, plainly enough, felt that in escorting her back and forth he was doing all that could be expected of any well-bred, scarlet-coated tanager. And the lady herself, if one might infer anything from her tone and demeanor, was of the same opinion. I mention this trifling occurrence, not to put any slight upon *Pyrranga rubra* (who am I, that I should accuse so gentle and well dressed a bird of bad manners?), but merely as an example of the way in which feathered politeness varies. In fact, it seems not unlikely that the male tanager may abstain on principle from taking any active part in constructing the nest, for fear that his fiery color should betray its whereabouts. As for his kindness and loyalty, I only wish that I felt as sure of one half of the human husbands whom I meet.

It would be very ungallant, however, to leave the impression that the female bird is always as unsympathetic as most of the descriptions I have thus far given would appear to indicate. In my memory are several scenes, any one of which, if I could put it on paper as I saw it, would suffice to correct any such mistake. In one of these the parties were a pair of chipping sparrows. Never was man so churlish that his heart would not have been touched with the vision of their gentle but rapturous delight. As they chased each other gayly about

¹ May one who knows nothing of philology venture to inquire whether the very close agreement of this *tweet* with our *sweet* (compare also the

Anglo-Saxon *swéte*, the Icelandic *sætr*, and the Sanskrit *svad*) does not point to a common origin of the Aryan and sandpiper languages?

from branch to branch and from tree to tree, they flew with that delicate, affected movement of the wings which birds are accustomed to use at such times, and which, perhaps, bears the same relation to their ordinary flight that dancing does to the every-day walk of men and women. The two seemed equally enchanted, and both sang. Little they knew of the "struggle for existence" and the "survival of the fittest." Adam and Eve, in Paradise, were never more happy.

A few weeks later, taking an evening walk, I was stopped by the sight of a pair of cedar birds on a stone wall.

They had chosen a convenient flat stone, and were hopping about upon it, pausing every moment or two to put their little bills together. What a loving ecstasy possessed them! Sometimes one, sometimes the other, sounded a faint lisping note, and motioned for another kiss. But there is no setting forth the ineffable grace and sweetness of their chaste behavior. I looked and looked, till a passing carriage frightened them away. They were only common cedar birds; if I were to see them again I should not know them; but if my pen were equal to my wish, they should be made immortal.

Bradford Torrey.

ANNINA.

PASTOR COMBA was a Waldensian clergyman, whose acquaintance I made at a prayer-meeting in Venice. There are prayer-meetings in Venice, and the Italians relate their experiences and sing hymns with all the fervor of enthusiastic Methodists. My friend, Miss Leslie, called for me, one evening, and I accompanied her because I thought it rather novel to glide to a prayer-meeting in a gondola. We went some distance, twisting through narrow canals, turning innumerable corners, shooting a score of bridges, while the soft moonlight beamed as brightly as it did on the night when Jessica escaped from Shylock's house. We halted at last before a great, grim palace, and a tall man hastened forward to help us up the slippery steps. This was Pastor Comba, a singularly handsome man, with a silky beard and mustache covering the lower part of his face. He led the way up a wide marble staircase to a large room, where thirty or forty men and women were assembled. Some were devout souls; some, like me, had been brought

by a friend; and a few were there out of sheer curiosity. One peasant entered, looked about him with a puzzled air, and asked what was going on. The reply made him cross himself and hasten away, shaking the unholy dust from his feet.

The room had been, in days gone by, a banquet hall, and the ceiling showed rosy nymphs and bacchantes, now very dingy and badly defaced. As an offset to these pagan pictures, one side of the hall was covered with Scripture texts, and where a Catholic would have looked to find a basin of holy water was a table full of tracts. In a corner stood a parlor organ, a young lady seated on the stool before it, intently studying a hymn-book. Thither Pastor Comba led us, and introduced us to his niece, Signorina Annina Comba. She was not more than seventeen, — a pretty, slim, dark-haired slip of a girl, who looked very demure, but her black eyes were bubbling over with life and fun. She had in her hands a copy of Sankey's hymns, an Italian version. The prayer-

meeting began with Hold the Fort, Signorina Annina playing the organ and joining in the singing. Overhead, the nymphs still smiled sweetly, and the bacchantes never dropped their wreaths; but two or three gondoliers went out of the hall, knocking a few benches over to show their disapproval. Pastor Comba made a fervid address; a white-headed man in the audience rose, and described his conversion; and finally there came an exhortation from a young man, who appeared to be not more than twenty. His eloquence was tremendous. Signorina Annina's great eyes dilated, and Miss Leslie cried, but the crowd went crazy. Everybody wanted to speak at once, when the young man sat down, and the air was rent with passionate voices that Pastor Comba tried in vain to quell. When order was restored we went home; but we had first been invited by the clergyman to dine with him and his niece on the following evening.

Thus began my acquaintance with the Combas, and that winter I boarded with them in Florence, whither the pastor had been sent to take charge of a Protestant chapel. He had a charming wife, but no children, and Annina passed the winter with them, in order that she might study music. Her home was in Turin, and I asked her, one day, at the dinner table, if there were no good music teachers there.

She smiled significantly, and her uncle shook his finger at her. "Yes, there are music teachers there," he said, "and there is also a young man there, and he distracts Annina's mind; so she must stay here in Florence, if she will learn anything."

Annina very soon told me that she was engaged to be married, and in a week I knew all about Allesio Ghian-daja. I heard of his blue eyes, his curly hair, his beautiful white hands, and his sweet tenor voice. Annina showed me his portrait, which she wore in a locket,

and I pleased her by saying that he must be very handsome.

"An Apollo!" she exclaimed.

She wrote many letters to him, and received many in return, and as a favor she would occasionally show me a line or two. We became excellent friends, despite the disparity of our ages, and I often took her with me to walk, or to visit the galleries. She talked continually about her Allesio; but she spoke in Italian, so it was good practice for me in that language. He was a neighbor's son, and she had known him from baby-hood.

"But we did not love," she said, "until one summer, when his family and mine went to Switzerland together. Then we found out."

"Did he tell you?" I asked.

She looked much scandalized. "He told my mother," she answered, "and mother told me; but I knew it before," she added naively. "There is much in a glance."

The rogue shot a demure sidelong look at me, as she said this, and gave an ecstatic little skip. We were walking in the cascade, and the officers bestowed bold stares of admiration on Annina. She was very pretty, and by no means unconscious of it; but she talked of her beauty in the same frank way that she did of her love affair.

"Were you ever alone with Allesio, — I mean after you became engaged?" I asked, wondering whether old customs still held sway.

"No, no!" she cried. "That my mother would never allow."

I felt her hand tighten on my arm, and she suddenly became silent. She did not even grow gay at the sight of Mr. Livingstone driving his sixteen or eighteen horses. At dinner, she spoke hardly a word, and her uncle rallied her on her melancholy, her unwonted silence. "No letter from Allesio?" he said; for when no letter came, Annina usually wept copiously.

"Oh, she had a ream of paper this morning," his wife answered, a trifle impatiently. She was a plain, matter-of-fact woman, and she thought Annina a silly, romantic girl, whose enthusiasm should be crushed. She told me privately that she had a very poor opinion of Allesio Ghiandaja.

"My brother-in-law would do better to arrange a marriage for Annina with his partner, Signor Benelli," she said. "He is a prudent, middle-aged man, and would make an excellent husband."

"But if she loves Allesio?" I asked; for although I was forty-seven, I was sentimental.

Signora Comba shrugged her handsome shoulders. "Annina's love does n't count for much," she replied. "She would love a broomstick."

I did not agree with her. Annina was a child of an ardent, passionate temperament. She could love, and she loved Allesio.

Late that night she came to my bedroom, dressed in a flowing white wrapper and a pair of scarlet slippers, her long black hair floating about her shoulders. If she had sung the mad-song from Lucia I should not have been particularly surprised; but I was surprised, not to say horrified, when she flung herself on her knees before me and burst out crying. "I finally succeeded in comforting her, and she raised her disheveled head. "Oh," she moaned, "you will think me so wicked! I lied to you. I did see Allesio alone once. It was in the garden, and by moonlight. You will never tell? Promise me never to tell."

I promised solemnly. I had heard of lovers in a moonlight garden before, and I mentioned the fact now.

"But in America!" she exclaimed, as though anything were possible there. "I was so frightened that evening!" She shuddered at the recollection. "I only stayed ten minutes, and I was trembling all the time; for if my mother had dis-

covered us, she — oh, I can't think what she would have done!"

I saw him at Christmas time, this Signor Ghiandaja, for he came with his future mother-in-law to pay a visit. They arrived late one evening, and the mother entered first. Allesio had stopped below to pay the cab man, she said; but in a minute he walked into the drawing-room, where we were all assembled. He greeted Pastor Comba and his wife, he was introduced to me, and finally he approached Annina, with both hands outstretched. She came forward slowly, her head hanging and a hot flush dyeing her cheeks; she put her hands in his, and looked up at him shyly. He glanced over his shoulder at the mother, a plump, consequential little woman. "With your permission," he said; then without waiting for it, he stooped and kissed Annina. For a moment she stood bewildered. Her mother began to laugh, and Annina covered her face with her hands and ran away, while Allesio twirled his mustache and looked very handsome. I admire audacity in a man, and I admired him, although there was a gleam in his eyes that made me distrust him. He divined that I was *simpatica*, and during his visit he poured out his heart to me, as Annina had poured out hers. I took these lovers under my wing: I carried them off on walks and drives, never neglecting an opportunity to turn my back on them, and acting deaf and blind to their whispers and glances. In return, these lovers declared an undying affection for me.

"You must come and see us, when we are married," Allesio said. "There shall be a room set apart for you; and you must stay weeks, — a whole winter. Annina *mia* and I will try to prove that we are not ungrateful. We shall never forget you, eh, Annina?"

She shook her head and slipped her hand in mine, by way of reply. She never chattered in his hearing; she be-

came shy and silent in his presence, hardly daring to raise her eyes; but when she did raise them, it was to bestow an eloquent glance on her lover. At table, she sat beside him, and she blushed when he filled her wineglass, blushed again when he passed her the bread. Alone with me, however, she rattled away as though to make up for lost time.

Once I asked her who Signor Benelli was, and she looked at me in surprise.

"Papa's partner," she replied.

"Do you like him, Annina?"

"*Così, così.* He is not young; he is fat, he is bald, but he is very amiable."

Clearly, the thought of him as a suitor had never entered her head, and I concluded that Signora Comba had mentioned him only to contrast him with Allesio. I rather fell in love with the young man, too. He was always the same, serene and smiling; perhaps a trifle arrogant, a trifle vain, but courteous and considerate. Annina's mother I disliked, for she seemed a purse-proud dame, and I know that she told Signora Comba that I ought to pay more for my board. Annina stood in awe of her, and her mother corrected her continually. It was, "Sit up, Annina;" or, "Turn out your toes, Annina;" or, "Take care what you say, Annina." I was glad when the tiresome woman went, but I missed Allesio's bright smile and melodious voice, and Annina was sad-eyed for a week. She wrote more letters than ever, and received more; meanwhile the spring came up our way. Annina grew very religious: she went to prayer-meetings with her uncle, she attended service three times on Sunday, and she visited the poor with her aunt. She became interested in a Protestant charity school; so she taught ragamuffins the Testament twice a week. The ragamuffins' fathers and mothers, ignorant folk and inflamed by the priests, Pastor Comba declared, did not like to see their children taught, and they stoned the school-room, one day.

Annina came home, a martyr, with her right wrist sprained; so I wrote letters for her to Allesio. In them she described minutely all that she did and thought; nothing was too trivial, and I was skeptical enough to wonder if any man lived in this workaday world who could read one of those ten-page letters through, every morning for a year. But a man in love performs extraordinary feats, — there is no doubt of that.

Suddenly, Allesio's letters stopped. The days went by, and it was almost a week since Annina had heard from him. She ate nothing, she refused to go out, and she locked herself in her room to weep and be miserable. Her uncle and aunt and I met in conclave, one evening, for we feared she would fall ill.

"She was very feverish last night," declared Pastor Comba, who loved his niece, albeit he teased her unmercifully.

"She has eaten almost nothing for a week," said his wife.

"She will die, if he deserts her," added I, the sentimental spinster.

Then we three grown-up people smiled, but we all felt sorry for the poor girl. The next morning we called in a physician, who looked very grave.

"She must be cajoled," he said. "If she will not eat, and will not go out, and will only cry, she will surely get the fever. There is a good deal of fever this spring."

What were we to do? We cajoled, we commanded, we implored; but Annina refused to eat more than the least morsel of bread, or to drink anything but a little water. A girl might keep that up for two days, — I mean a girl who was shamming, — but Annina kept it up for nearly two weeks. At last a letter came from Allesio, — a short letter, written in a wavering hand and dated at Paris. He wrote that he was ill and among strangers, but that he was slowly getting better. Annina was eager to go to him by the first train, — she even tried to run away; so we all

watched her like cats until Allesio was well and back in Turin. As his letters grew regular, she regained her appetite and was soon her joyous self once more.

It was my plan to join Miss Leslie in Venice, that spring; but before I left Florence I bought a wedding present for Annina, which I confided to Pastor Comba's care. She besought me to come to her wedding, which was to take place in September, and sobbed when I told her that in September I hoped to return to America.

"You will be in Europe again?" she said, lifting her tearful face from my shoulder.

"Yes, I shall come to Europe again," I replied.

"Then you must surely pay Allesio and me a long visit." She put her mouth close to my ear. "I shall be his wife," she whispered. "I shall be Annina Ghiandaja."

"The cab is here!" cried Pastor Comba, and I tore myself free from Annina's clinging arms.

She wrote me several letters, that summer. She seemed very happy, for she was traveling with her parents, and Allesio was with them for a while. In September, as I was speeding toward London, an old gentleman in the railway carriage saw that I was reading Italian, and addressed me in that tongue. He was very polite to me, in a benign way, and told me that he was a banker in Turin; so I asked him if he knew Giovanni Comba, the silk merchant.

"Yes, indeed," he replied; "I know him and his family very well. Are you acquainted with them?"

"With the signora and with Annina," I said.

"Ah, Annina," he repeated. "I trotted her on my knee, the other day, and now she is engaged to be married."

"To Allesio Ghiandaja," I added.

"He is not worthy of her," said the old banker. "He drinks and he gam-

bles. He went to Paris last spring, and returned half dead from the effects of dissipation. I hope Comba will break off the match. Little Annina deserves a better husband."

Just before the steamer sailed from Liverpool I received a letter from Annina. She wrote in the gayest of spirits, although she told me that her marriage had been postponed.

"Dear Allesio must go to Lyons on business," she wrote, "but he will soon return. I have made him a little traveling cap of blue silk, and you cannot think how well he looks in it. He says that he will not dare wear it, for all the girls will fall in love with him, and he will surely be carried off by somebody. 'And then,' he adds, 'what would you do, Annina *mia*?' Ah, what should I do!"

So she ran on for ten pages, — Allesio, Allesio, always Allesio. I answered as soon as I reached New York, and in the next letter I expected to hear of Annina's marriage. As the weeks slipped by, I pictured the child on her wedding journey, too happy to write to me or to anybody else. The new year dawned, a clear, frosty day, the sky a dazzling blue, and the air full of powdery snow that blew off the housetops. On such a day, the sentimental traveler thinks of orange groves, of gray olive orchards, of the blue, tideless sea breaking on the Southern coast. It was on that day that I received my last letter from Annina; for, although I had written to her several times, she had ignored me completely. After I read it, I brought out the letter that had reached me in Liverpool, and re-read that, hardly able to believe my own eyes. Some day, I mean to go to Europe again, and I shall certainly look up Annina. I do not know what to think of her. The letter I received in Liverpool was written in August; the letter I received in New York was written four months later. The last letter I will translate as

literally as possible, keeping the original punctuation. Such a neat letter! I wonder if she dashed it off at fever heat, or composed it carefully, biting the pen-holder with her white little teeth, and wrinkling her pretty brows! If I could answer this, I should think that I understood the mystery.

PIAZZA D'AZEGLIO.
TURIN, 4 December.

DEAR MISS PENNIMAN, — Since last I wrote to you, so much has happened that my poor brain is in quite a whirl. I am the happiest of women, the wife of the best of men and mistress of the prettiest house in all Turin. Just think, a whole house! Mamma, who still lives in an apartment, envies me, I know. It is a great thing to be married. Everybody treats me with respect, even mamma, but I must except my cook, Assunta, who used to be my nurse and who still considers me a child and scolds me. I was married in white silk (hand embroidered!), and my husband gave me pearls to wear. He is so good, so kind! I love him better every day, if that were possible. Dear uncle married us, and then went to Africa to rescue the heathen from their darkness. We all pray that he may succeed in his labors and that his health may hold good. Aunt Maria went with him. She wore her old gray silk at the wedding, and cried all the time. I never saw her cry before, but I suppose she was thinking of Africa.

After the wedding, the journey! My husband let me plan the route. I could not decide, so he helped me, and we bought guidebooks and maps, and finally we made up our minds to travel through our own country. I had never been farther south than Florence. We

visited Genoa and Pisa, and finally went to Rome, and spent two delicious weeks there, visiting those monuments that history has rendered so familiar. We both caught cold, and my husband was ill for two days and I nursed him, glad to show my devotion and yet grieved that he should suffer! He recovered entirely and we were able to proceed to Naples where we lingered in rapture before that beautiful bay so often described in prose and poetry. Then on to Pompeii! I thought of that terrible day when Vesuvius overwhelmed the smiling country and dealt death to men at their labor, women with their children in their arms. My husband bought me some Pompeian ornaments for my drawing room, but they were so ugly that I was not sorry when, on arriving home, I found that I had left them in the hotel at Naples.

At last the journey was over and we returned to Turin. We are living in a lovely house in the Piazza d'Azeglio. It is beautifully furnished and I have the old cook, Assunta; but I mean to send her away, for she still treats me like a child. In my own room I have put the lovely present you left for me, and I thank you for it a thousand times. You were so kind to me there in Florence. I often speak of you to my husband, who joins me in hoping that you will pay us a long visit very soon. He wants to do everything for me, and is the kindest, dearest of husbands.

And now I must end my long letter with the hope that it finds you well and in good spirits. Think sometimes of me, and remember that I am the happiest woman in this great world that the good God has given to his unworthy servants.

ANNINA BENELLI.

P. S. It is not Allesio!

Charles Dunning.

THE CHAMPS ELYSÉES.

FROM A SICK-ROOM.

It was a new point of view, if that is in its favor. It was limited, undeniably, yet perhaps one saw and noticed things which would have been overlooked in a wider horizon. The prospect it commanded was an open space, formed by the convergence of five wide streets into the broad avenue of the Champs Elysées, divided at the junction by quincunxes of grass, bordered by trees and lamp-posts, each containing a fountain, and producing a pleasaunce-like effect of greensward, branches, and spurting, foaming water, very cheerful and agreeable to behold at all seasons. Opposite the sick-room windows, the Avenue d'Antin and Avenue Montaigne, both planted with trees, opened oblique, broken perspectives of tall, pale houses. One of them ends in a confusion of distant gables and dormer windows; the other is closed by a long, low hill rising above intervening tree-tops, the heights of St. Cloud beyond the Seine. It is the Rond Point des Champs Elysées, the frontier of that extraordinary district, the paradise of Parisian cockneys.

The autumn of 1882 was hopelessly gloomy. For three months the sun must have been shining on other worlds. When a single ray peered through the clouds it was like Béranger's *Dieu des bonnes gens* looking out of the window, and saying, —

“Leur planète a péri peut-être.”

The genial beam was instantly lost in rivers of rain falling into seas of mud. The Seine rose higher and higher, truncating the piers of the bridges, until the river navigation was stopped; even the *bateaux mouches*, those tiny steamboats which dart about on the stream like water-flies, could not pass under the abased arches. The quays, which border the

Seine on both sides for miles, through the heart of the town, were lined with river-crafts and bristled with a *chevaux-de-frise* of smoke-stacks. Where the river leaves the streets and skirts the Bois de Boulogne, it swept past gray, leafless woods and inundated meadows, a swollen, livid mass of water, beneath a leaden sky, heaving as if its sullen rage would soon burst its barriers. In the country it had done so already, and the sufferings of the rural populations were audible in groans of distress and growls of discontent, filling the political air with menacing echoes. Strangers, who had been talking of keeping their hotel rooms, or taking private apartments for the winter, suddenly packed up and traveled southward, and many residents of Paris hastily went off on a visit to Provence or Italy. Paris was visibly deserted. Riding, walking, driving, for pleasure were impossible. The streets were dirty and dismal; even the Champs Elysées were dreary; nothing was to be seen except muddy carriages, dragged horses, and people in their worst clothes splashing about under umbrellas.

On the 1st of January, 1883, this reign of Saturn came to an end. The sun broke forth from the clouds to welcome the new year; the sky was soon blue and fleckless, while the industrious street-cleaners made quick work with the mud, which looked deep and thick enough to form the stratum of a new geological era. The Parisian mud exhibits curious phenomena. On a fine day the asphalt is as dry and bare as a ten-pin alley; on a rainy morrow it is as deep in slime as if acres of alluvion had been carted in during the night. It is delightful to watch the light-footed French go through it and hardly spat-

ter themselves. The maid-servants and shop-girls, especially, trip along, keeping their white petticoats and long white aprons spotless. Frenchwomen have always been famous for their dexterity in holding their skirts clear of the ground with one hand. The present fashion of dresses tied back makes this more difficult than when the robe flowed free. They manage it by a little kick with what an American lady once called the hind-leg (by analogy, no doubt, with the fore-arm), adroitly catching the skirt in one hand at the same moment. This manœuvre is practiced with great skill by the ladies who get out of their carriages at the Rond Point to take a little exercise on the wide sidewalk of the Champs Elysées. They are sometimes followed by a footman leading a poodle, sometimes they lead the pet themselves, sometimes they leave him to tread in their footsteps; any one of which experiments gives a looker-on good opportunities of studying the dispositions of dogs and of ladies who own them. There are a great many fine dogs to be seen in the Champs Elysées during the day, from the Italian greyhound shivering under its blanket to the bloodhound or Danish mastiff with a spiked collar. When there is nobody else to take them walking, they are sent out with a maid-servant; and there is often a total want of sympathy between the girl, in her neat frilled cap, and the small, scuffling Skye terrier, racing before her at a pace with which she cannot keep up, or the huge quadruped, nearly as big as a horse, pulling and tugging her contrariwise to her intentions by the chain with which she is supposed to be holding *him*. Fortunately, the large dogs are generally amenable to authority or reason; and if the situation becomes too tense between the *bonne* and the lap-dog she puts an end to it by picking him up in her arms, whence he yelps and squeaks in a way to justify the interference of the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals Society,—

if such an association exist in Paris, which the treatment of the horses discredits. The majority of cab-drivers, and even of private coachmen, do not know how to drive, and lash their beasts unmercifully, besides jerking the curb to make them turn, back, halt, or go on. They also strike them when they wish them to stop or stand still. The lash may not be more abused in Paris than in London, and loading animals to the top of their strength and driving them at the top of their speed is as bad in one country as in the other. But in London, at least at the West End, there are fewer underfed horses and donkeys than in Paris, where they are often mere skeletons, scarcely able to stand; then the whip falls at every step, to stimulate the flagging beast, in a way that makes human nerves wince. It is disgraceful to Paris that, except in private carriages and the wagons of certain establishments, such as the great dry-goods shops, it is uncommon to see a fresh, well-fed horse. The overloading is distressing and disgraceful, too, when the solitary poor nag of an open cab, or, still worse, of a smart, showy private equipage, has three grown people on the back seat, two on the front, and a huge coachman on the box. The size of public coachmen in Paris is noteworthy: many of them must weigh between two and three hundred pounds, or, as the English say, over fifteen stone, and are as red and surly-faced as London 'bus-drivers. Can this be a result of Anglomania on the French turf? If there is cruelty in some forms, however, there is little brutality, in proof of which it is unusual to see a French horse or donkey afraid to let its head be touched, or shrinking from the approach of a hand. The beasts and their drivers are on good terms, and it is more common to hear a Frenchman address them as "my heart" or "my cabbage" than with oaths. The charge of overloading cannot be brought against omnibuses or tramway cars. The rule

of showing a sign marked "Full" when the vehicle contains its complement, protects both horses and passengers from the injustice which is hourly inflicted upon them in this country. There is sense and humanity, moreover, in the general practice of driving horses without blinkers and in the disuse of the check-rein, which is almost obsolete.

The foreigner, looking down upon the Champs Elysées from December until July, discovers that the Parisians with pretensions to elegance takes most pride in his stable. It is too often a misplaced pride, what the French call an unhappy passion. It is not rare to see them with a light hand for a horse's mouth, and managing the curb nicely; but in the saddle few of them attain more than a bad eminence, having neither by nature nor acquirement the firm, easy seat of the true horseman. Their best riders are the cavalry officers. There are women to be seen in the Champs Elysées and Bois who are better equestrians than any of the civilians; but it is doubtful whether these are English or French women, and their social status is still more doubtful than their nationality. The Frenchman is more at home on the coach-box than in the saddle; some of those who make a pursuit of driving do it very well, and with a great deal of style. Every fine morning dozens of breaks, with pairs or four-in-hands, pass the Rond Point, driven by a trainer or coachman, sometimes by the master; exercising the horses in that peculiar gait which is the great desideratum of the amateur whip. It is a prancing, plunging action of the fore feet, like a canter, contrary to American notions of the square trot, and different from English high-stepping. But on getting over one's first contempt at the circus-chariot advance of these curvetting spans, one learns to admit that it is a dashing, showy gait, well suited to the dog-cart or mail phaeton of a lord of the turf, or to the barouche of a pretty

woman. Races are among the favorite and most frequent amusements during the gay season. From New Year until midsummer, steeple-chases and every other form of the diversion are given at Passy, Auteuil, Longchamps, which are on the outskirts of the town, and at Vincennes, Chantilly, Fontainebleau, and other places, an hour away by rail, announced by placards among the opera and play bills and similar advertisements of the week's pleasures. Several clubs have annual races in the rotunda of the Palais de l'Industrie; the military ones are in high favor with the world of fashion. At Easter huge advertisements and flags floating across the Avenue Montaigne proclaim that horses and riders are scattering the tan and clearing the hurdles under the eyes of fair Parisians in spring toilets, on ground which a month later will be transformed into a garden, where heterogeneous thousands of Salon-goers will be staring at the statuary of the great art exhibition.

But these are the observations of springtime, for the racing season does not fairly begin until after Lent, and I was in my midwinter recollections.

The 1st of January brought not only sunshine, but excitement. Gambetta's disappearance from before the footlights with the expiring year was startling, yet so consistent with the part he had acted upon the world's stage that the poor player might have been well content with his exit, if he had not died in torture. His death, like most public shocks, sobered the populace, and produced a momentary calm. The distressing suicide of the Austrian ambassador, two days before, was forgotten; the sudden death of General Chanzy, a gallant and prominent man, a few days later, was overlooked in the engrossing interest which lasted until the funeral procession of the demagogue had passed out of Paris. Soldiers, bands of citizens, and hecatombs of flowers have become

unmeaning in the convoy of a dead politician, but it was a new thing to see almost the whole population of a great capital following the body of one man. The people of Paris accompanied the train in a concourse which filled the streets solidly from wall to wall, flowing like a river, impossible to stem. The multitude was innumerable; large portions of the city must have been deserted; it seemed as if all the inhabitants were out-of-doors. It was an extraordinary spectacle. They were quiet and orderly, making no violent demonstrations of any sort, but passing, passing, as if there were no end to them. As the day wore on they surged in great waves of humanity over the Faubourg St. Honoré, submerging the quarter; then they gradually spread and subsided, like the ebbing tide.

The next day the nurses and children were back on their usual beat. The Champs Elysées is one of the public playgrounds of the well-to-do Parisian children, and is almost given up to them at certain hours of the day. The nursery-maids are the most conspicuous figures in the show, with their white caps wreathed with bows of ribbon ending in two broad streamers hanging almost to their heels, and a long round cloak, often an entire costume, of the same color as the cap ribbons. The children are beautifully dressed, like so many little princes and princesses by Vandyke and Velasquez, or small aristocrats of the later times of Sir Joshua Reynolds and Sir Thomas Lawrence. There is as much regard paid to adapting their dress to their age as if they were men and women. The excess of fancy and finery is for the youngest; the dress grows simpler as the child grows older, until boys about to escape from knickerbockers (which are worn much later here than in England, or with us) are as soberly clad as little sportsmen, save for their bright stockings and cravats, while the costume of young girls who

are not yet young ladies is picturesquely severe. The majority of the children under seven years old wear white, often in fulfillment of a vow to the Virgin on the mother's part. It cannot be convenient to clothe suitably a sturdy boy, who has cast off petticoats, under this restriction, but blue, the color dedicated to the Madonna, can be used. There is a children's clothing establishment, called "A l'enfant voué au bleu et au blanc," after the enticing French custom of giving names to shops, — the resort of Roman Catholic mothers in this difficulty. French children have been reproached with a lack of bloom and spirits, but I suspect that this originated with those systematic detractors of the French and all other foreign nations, the English. After watching the endless "march past" of the children on the Champs Elysées, day after day, for half a year, I am convinced that no civilized country can muster a finer host. Their forms are as chubby, their cheeks as rosy, their eyes as bright, their teeth as pearly, their locks as thick and glossy, as those of any children I have ever seen; in this last respect they excel their little island neighbors. The calves of their legs may not always be so robust as the little Britons', but they frisk and caper upon them to such a degree that they must wear off the superfluous flesh. Their spirits are inexhaustible; they seem filled with quicksilver to the tips of their fingers and toes. They never look tired, or cross, or dirty; never quarrelsome, never naughty. They are captivating little creatures, neither shy nor bold, caressing and vivacious, restrained in their romps only by obedience and precocious politeness, — the only precocity I can detect in them. They are graceful and gesticulating; their play is like a perpetual liliputian pantomime or ballet.

Besides these well dressed and tended little mortals there are the children of the middle and poorer classes, of whom an irruption occurs every day before

noon. The sidewalk is suddenly invaded by scores of urchins between eight and twelve years old, fresh, clean, and tidy, most of them wearing black alpaca blouses, with broad white linen collars and leather belts, which give them a clerical aspect, and carrying their books, not in satchels, but in black portfolios called *serviettes*, such as lawyers use for their papers. More than half these children have no head-covering, — a French custom not confined to children nor to the male sex; economical in a way, of course, but which must surely cost most people dear, at some time or other, in earache, toothache, and neuralgia of the head with its myriad tortures. The little fellows are not troubled by them yet, and come bounding and babbling along the streets, hand in hand, or with arms thrown round each other's shoulders; for French children are demonstrative, and not self-conscious. They are very kind to their juniors. I never saw the hapless and hated "tag-tail," panting and blubbing after his stronger, fleetier elders, kicked and cuffed out of the way when they cannot dodge him; there was always a bigger boy to take the small boy by the hand, and run with him in the wake of the party. I saw squabbles occasionally, but seldom blows; only once or twice a real fight. Their altercations are very dramatic. I remember two little fellows in blouses, in great wrath, to judge by their gestures. At the climax one of them raised his hand, but not to strike; he waved it with ineffable scorn, ejaculating, "R-r-republicain!" to which the other retorted, with a motion of utter defiance, "Aristocr-r-rat!" and each turned on his heel. They are twitted with this absence of pugnacity by our little Anglo-Saxon bullies, who set it down to want of pluck; but people who settle the slightest difficulty with sword or pistol cannot be supposed to lack personal courage. Mere love of danger, however, has not the same attraction for French chil-

dren as for our own: they are not to be seen indulging in pranks which make older people's hearts stand still, such as hanging by their hands to the edge of a roof, or trying how near they can come to being run over in the street. But besides love of danger, love of disobedience has a great deal to do with children's enjoyment of perilous sport, and the French child is obviously more submissive and better trained than ours.

By three o'clock in the afternoon, the small fry have given place to grown-up loungers of every class, who repair to the Champs Elysées every day, from the middle of the afternoon until sunset, to look at each other and the world that drives to and from the Bois de Boulogne. It is a curious contrast to the similar daily parade in Hyde Park. To begin with the side scenes, instead of fine English trees and stretches of turf and flower-beds, here, on each side the paved street, there are young plantations in a nondescript region of asphalt, grass-plats, cake stalls, *parterres*, gravel-walks, shrubbery, puppet-shows, fountains, merry-go-rounds, eating-houses. The procession is not less multifarious. The exclusion of drays, carts, cabs, and other public conveyances from Hyde Park results in an assemblage of handsome, or at any rate presentable, equipages, with that stamp of *private* so characteristic of England. Here there are huge omnibuses, with an imposing front of three horses abreast, constructed on the model of an excursion steamboat, fog-horn and all, minus the smokestack; there are little yellow cabs, and the black, shiny parcels-delivery wagons of the Bon Marché, Louvre, and other great shops, built like prison-vans, but driven by men in smart livery, and drawn by pairs of magnificent horses, perfectly groomed. Here are curious vehicles like small omnibuses without a knife-board, which carry schoolboys to and from the different *lycées* and *collèges*, which correspond to our pub-

lic schools; each apparently has its own, which passes twice a day with its freight of youngsters in cap and uniform, carrying serviettes, like a company of cadets turned lawyers all at once. In Hyde Park people on horseback keep to Rotten Row; here riders mix with the throng on wheels, and as this is the highroad to the Bois de Boulogne horse men and women go by in squads, and groups of children on smaller steeds. The Hippodrome, by way of advertisement, sends out half a dozen pairs of diminutive ponies, — cream-colored, black, chestnut, gray, white, and piebald, — ridden by tiny boys, with tricolor streamers to their hats, and otherwise bedizened, who thread their way in and out among the thundering rush of heavy vehicles and horses, which could swallow them at a gulp, chatting as coolly as if they had the street to themselves. Bicycles skim by, and every sort of handcart adds to the confusion. There are quantities of the latter, pushed or pulled by the human beast of burden, who is cheaper, even, than the donkey; some of them contain the apparatus of industries which do not exist with us, or exist in a form which cannot be carted about the street. Among the most peculiar of these are the copper bath-tub and heating arrangements for taking *un grand bain à domicile*, brightly burnished, and looking like a machine-room in miniature. These are seen so often as to impugn the accuracy of the classification which sets down the French among non-washing nations. Bathing establishments for people of all classes are to be found in every neighborhood, almost in every street, of Paris, and swimming baths, cheap or costly, along the quays, in refutation of the charge. It is to be doubted whether such English people as cannot count a bath-tub among their household necessities ever indulge in the luxury of hiring one.

Although spring and autumn are the times of year when the daily procession

to the Bois is at its height, every fine Sunday brings forth an interminable parade, defiling past the Rond Point from early in the afternoon until dark. Thousands of carriages, of every shape and size, drive by: some very handsome, others very shabby, with handsome or shabby horses and occupants. The most remarkable thing about the latter is the way in which the women are painted: some of them look as if they were standing over a fire, some as if their eyes were lolling out of their head; some of them have painted out the semblance of humanity, and are mere monsters. The crowd never reaches that hopeless climax of cross-purposes which constantly occurs at Hyde Park Corner during the London season; but on every fair afternoon there is such an agglomeration of vehicles and animals going at full speed in all directions that it is alarming to see anybody attempt to cross the street on foot. Yet the feat is safely performed every minute, and another, which I could no more understand than a conjuring trick, — that of piloting four frisky goats harnessed to a child's barouche through the vortex. It was done without blows or tugs, — a lesson to cab-drivers and draymen, if they would profit by it.

It was long a subject of speculation to me why an ordinary Parisian crowd should be so much more picturesque and spectacular than an English or American one. There is, it is true, much greater variety of attire; for although a French peasant's costume is as seldom seen in the Champs Elysées as a Greek's, there are the white caps and aprons of the maid-servants and men-cooks, the red trousers of the soldiers, the black cassocks of the priests, the veils and wimples of nuns, the uniform frocks of girls' charity-schools, — light blue, dark blue, lilac, violet, gray, brown, — the white suits of some artisans, the blue smocks of others; the long, dark, rough cloak, with a pointed hood of mediæval pattern, worn by men of all classes in wet

weather; the frequency of bare heads, the general independence in dress of a community where nobody feels obliged to appear like anybody else except the members of an organization. I once saw a group of workmen fit to be painted by Rembrandt: three of them were habited in brown velveteen, with gray slouch hats; the other wore a crimson jacket, dull blue trousers, and a brown cap. But the Parisians' briskness of movement, their gestures, changes of countenance, their lively bearing and expressive physiognomies, add as much to the animation and interest of their street scenes as dissimilarity of dress. There is a perpetual ripple, sparkle, eddy, on the surface of their crowd.

Yet this was not the laughter-loving multitude, the gay, thoughtless throng, of half a century or even twenty years ago. These people have felt the blows of war, grinding want, the burden of political responsibility. Their city has lost much of the brilliancy and elegance of which it boasted under the Second Empire, and has a shabby, second-hand air; even in the showiest streets, the equipages, shops, and purchasers look cheap, wholesale, made for the million. The men and women of the working-classes are careworn and toilworn; there are constant strikes among tradesmen and workmen, and rumors of communistic disturbance.

Notwithstanding the driving to the Bois and a general impression that all the world was brought abroad on Sunday, it was not until February, the *jours gras*, the three days before Ash Wednesday, that I saw anything like the old gayety. A Parisian carnival is a spiritless, commonplace affair to any one who is familiar with Italy. A few noisy fellows in false noses, a woman in a grotesque mask and a man's fancy dress, or a man in woman's clothes, are all that represent the picturesque travesties and disguises, the merry antics, of the Roman Corso. But putting those out of mind, the Champs

Elysées at Shrovetide was a popular holiday, such as Americans must go to Europe to witness. The weather was beautiful; and winter weather in Paris, when it is fine, is particularly charming, with the cheerful, tender loveliness of our sweetest early April days. There were such myriads of people abroad that it seemed as if the town had turned itself inside out. The cafés which line the Rue Montaigne and Avenue Matignon, where they meet in an apex on the Rond Point, were crowded from morning till night, and the pavement before the doors filled with little tables, at which sat family parties or friends, eating, drinking, smoking, laughing, and chatting, bundled in furs and warm wraps. Numbers of very young children were in costume: small Harlequins, Columbines, officers and courtiers of Louis XIV.'s time, ran in and out among men and women in every-day dress. I saw one little fellow, in his ordinary clothes and the black half mask which the French call a *loup*, his rosy mouth and chin peeping out below the satin frill like a Cupid on a dinner card, strut along, holding his mother's hand, evidently persuaded that he was entirely disguised. There was a pervading light-heartedness, the atmosphere of which penetrated even the sick-room.

A revival of this jollity occurred at the *mi-carême*, or mid-Lent holiday, which seemed to be more of a frolic and in the spirit of the Italian festival. The streets were again thronged, and the pavement before the cafes blocked with the little tables and their feasters; but the feature of the day was the masquerading of the lower orders, which was not to be seen at its height in the Champs Elysées. Stragglers from other quarters appeared occasionally among the sober citizens, and large vans, with streamers and garlands, filled with young men and girls in fancy dress, dashed recklessly into the Rond Point from time to time. Some of the trades' guilds had wains deco-

rated with flags and flowers, and drawn by four and six horses, filled with revelers; now and then the inborn French taste was shown in an arrangement which made these vulgar triumphal cars strikingly artistic objects, worthy of a Florentine procession in the sixteenth century. The *fête* belongs to the *boulevards* and their population. The *bourgeoisie* apparently took no part in it beyond sipping ices and coffee on the sidewalks; the world of fashion kept in-doors all day, but celebrated the evening by an explosion of balls.

With all the variety, life, and interest of the Champs Elysées during the day, after dark it becomes a very scene of enchantment. At nightfall a gauzy vapor gradually overspreads the earth and fills the air, veiling every outline, until nothing remains but a sense of space; through this flash innumerable triple jets of gas, in rows, in circles, in long double and quadruple lines, leading far away through miles of illuminated mist, until they meet in the indefinite distance, reflected on the wet asphalt by linear dashes of light, like a palisade of fire. Through these glimmering avenues, and through intervals of dimness, glide countless lights: some swift as meteors, some slow as glowworms, white, yellow, red, — were there other colors? — higher or lower, but always in the air, fitting, following, darting, chasing, like thousands of will-o'-the-wisps. The imagination ranges with delight among the beautiful, mysterious suggestions of the phantasmagoria. "A firefly meadow," said Mr. J. R. Lowell, looking down from the window. Yes and no, for the lights do not twinkle; it is more like New York bay at night from the heights of Staten Island; nor yet that, altogether, because the spectator is so much nearer this scene. It is most like some of Martin's illustrations of Milton, without the terror: they are theatrical, and so is this fantastic, fairy transformation of the Champs Elysées on a rainy day to an

unpeopled world of wonder on a rainy night.

There are few places susceptible of so many beautiful transformations. The first snowstorm of 1883 was during the night of the 7th of March. The inhabitants of the Champs Elysées woke to find their lively quarter a silent expanse of untrodden snow, under a sky like oxidized silver; long, broad streets of fleecy white without a footprint, between trees delicately penciled against the whiteness, and blossoming with feathery sprays and powdery tufts. It was a lovely but dreary sight; everybody kept in-doors. Towards evening an exquisite pink line faintly irradiated the atmosphere, throwing pale lilac shadows here and there on the blank surfaces; it was so faint and evanescent that each person might imagine his the only eyes to see it.

The cold was the last pinch needed to rouse the ire of the malcontents, who had been nursing their wrath all winter, fomented by Bonapartists, the clerical party, communist leaders, and all enemies of the government. Ever since I saw the police tearing down Prince Napoleon's foolish manifesto, six or seven weeks earlier, there had been a perceptible growth of murmuring and grumbling among the working classes. My French visitors if of the Legitimist party, and my American ones who were converts to Roman Catholicism (whose sympathies are more anti-republican than a French monarchist's), were full of forebodings; to listen to them, one would have supposed that the government could not last another half hour. I have no doubt that with those in whom the wish was father to the thought originated the reports of imminent anarchy which filled French, English, and American newspapers at that time. On the evening of the 8th of March, the snowy day, President Grévy gave a ball at the little palace of the Elysée, which has changed names so often that I forget

its present official appellation. Some of the beauties signalized themselves by appearing in the fashions of the Directory, and the public coachmen, taking advantage of another slight snowfall, refused to take home the guests they had brought without such an extortionate augmentation of fare that many ladies indignantly walked home in satin slippers, by the light of dawn. A few hours later the *émeute* broke out on the other side of the river. A large body, said to be workmen out of employment, marched to the Elysée with a petition for work. Being ordered to depart, they straggled up the Champs Elysées to the Rond Point, shouting a little, and I saw the police disperse them without difficulty, the crowd breaking into groups and scattering in different directions. On the other side of the river there was more disturbance, and two or three persons imprudently driving through that quarter in private carriages had the windows broken. The mob there was dispersed by a body of cavalry, who rode through them at a trot, and the only blood shed was from the noses of a few pugnacious blackguards of opposite political opinions. There was some stir about the Elysée that afternoon, a strong police force protecting the precinct, and knots of common men hanging on their skirts, a cavalry guard patrolling the street, and an officer trotting round and round a flagstaff in the Champs Elysées, as if he were at riding-school.

This was the beginning and end of the new reign of terror, which had been predicted for months. For some weeks each succeeding Sunday was regularly announced in advance as the date of the real revolution; but March went by, and took winter away with it, and the faint symptoms of uprising melted with the icicles and vanished before the April sun.

Easter Monday was another popular holiday. As to the day before, there was no more sign of observance of it, outside

the churches, than of any other Sunday in the calendar; that is, there was none beyond the shops being shut in the afternoon, as they are in London on Saturday. The Sabbathlessness of Paris strikes a stranger oddly and painfully; the ear and brain wait for the recurring seventh-day lull in the noises of the week, but it does not come. The rattle of business-carts and rumble of drays, the cries and calls of itinerant venders, the hammering and pounding of masons and carpenters, go on without intermission; the one voice which is unheard is the sound of church-bells. I tried to get a notion of the system and statistics of attendance on public worship and cessation of labor on Sunday in Paris, but could come to no conclusion as to whether there is a general custom in either, or not. There are so many services between six in the morning and one o'clock, with vespers and the benediction later in the afternoon, that the whole working population might attend them by detachments without causing any apparent pause in its toil. There was one tribute to the day which could be noticed even from an upper window,—a greater display of clean blouses; but whether this was in recognition of its sacred or its festive character I cannot say.

With spring weather the wedding processions, which had been rare through the winter, began again—those funeral lines of hired carriages, only to be distinguished from the pomp of obsequies by driving at a better pace, and showing glimpses of white instead of black through the windows. I never saw a funeral in the Champs Elysées; the great cemeteries lie in other directions, so the gay avenue is seldom sobered for a moment by the sight of a hearse and mourners. As the favorite goal of a bridal drive is the Bois, where the party breakfasts at a restaurant and then takes the traditional walk, two by two following the happy pair,

bridal parties, on the contrary, were constantly passing the Rond Point on Wednesday and Saturday, the days consecrated to marriage in Paris; whether by civil or religious authority, or only by custom, I do not know. Of course these promenades are a middle-class fashion: in what is called "society" it is not unusual even to make wedding journeys. I had an amusing glimpse of the manners of the average citizen on these occasions. One day, on going into the little dining-room of my hotel for luncheon, I found a wedding-party at the central table,—a huge bunch of orange flowers in the middle, champagne corks popping, five men, of different ages, in dress-coats and white cravats, two ladies in bonnets and one in white satin and a veil,—beginning an elaborate breakfast. The bride was pale, but rather pretty and attractive, poor girl; the bridegroom plain and insignificant looking. They scarcely glanced at each other, and to all appearance were hardly acquaintances. The other guests were the parents of this couple, an old family friend, and a younger brother of the bride's. The elderly men very soon had taken too much champagne; they all became talkative, and one of them, the friend, very noisy and declamatory. Nothing had been settled beforehand, and they loudly debated whether they should take the regulation drive in the Bois or to the Jardin des Plantes, and whether they should go in carriages or in a small omnibus, which would hold them all; also, what direction to choose for the wedding journey. The unhappy pair wished to go to Nice or Cannes; but they were very silent, and the dictatorial friend opposed it vehemently.

"As to wedding trips, I know all about them, for I have made two. Don't set out on a long journey, to arrive at an out-of-the-way place, where you will find a wretched hotel and nothing to see but the fields, which are wet at this season. Go to R——. You need not start

until half past nine P. M.; you will be sure to get a railway carriage to yourselves; you have a short trip; you find an excellent hotel,—especially not too dear,—charming promenades, a superb theatre; and you come back the day after to-morrow and dine with me."

"But"—began one of the fathers.

"Allow me to speak, monsieur," resumed the friend authoritatively. "The next day you are back at your business. Let us send for an omnibus, which will take the luggage, too, and drive to the Jardin des Plantes: there you have delightful walks, the animals to visit"—

"If"—interposed the bride's mother.

"Allow me to speak, madame," said the friend, with deference, but decision,— "and you are close to the railway station. You take the half past nine P. M. train for R——. You will be sure to get a carriage to yourselves; you have a short trip; you find an excellent hotel,—especially not too dear"—

"Still"—demurred the other father.

"Allow me to speak, monsieur"—this very imperiously—"charming promenades, a superb theatre"—and *da capo al fine*.

Everybody now thought his turn had come, and tried to put in a word; the friend stopped them short with, "Allow me to speak; I know all about wedding journeys," etc. I stayed as long as decency would permit, pretending to eat my breakfast at a side-table; as I left the room, he was repeating "Surtout pas trop cher" for the third time, and the others were passing the railroad guide round the table.

The want of consideration for women's feelings and wishes on occasions like this, when with us they would be paramount, is singularly at variance with the importance given to the demands and opinions of their sex in so many circumstances and conditions of life in France. There is no classifying the contradictions and inconsistencies which an American observes among the French

on this head. Not to go further than I could see from my window, there is an irreconcilable variance between the universal interest which Frenchmen show for the other sex by their impartial staring and their indifference to opportunities, which we should consider obligations, of rendering slight services even to the young, pretty, and elegant. A true Frenchman would no more pass a woman without looking at her than certain superstitious housekeepers would "see a pin and let it lay." Yet apparently it is not according to his code of etiquette to help a woman out of an omnibus, to hail a cab which she is signaling in vain, or to pick up her handkerchief if she drops it. The absence of these minor gallantries is sometimes explained by Americans and English as a result of masculine selfishness, which they profess to find more largely developed in the Gallic race than in themselves; but even admitting the imputation, I cannot believe that it accounts for this want of alacrity in a nation of men whose first preoccupation is women. I am inclined to think that it arises from the greater quickness of Frenchwomen, who are more alert to help themselves than their Anglo-Saxon sisters, and possibly from a well-founded prejudice on the former's part against being accosted by knights-errant of the sidewalk. The boulevards are the scene of adventures of this sort; the mixed throng in the Champs Elysées amuse themselves as respectably as the select fewer who frequent Beacon Street, Fifth Avenue, or the upper end of Walnut Street in Philadelphia.

As spring advances the number of loungers increases. Not a seat is empty among the chairs which border the pavements and the benches on the inner edge for two miles, and the hours of lounging lengthen with the lengthening afternoon; people sit at the tables before the cafés all day and late into the night. Through the open windows

come the sounds of the street: the Arcadian piping of Basque peasants, who pass in the morning with a little drove of she asses or goats, to be milked before the houses where invalids are waiting for the warm beverage; the melancholy, plangent, rebellious braying of the donkey, who brings green stuff to the Cirque d'Été every morning; the constant, conversational neighing of the omnibus-horses, which recalls the words of the prophet Jeremiah (v. 8); at quieter instants, the splash of the fountains; the incessant roll of wheels and thud of hoofs, so deadened by the smooth asphalt that they lull and soothe the nerves; that subdued reverberation composed of multitudinous voices and footsteps; the would-be gay song of the poor young fellows who have just been drawn for military service, and go about for a day or two with their numbers and tricolor cockades in their hats; the lively bugle-notes of the amateur guards of the four-in-hands, which are constantly driving to and from the races. A few afternoons before the great day of the Grand Prix they parade in force along the Champs Elysées and through the Bois, — a pretty show, the horses in shining condition, the coachtops covered with fine ladies and gentlemen in holiday humor; the proudest and happiest woman of them all she who is perched on the post of honor, dressed to perfection, beside the impassive gentleman who wields the long-lashed whip. Whiffs of fragrance stir the air from flower-stalls and handcarts of plants in bloom. The birds sing as if they were in the woods, among the branches of the horse-chestnuts in the five converging avenues, which have come into the densest leaf and flower, and look from above like broad rivers of dark green foliage foaming with blossoms. The tenant of the sick-room sees health beckoning from without, and goes down to take part in the life and movement and enjoyment of the Rond Point.

GENERAL BEAUREGARD.

WE have before us the military operations of General Beauregard¹ detailed in two large octavos. A considerable part of each volume consists of an appendix, containing official and other documents, many of them of great interest. There are excellent indices at the end of the second volume, both of the text and the documents. There are two portraits of the subject of the memoir.

Colonel Roman has written a careful and exhaustive biography of his chief. Beauregard, in the preface, indorses all his statements and comments, excepting only his eulogiums upon Beauregard himself. The book is, we are obliged to say, unnecessarily long; there is a good deal of repetition in it, and many episodes, especially those involving the personal differences between General Beauregard and President Davis, are, in our judgment, dwelt upon with needless particularity. But the work is unquestionably a very valuable contribution to the history of the late war; and, from the standpoint of the student, it may well be that, looking at it as in great part consisting of *mémoires pour servir*, there is no excess either of material or of comment.

No officer in the Confederate service had such a varied experience as Beauregard. From the capture of Fort Sumter to the surrender of Johnston, he was almost constantly in active service, and it was his fortune to be connected with several of the most important and picturesque events of the war. It was under his direction and control that the militia of South Carolina surrounded Fort Sumter with their batteries and

compelled its surrender. It was he who, with General Joseph E. Johnston, fought and won the first battle of Bull Run, the cause of so much unfounded rejoicing, and the parent of so much vain confidence. It was he who, with General Albert Sydney Johnston, planned and carried out the brilliant and almost completely successful attack upon Grant's position at Pittsburg Landing, the first of a series of hard-fought, sanguinary, and indecisive engagements, of which our war furnished so many examples. It was through Beauregard's indomitable spirit and masterly engineering skill that Fort Sumter and Charleston were so stoutly defended against the iron-clads of Admiral Dahlgren and the batteries of General Gillmore. It was due to Beauregard's obstinate resolution that Petersburg was not taken on the 16th and 17th of June, 1864, and the evacuation of Richmond anticipated by nearly a year. Finally, we find him again associated with Joseph E. Johnston, collecting the scattered and decimated forces of the tottering Confederacy, in the vain hope of arresting Sherman's march through the Carolinas, until the surrender at Greensboro' ended the career begun at Sumter and Bull Run. Wherever we see him we find him active, enterprising, daring, in fact, to the verge of rashness; extremely methodical, also, and most industrious. He impresses us as a man devoted to his profession, and simply to his profession. He does not seem to have been hampered by any of those feelings of responsibility, arising from a mingling of the duties of soldier and statesman, which to a greater or less extent undoubtedly influenced the

Louisiana Volunteers, afterwards Aide-de-Camp and Inspector-General on the staff of General Beauregard. In two volumes. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1884.

¹ *The Military Operations of General Beauregard in the War between the States, 1861 to 1865.* Including a brief personal sketch and a narrative of his services in the war with Mexico, 1846-8. By ALFRED ROMAN, formerly Colonel of the 18th

judgment of some of the most prominent generals on either side. Beauregard appears always to have preserved a perfectly clear military head; he was always capable of advising the most unwelcome measures, when he thought they were demanded by the situation; to him Richmond, even, and Charleston were only squares on the military chess-board. We shall have occasion to advert to this subject further on. Let us now briefly follow General Beauregard through the war.

After his reduction of Fort Sumter, with which we will not detain the reader, we find Beauregard in command of the main body of the Confederate forces at Manassas Junction, and Joseph E. Johnston in command of the troops in the Shenandoah Valley. The principal Federal army, under McDowell, lay in front of Beauregard. Patterson, in the Valley, confronted Johnston. The enemy had adopted, under the advice of General Lee, a strictly defensive policy. Beauregard, on the other hand, advised, as early as the 12th of June, that Johnston should unite his forces with the main body, and that an effort should be made to capture Alexandria and Arlington Heights. But this suggestion was not received by the President with favor, and things went on in the same way for another month, when it became evident that the national forces intended taking the offensive at an early day, and equally plain, at least to General Beauregard, that the advance would be made against his army at Manassas, and not against Johnston's in the Shenandoah Valley. He therefore recommended the immediate transfer of the latter force to the main army. He sent an aide to Richmond on July 14th to represent the danger of a Federal advance with overwhelming numbers, and to urge that he should be reinforced by the bulk of Johnston's army. As soon as this should be done, he proposed to take the offensive against the Federals in front

of Washington. But Davis and Lee declined to act upon the suggestion. They may, as Colonel Roman claims, have been wrong; but it strikes us as probable that the extremely sanguine hue which Beauregard gave to his project, and the predictions of unlimited success which he authorized his aide to make to the President and General Lee, — such as “exterminating” Scott and McDowell, “driving them into the Potomac,” then going to the Valley and “destroying” Patterson, and after this had been achieved reinforcing Garnett in West Virginia and defeating McClellan, and finally crossing into Maryland, “arousing the people” and attacking Washington, — probably had a good deal to do with their hesitation to take the first step which Beauregard proposed, the transfer to the army at Manassas of the bulk of that in the Valley. In fact, Beauregard's imagination, while it often enabled him to foresee the movements of the enemy with really astonishing accuracy, and to find ways and means of counteracting them, was generally allowed too prominent a place in his projects. Beauregard had a great deal of the sanguine and excitable nature of a Frenchman about him; and this quality, together with his never failing and always expressed belief that the course which he advocated would be followed by complete and overwhelming success, undoubtedly jarred upon the nerves of the elderly Anglo-Saxon military men, Davis, Lee, Johnston, and the rest with whom he had to do, and created in their minds a feeling of distrust, which most of our readers will not fail to understand, and even, to a certain extent, to sympathize with. Still, there can be no doubt that Mr. Davis and his advisers allowed their prejudices to carry them too far. Beauregard, in his advice to them at this time, as afterwards on other and also important occasions, was supplying a want which none of them could supply. In imag-

ination, in enterprise, in daring, he was their superior. His suggestions were, moreover, the suggestions of a trained military mind, in possession of all the facts of the case that could be at that time ascertained; and so far as concerned the first step that he recommended, — that the bulk of Johnston's forces should be at once transferred to his own command, — he was not only right, but the peril against which he was urging them to provide was even more imminent than any one then supposed.

Beauregard's advice, as we have seen, was given on Sunday, the 14th. On Tuesday, the 16th, McDowell began his march. On the 17th he occupied Fairfax Court House. Not till then was Johnston ordered to join Beauregard, and no part of his troops arrived till the 20th. A portion, as is well known, came up on Sunday afternoon, the 21st, while the battle was in full progress; and had McDowell been able to adhere to his original plan of attacking the enemy's right, at Blackburn's and Mitchell's Fords, and below them, the battle must have taken place before a single regiment of Johnston's command had reached Manassas Junction, or Beauregard must have fallen back without a fight, which is perhaps more probable.

It appears that the idea of a pursuit of the Federal forces after the rout at Bull Run was never entertained, either by Davis, Johnston, or Beauregard; the want of transportation rendered it out of the question. But about the last of September, 1861, both Johnston and Beauregard strongly urged that the strength of the army should be raised to sixty thousand men, and that the war should be carried into Maryland. The plan was to cross at Edwards's or Conrad's Ferry, and then to march on Washington; relying on the greater cohesion and *élan* of the Southern army to defeat the then raw troops of Gen-

eral McClellan. But Mr. Davis refused his assent, and the project was abandoned.

We next find Beauregard sent to the West, where Albert Sydney Johnston had suffered serious reverses. Forts Henry and Donelson had been taken, with many guns and thousands of prisoners. The States of Kentucky and Tennessee had been nearly abandoned; the Mississippi had been opened as far as Island No. 10; the Confederate forces had been widely separated. In this state of things, Johnston and Beauregard conceived the brilliant plan of reuniting at the earliest moment the wings of the army; calling up all outlying detachments and all possible reinforcements, and attacking the Federal army under Grant before it could be augmented by the forces of Buell. We do not care to discuss the question how the merit of this plan is to be apportioned. Suffice it to say that both commanders entered heartily into it, and that their daring scheme for the rehabilitation of the Confederate cause in the West was gallantly supported by their troops. The battle of Shiloh, fought on April 6-7, 1862, was a battle of the old-fashioned kind, — a pitched battle; and, after the advantage which the Confederates derived from their surprise of our army had been exhausted, it was a very hard-fought battle. It was a new experience to the troops on both sides, and was an education in itself.

Beauregard has been criticised for not having accomplished more on the first day; but we fail to see that anything more was possible.

Corinth, a very important railway and strategic centre, to which Beauregard retreated after the battle, was held against Halleck and his greatly superior force until May 30th, when Beauregard drew off his army in excellent order and condition. His health now requiring attention, he was relieved from duty. We find him next at Charleston, where he

arrived in September of the same year. Here he was already well known and highly thought of; and here, too, was a chance for him to display those resources of engineering art which he possessed in so great a degree. The autumn and winter were occupied in providing for the assaults which were sure to be made in the ensuing spring. Beauregard's activity, industry, and skill were never displayed on a better field. Finally the long-expected blow was delivered. On April 7, 1863, Admiral Dupont, with a fleet of ironclads, attacked Fort Sumter; but after some hours of gallant and determined fighting the ships were obliged to confess themselves beaten by the forts.

Two months after this event General Gillmore superseded General Hunter in charge of the land operations against Charleston. We observe that General Beauregard considers that his plan of attack was faulty. "It was fortunate," says Colonel Roman, speaking the views of General Beauregard, "that, shortly afterwards, the new commanding general, in whose daring and engineering ability the North greatly relied, preferred making his attack by Morris Island, instead of on the broad and weak front of James Island, where he might have penetrated our long, attenuated lines, and taken Charleston in flank and rear. Nothing then could have prevented Sumter from falling; for there can be no doubt that General Gillmore would have immediately increased the armament at and around Fort Johnson, and have thus completely commanded the interior harbor. The possession of Charleston and of all the South Carolina sea-coast would have followed as a necessary sequence." It is not for us to decide between two such authorities, but merely to state the different views. That Gillmore's opponent should entertain the view that his plan was a faulty one in its conception is certainly an interesting fact.

Whether General Gillmore did or did not adopt the proper line of attack, it is undeniable that Beauregard foiled him in his efforts to take Sumter and to capture Charleston. Sumter, its batteries silenced, was, it is true, reduced to something very much resembling a pile of stones and rubbish; but the Confederate flag on the flagstaff on its summit was daily saluted, night and morning, until the march of Sherman through South Carolina forced the evacuation of Charleston and its forts. And the book before us gives an interesting account of the marvelous daring and the equally marvelous engineering skill and fertility of resource by which the cradle of secession was for so long a period defended against its powerful antagonists.

By the spring of 1864 the Federal operations against Charleston had virtually ceased. It was considered impracticable to effect anything further without the aid of a more powerful land force; and the plans of the government contemplated the employment in Virginia of General Gillmore himself, and of a large portion of the troops which he had been commanding in the department of the South. In April Beauregard was also ordered to Virginia, to assist in the defense of Richmond.

General Grant, who had recently been placed at the head of all the armies of the United States, had determined to accompany the Army of the Potomac in its march from the Rapidan upon Richmond. He had also prepared an auxiliary expedition under General Butler, which should land at Bermuda Hundred, a point on the river James about half-way between Petersburg and Richmond, and which should take possession of the railroad between those cities, which runs south from Richmond, near to and following for a few miles the course of the river. Having acquired this important position, Butler was to capture Richmond or Petersburg, as he might find most feasible.

Of all this, nothing, of course, was known at Richmond. But the somewhat ostentatious reorganization of the Ninth corps, at Annapolis, awakened the suspicions of General Beauregard. He scented danger in the air. He felt sure that the Federal generals intended to make a bold and vigorous campaign, and he was fully alive to the exposed condition of Petersburg and Richmond. But at this moment, just on the eve of the campaign, just when the Confederate government should have been completing their preparations for the defense of the capital and its approaches, he finds they have denuded Petersburg of troops in an ill-advised attempt to recapture Newbern, North Carolina. On the 22d of April, 1864, he arrived at Weldon; on the 25th he urged upon General Bragg, then commanding the forces of the Confederacy under the supervision of President Davis, the probability of an immediate attack upon Richmond and Petersburg, and the danger of scattering the forces of the department. But his representations were of no avail. Full of the project of repossessing themselves of the coast of North Carolina, the administration disregarded Beauregard's advice, until, on the 4th of May, Butler, with thirty thousand men, had landed at Bermuda Hundred. Then, indeed, there was a hurried concentration. From Plymouth and the Neuse, from Wilmington and from Charleston, troops were hurried up to Richmond "with the greatest dispatch." "There was," as Davis said in his telegram of May 4th, "not an hour to lose."

Fortunately for the Confederates, the expedition to Bermuda Hundred was not under the direction of an able and enterprising soldier. There was a delay of a few days before anything was even attempted, and then the attempt was a poor affair. Two good officers of the regular army, commanded by a civilian general, did not make a strong

board of direction. Beauregard had leisure to collect his forces. By the time he was ready to strike — for his usual policy, and it was generally a good one, and it proved an especially wise one in the present case, was to take the offensive — he found that our troops had advanced towards Richmond from Bermuda Hundred, had taken possession of the Petersburg and Richmond railroad, and were facing north; their line extending from the river on the right, not far from Drury's Bluff, to a point beyond the railroad in a westerly direction. Between this line and Richmond was the little army of Beauregard. In Petersburg was a Confederate division under Major-General Whiting. Beauregard's plan was to make his main attack on our extreme right, close to the river, and so cut us off from our base at Bermuda Hundred, while Whiting's division was to assault us in rear. The result was a serious defeat for our forces, which would doubtless have been a more crushing one had Whiting's division participated in the action. But owing to the fault of that officer this part of the plan was not carried out.

The outcome of this brilliant affair was that General Butler's operations came abruptly to an end. He retired to Bermuda Hundred, fortifying the short neck of land between the James and the Appomattox which constituted the westerly line of his position; and when Beauregard had constructed a like series of works opposite to his, "his army," to use General Grant's celebrated phrase, "though in a position of great security, was as completely shut off from further operations against Richmond as if it had been in a bottle strongly corked."

Having for the time being thus disposed of the immediate danger, Beauregard made, on the 18th of May, one of his characteristic proposals to the war department. Lee and Grant were confronting each other at Spottsylvania, some fifty or sixty miles from Richmond.

This proposition shows so well the military sagacity of Beauregard that we venture to copy the greater part of his letter:—

“*Memorandum.* The crisis demands prompt and decisive action. The two armies are now too far apart to secure success, unless we consent to give up Petersburg and place the capital in jeopardy. If General Lee will fall back behind the Chickahominy, engaging the enemy so as to draw him on, General Beauregard can bring up fifteen thousand men to unite with Breckinridge [who had been sent for from the Valley], and fall upon the enemy’s flank with over twenty thousand men effective, thus rendering Grant’s defeat certain and decisive, and in time to enable General Beauregard to return with a reinforcement from General Lee to drive Butler from Petersburg and from his present position. For three days, perhaps four at most, Petersburg and Richmond would be held by the forces left there for that purpose. Without such concentration nothing decisive can be effected, and the picture presented is one of starvation. Without concentration General Lee must eventually fall back before Grant’s heavy reinforcements, and the view presented merely anticipates this movement for offensive purposes.”

It certainly may be said that, had this plan been carried out, the battle would have been fought when the army under Grant was by no means as strong as it was on the day of Cold Harbor. But whether the united forces of Lee and Beauregard could have inflicted a “decisive” defeat upon the Army of the Potomac, entrenched as it would unquestionably have been, we take the liberty, *pace* General Beauregard, to doubt. Yet it must be borne in mind that what he predicted in this memorandum actually came to pass. True it was that without such a concentration as he urged nothing could be effected, and that “the

picture presented was one of starvation;” that is, of inaction and decay, resulting in inevitable and utter failure. It may well be that Beauregard’s counsel was not only bold, but wise.

No notice seems to have been taken of it, however, and the armies of Grant and Lee occupied a fortnight in getting down to Cold Harbor; the reinforcements received by Grant during this time largely exceeding those received by Lee. To fight his great battle Grant took the Eighteenth corps away from Bermuda Hundred. After he had delivered his ill-advised assault on the lines of Cold Harbor, there was for a time a lull in the progress of the campaign. But this was merely to concert a scheme, by which Grant hoped to seize Petersburg with his whole army, while Lee was still on the north bank of the James. This masterly movement, the successful accomplishment of which has been generally overlooked in considering the extremely unsatisfactory performances of the army after it had arrived before Petersburg, was begun on the 12th of June.

General Grant saw that unless he could induce General Lee to believe that he was aiming at Richmond his object would not be achieved. Therefore, after breaking camp at Cold Harbor, he manœuvred so skillfully on the Chickahominy and near Charles City Cross Roads that he completely deceived his adversary, both as to his whereabouts and his intentions. Smith’s corps, the Eighteenth, was put on transports, and sent back to Bermuda Hundred, where it arrived on the 14th, and moved at once upon Petersburg. A pontoon bridge was laid across the James at Windmill Point, below the junction with the Appomattox, and the Second corps, under General Hancock, despite an entirely unnecessary delay at the crossing, for which nobody seems to be responsible, reached, with two divisions, the outer works of Petersburg about dark on the

15th, just after Smith, who had come up before noon, had succeeded in capturing them.

Ever since the 7th, Beauregard had foreseen this movement of Grant's. He had been obliged to weaken his small force by sending Hoke's division and two brigades of Johnson's division to Lee, in anticipation of the battle of Cold Harbor; and all he had to depend upon was the remainder of Johnson's division, which was in front of Bermuda Hundred, and Wise's brigade, Dearing's cavalry, and a few militia at Petersburg. On the 7th he begged Bragg to return his troops from Lee's army, expressing his belief that "Grant doubtless intends operating against Richmond along James River, probably on south side." On the 9th he wrote a careful memorandum to General Bragg, suggesting that Grant would probably operate from Bermuda Hundred as a base against Petersburg. At last, on the very morning when Smith's corps appeared before Petersburg, Hoke's division was allowed to leave Drury's Bluff for Petersburg. It arrived just in time for one of its brigades to participate in the withdrawal of the troops of Wise from the outer line, which Smith had broken in the afternoon. Beauregard instantly decided that the enemy's main attack was against Petersburg, and he at once withdrew Johnson's division from the lines at Bermuda Hundred. Gracie's brigade also arrived from Lee's army. His forces did not exceed fifteen thousand men. Colonel Roman puts them at a "total effective of about ten thousand men," but we think the larger number is nearer the fact.

But not only were the Eighteenth corps and two divisions of the Second corps the assailants of Petersburg. On the morning of the 16th of June the remaining division of the Second corps appeared, and, soon after, the Ninth corps, one division (Neill's) of the Sixth (the other two being sent to Bermuda Hun-

dred), and, later in the day, the Fifth corps. One division of the Eighteenth corps was, however, sent to Bermuda Hundred.

Beauregard's little force maintained such a firm front, and held still such advanced positions, that the Federal generals were deceived as to its strength. It was not till dark on the 16th that an assault was ordered. It was measurably successful. But although a portion of the lines was carried, the remainder was obstinately held, and attempt after attempt was made during the night to recover the lost ground. The next morning, the 17th, Potter's division of the Ninth corps made a brilliant assault on the left of our line, capturing guns and prisoners; but there was no proper provision to support the attack, although the Fifth corps was lying idle on the left of the Ninth. The other two white divisions of the Ninth corps were put in during the day and evening; but they were put in one after the other, without being supported to any effective degree either by each other or by the corps on the left and right, the Fifth and Second. The first division of the Ninth corps, for instance, made a brilliant charge at dusk, and captured the enemy's works; but it was allowed to be driven out again, for want of reinforcements and ammunition. On our right, the Second and Sixth corps won some important ground, but their generals seem to have remained satisfied with very inadequate results. In fact, while allowance must of course be made for the fatigue of the troops, it is really impossible to understand the utter failure of the Army of the Potomac to improve its golden opportunity of taking Petersburg on June 16th and 17th except on the hypothesis that Beauregard's handling of his forces completely deceived our commanders. His policy was so daring that his adversaries supposed they were fighting the whole or a large part of the army of General Lee. No one could imagine that with twelve or

fifteen thousand men a general would undertake to hold such an extended front, to stick so obstinately to weak and untenable positions, to try repeatedly by desperate counter-assaults to recapture the ground which had been wrested from him. The tactics of the Confederate general were bold indeed. Had the Fifth corps, at any time while the rest of the army were engaging Beauregard's forces, marched up the Jerusalem plank road into Petersburg, the whole game would have been up. But this seems not to have been even thought of. We repeat that it is no wonder that the unaccountable failure of the Army of the Potomac to accomplish anything of moment during these two days has obscured the brilliant strategy by which the army had these two days given to it in which to make itself master of Petersburg.

For, during this time, Lee was on the north side of the James, fully expecting that Grant intended a direct move on Richmond. Able as Lee undoubtedly was, he failed on this occasion to divine his opponent's scheme. Nor could Beauregard rouse him to a sense of the danger of the situation. Dispatch after dispatch, aide after aide, were sent to Richmond; but the alarming news they brought was attributed to Beauregard's too fertile imagination. Among the most curious stories in the book are those of the staff officers whom Beauregard sent at this time to General Lee. It was not till Beauregard telegraphed, on the 17th, that, unless reinforced, he would have to evacuate Petersburg by noon of the next day that Lee consented to move to Petersburg; and even then he expressed himself as "not yet satisfied of General Grant's movements."

On the morning of Saturday, the 18th, accordingly, General Lee's army began to appear. On that day the same fatality pursued the Federal leaders as had marked their doings for the preceding forty-eight hours. Meade's order to attack at daybreak, which could have

been and ought to have been carried out to the letter, would even then have gained us the possession of Petersburg. When our troops moved, early on Saturday morning, they found the lines of the night before abandoned; in pressing on, they allowed themselves to be detained by the enemy's skirmishers; finally, they arrived in front of the formidable positions, near the city itself, on which Beauregard, with excellent judgment, had placed his little force, and which were the positions held to the end of the war. Here our corps commanders saw fit to halt; and while they were thus delaying in front of the thin lines of Beauregard, — which at that moment they could either have broken by a direct assault, or have turned by way of the Jerusalem Road, — the gallant little force which had so well defended Petersburg was reinforced by the army of Northern Virginia. At half past ten o'clock in the morning appeared General Lee himself, at the head of Kershaw's division. And when, after a sufficient time had been spent in making preparation, the Federal army delivered their assault it was a total failure. Despite of the greatest courage and self-devotion on the part of both officers and men, we were repulsed at every point, with great slaughter. Our want of enterprise had cost us dear.

Beauregard was in Petersburg at the time of the explosion of the mine, on the 30th of July, 1864, and Colonel Roman gives us much that is interesting and valuable in regard to that most unfortunate day.

In the autumn of 1864, Beauregard was again sent to the West, to command the armies of Hood and Taylor. His authority over these officers seems not to have been very clearly defined. He certainly took no active part in the disastrous campaign of General Hood.

But in the winter and early spring of 1865 we find him, at first alone, afterwards with his old comrade, Joseph E.

Johnston, working hard to get together a respectable force, to arrest the progress of Sherman in the Carolinas. Matters were at a desperate pass for the Southern cause. The "march to the sea" gave the Federals two armies on the Atlantic coast. Sherman left Savannah on the 1st of February, on his march northward, and to the armies of Grant and Lee "there came," as Swinton well says, "rolling across the plains of the Carolinas, beating nearer and nearer, the drums of Champion Hills and Shiloh." Unless Sherman could be stopped, the Confederacy was doomed. On the other hand, such was the weariness of the war in the North and in Europe, and so precarious seemed the condition of the Federal finances, that a severe defeat inflicted upon Sherman, while in the Carolinas, might yet, so some sagacious men thought, restore the falling fortunes of the South. It might accomplish for the Confederacy what was accomplished for the colonies by the bloody and indecisive battle of Guilford Court House, which Greene forced upon Cornwallis in March, 1781.

But to effect this required the instant adoption of a policy of concentration. Augusta, Columbia, Goldsboro', Wilmington, Charleston, — even, as Beauregard thought, Richmond itself, — should be abandoned at once. Any and every sacrifice of local feeling should be unhesitatingly made. No associations were too sacred to be given up, if only a force could be raised capable of coping with Sherman's powerful and well-appointed army. This policy Beauregard strongly advocated. He soon, however, found obstacles in his way. The Confederacy had deeply felt the loss of Savannah. But to abandon Charleston was too terrible even to think of. General Hardee doubted and delayed at the last moment. Davis ordered him to postpone the evacuation of the city as long as was prudent, hoping "to save the pain of seeing it pass into the hands of the enemy."

From causes like this, Beauregard's policy was blocked at every stage; the result fell far short of his hopes. Sherman, in the mean time, was steadily pursuing his onward course. He compelled the evacuation of Augusta, Columbia, Charleston, and Wilmington, as an inevitable consequence of his admirable strategy. He completely deceived his adversaries as to his real intentions; he kept them separated from each other; and it was not until his masterly march from Savannah to Goldsboro' was well-nigh completed that Johnston, who had succeeded Beauregard in command, was able to strike the well-meant but feeble blows of Bentonville and Averysboro'. Sherman had deserved his success.

After the evacuation of Richmond and the surrender of General Lee, Mr. Davis had an interview with Johnston and Beauregard at Greensboro', North Carolina. Of this interview General Johnston, in the appendix to the second volume (page 664), gives a curious account. The military men were all of a mind. They considered the situation as hopeless, and so expressed themselves. With them agreed the Secretary of War, Breckinridge, and all the members of the cabinet except the President and Mr. Benjamin. The latter, General Johnston says, "repeated something very like Sempronius's speech for war. Mr. Davis," the general goes on to say, "received these suggestions of mine as if annoyed by them." Beauregard reports that the President said that the struggle could still be carried on to a successful issue by bringing out all the latent resources of the Confederacy, and, if necessary, by crossing the Mississippi and uniting with Kirby Smith's forces. But he was finally compelled to hear reason, and General Johnston was permitted to open negotiations with Sherman.

Here we leave our subject. It needs not to be said that Colonel Roman's

book is a very important contribution to our history; that no library which aims at getting together the important works on the late war can omit it. It is long, and it is written with more minuteness on certain topics than seems to us to be necessary. But there may well be questions in the investigation of which one would find that these pains had all been well bestowed.

The book bears throughout abundant

evidence of a very strong feeling against the late President of the Southern Confederacy. We have purposely refrained from bringing this feature into prominence; nor do we deem it necessary to say more here than that the reader will find in this work many grave charges of inefficiency, obstinacy, and prejudice against the administration of Mr. Davis, and a good deal of evidence in their favor.

JULIAN'S POLITICAL RECOLLECTIONS.

THESE Political Recollections¹ have all the refreshing frankness of a posthumous autobiography. Mr. Julian does not hesitate to speak his mind freely about both living and dead, and is evidently quite ready to take the responsibility of all he says. For example, he states on page 249 that General Grant became intoxicated in the presence of the congressional committee on the conduct of the war, and while he was commander in chief of our armies. It is not a rumor or a discreetly veiled allusion which Mr. Julian gives, but a blunt statement of fact, with time, place, circumstances, and witnesses all duly set forth. The wisdom of such very plain speaking in a volume of reminiscences might perhaps be questioned, and we are inclined to think that it will not contribute materially to the repose of Mr. Julian's declining years; but this concerns the writer and his subjects, and not the public. To the readers of the book—and they ought to be many—this outspoken criticism is of course interesting, and imparts a strong vitality to all the author says.

The first eight chapters are decidedly

the best part of the book, and in their way are extremely remarkable. They describe the rise, progress, and triumph of the anti-slavery movement with a vividness and force which are almost painful in their intensity, and which stir the blood like the shouts of battle. There is no account of that memorable struggle which, in our opinion, at all equals this by Mr. Julian. It is necessarily brief, but every word tells. There is a sufficient infusion of the personal element, and not too much. The chief actors in the conflict come sharply before us at the critical moments, and every important incident is clearly defined, while the details are dropped out of sight. Mr. Julian's success is not due to literary skill, although he writes well and forcibly, but to depth of feeling and intense conviction. Mr. Julian, as is well known, was one of the earliest of the Free Soil leaders, who fought for the cause when it was despised and rejected of men. He faced pro-slavery mobs, and spoke night after night to hostile hearers; and the contumely and reproach which he endured are real and living to him to-day, and the shouts of execration and hatred still ring in his ears. He was one of the little band of nine who rose up in the Thirty-first

¹ *Political Recollections.* 1840-1872. By GEORGE W. JULIAN. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co. 1884.

Congress and struck down the recreant Whig party, and he ran as Vice-President on the ticket with Hale in 1852, when it looked as if the Free Soil movement was about to be submerged in the flood of compromise. A man who had such experiences as these could hardly fail to tell his story well, and Mr. Julian's narrative is instinct with the fire of those exciting times.

Nothing is more striking, however, than the flashes of light which are here thrown on certain phases of the anti-slavery movement; enabling us to appreciate some of them, and to read their true character in a way that no other writer has attained. Here, for instance, we see clearly that Taylor's triumphant election was in reality the death of the Whig party; and no one can read Mr. Julian's account of that episode and fail to understand why the Whigs went so hopelessly to pieces at the very next election. His analysis of the Free Soil vote in 1848, to take another instance, shows plainly why there was such an apparent falling-off four years later. The vote for Van Buren was artificial; the vote for Hale was genuine, and, far from indicating loss of strength, really gave evidence of remarkable growth. Mr. Julian describes the leading men of the day in the same incisive manner. He has, indeed, quite a faculty for disposing of a man by a single touch, as when he refers to Mr. Thompson, of Pennsylvania, as "the parliamentary hangman of his employers." He heard the 7th of March speech, and he is the first writer of any party who has pointed out the way in which Webster labored in his utterance. The sentences of the great orator were broken in delivery, and big drops of sweat stood on his forehead. Mr. Julian attributes this to a troubled conscience, — the right explanation, undoubtedly, and another striking indication of the sense which Webster had that he was doing wrong, and acting contrary to the impulses of

his better and higher nature. Nothing, again, could be neater than this little touch about a first meeting with Sumner, before the latter, whom Mr. Julian profoundly admired, was in active political life: "He told me that he had recently been lecturing at several points out of the city [Boston], and had been delighted to find the people so intelligent and so capable of understanding him." Nothing could illustrate better the lack of quick perception and of a sense of humor which was so marked a defect in Sumner's powerful but solemn mind and character.

The dramatic portion of the book closes with the election of Lincoln; but we have never seen the absolute violence with which the Republicans recoiled from war, or from any hostile measures, when they first came into power, so strongly portrayed as it is here. They not only would not and did not interfere in any way with the South, but, overmastered by love for the Union and by dread of its impending dissolution, they stood ready, and were even eager, to make every concession. This attitude on the part of the Republicans, so forcibly described by Mr. Julian, brings out in darker relief than ever the crime of the Southern leaders, who seem to have gone mad with rage because they had merely lost the election, and to have rushed headlong to destruction, dragging their people after them. If any one has doubts as to where the awful burden of having caused the most terrible of civil wars should rest, let him read Mr. Julian's account of the conduct of the Republicans, which he himself bitterly condemned, in the spring of 1861.

The chapters on the war and the reconstruction period are by no means so interesting or so valuable as their predecessors. They are necessarily fragmentary, and they deal with events for the most part so entirely within the memory of the present generation that

they have not yet the charm of history, and smack of present controversies. Nevertheless, there is much in them which will be read with interest and profit, especially the account of the impeachment fever and the inception of the liberal Republican movement, as well as the very able discussion of our policy in regard to public lands,—a subject to which the author gave years of study.

Mr. Julian is himself, as we see him in his book, an interesting type of the men developed by the anti-slavery struggle. He was not an original abolitionist, but he was an extreme Free Soiler and a very radical Republican. He belonged to the class which had a good deal of fanaticism, and who, without that quality, would probably have failed in the grand work in which they were the pioneers. But a man with a strong dash of fanaticism, who has been through such a contest and come out victorious, is often unfitted for the piping times of peace, when the stuff martyrs are made of is not in demand, and when public questions are economic and administrative, and not moral and emotional. He has come to believe that the normal condition of mankind is to be in a state of violent agitation over some fundamental question of right and wrong; of tyranny on the one hand and oppression on the other. Now and then, in the progress of mankind, a great moral issue must be met; but it usually involves a terrible tearing and rending of society and of the body politic. The normal condition of a healthy society is not the fierce conflict engendered by a great moral issue any more than a thunderstorm is the normal condition of any tolerable climate. This simple fact is one which the man who has spent his life in the heat of a tremendous struggle between right and wrong cannot generally realize. He has come to feel that fierce agitation against a burning wrong must constantly be kept up. The original

cause to which he has given his life having triumphed, he immediately looks about for another. It is for this reason, for instance, that almost all the men interested in the woman-suffrage business and all who are most prominent in that movement are old men, who were brought up in the abolition school. Slavery being destroyed, they immediately cast about for some other dire oppression; and not finding anything very serious, and craving excitement, they took up the suffrage. They overlooked the important fact that the slavery agitation was fearfully real, while the suffrage agitation is entirely artificial. It is real enough to them, however, and so they go on pouring forth bitter invective and burning appeals which are perfectly comic in their incongruity and misapplication. The great mass of men and women regard the whole thing either with total indifference or as a gigantic bore, and nine tenths of those who nominally sympathize with it do so to make a little political capital or to earn a trifling notoriety. Under these circumstances, to see not merely those who make a living out of it, but sincere men and women, raving to a heedless world about the serfdom and oppression of woman is an amusing example of the necessity of supplying agitation in order to satisfy people of a certain cast of mind, as theatres and picnics are supplied for others. Then, again, a man who has been through the awful reality of such a conflict as came from slavery, and is too sensible to be pacified by playing at agitation with the suffragists, is very apt to regard every real public question as of the same intense moral character as that to which he has devoted himself. We can see it all in Mr. Julian. He is of course a woman suffragist; and, moreover, he talks about tariffs and railway policies as if they were questions of the same order as the "middle passage" or the slave-pens. This quality of mind and character

comes out very strongly in his treatment of Lincoln. He finds fault with Lincoln's conservatism, and even now fails to see that the delay in issuing the emancipation proclamation was a mark of the highest wisdom. Premature action would have been fatal; but Lincoln, with his wonderful instinctive knowledge of the American people, issued the proclamation when the whole nation was ready to respond and cry, "Well done!" Men of Mr. Julian's type have done, and will do when they are really needed, the best and noblest work; but in the long intervals of peace, when nations are happy in having no history,

they seem singularly out of place in their methods of dealing with commonplace questions. Mr. Julian's book is not out of place, however, and is the production of a man who may look back upon a public career of which, in point of character and devotion to a principle, anybody might be very proud. No one can do a more foolish thing than to urge some one else to invest money, but in this instance we have no hesitation in advising all who care for American history or pungent personal memoirs to invest their money in buying and their time in reading Mr. Julian's *Political Recollections*.

RECENT TRAVEL.

THE Soudan has lately acquired notoriety and interest as a battle-ground of the False Prophet; but if any one should consult the volume¹ in which Mr. James has narrated his adventures, with the expectation of obtaining much information regarding this little-known region, he would waste his time; not because the author has written either uninterestingly or untruthfully, but for the reason that the range of his subject is narrower than his attractive title indicates. To the party of which he was apparently the head, the Soudan was a hunting-field; the object of the journey was sport, and such knowledge as might be gained concerning the inhabitants and geography of the land was an entirely secondary consideration. Indeed, although the expedition was into a district previously unexplored, the hunters did not traverse the Soudan proper, but merely its eastern borders. In particular, they penetrated into the hill-country, about

the banks of the stream variously designated in different parts of its course as the Gash, Sonah, and Mareb; and, after striking across the desert to the Settite, followed up that river as far as their guides and servants could be persuaded to venture. The wild tribes they encountered were the Basé, who, although they murdered an Englishman and his wife and child some years since, were pacific toward this large and well-armed caravan, which brought them substantial benefit in the shape of freely distributed cotton cloth, knives, beads, etc., conciliated them by unlimited supplies of game, and abstained from any injurious or suspicious treatment. The province held by these people is the frontier between the Egyptian and Abyssinian powers, and on the east of the waste of jungle, river, and desert known as the true Soudan.

Mr. James writes, in the main, for hunters. He tempts them by an enthu-

¹ *The Wild Tribes of the Soudan*. An Account of Travel and Sport, chiefly in the Basé Country; being personal experiences and adventures dur-

ing three winters spent in the Soudan. By F. L. JAMES, M. A., F. R. G. S. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1883.

siastic love of the chase, a minute record of the game, and an exact description of the field from a sportsman's point of view; while he gives all necessary directions and warnings for any who may follow on his trail, as many might be led to do, since he has opened up for the rifle a new haunt of large animals, buffalo, elephants, lions, rhinoceri, giraffes, hippopotami, as well as panthers, ostriches, seven or eight varieties of antelope, and multitudes of small game, such as quail and partridges, besides discovering excellent fishing-grounds. To the general reader, however, since the hunting was not particularly adventurous (no elephants, rhinoceri, or giraffes were shot), and since the author has not cared to exaggerate its salient incidents by the usual romantic coloring, the principal interest of his journal-like chapters lies in the description of the natural features and the aspect of human life as he saw and noted them; for he seems to be an exceptionally cautious and keen observer, when his attention is once diverted from tracking buffalo and ambushing lions.

From the time the party left Souakim and crossed the desert to Cassala until, on their return, they arrived at the port of Massawa, Nature wore usually a repulsive appearance. The country was hilly, intersected by dry channels, the beds of the rapid floods of the rainy season; the heat by day was extreme, and at night the cold was frequently so great as to make blankets a necessity, the thermometer ranging in the Basé country from 37° F. at dawn to 164° F. on the same day; the soil was but little cultivated; the natural growth was chiefly high jungle grass, or leafless, sharp-thorned trees not more than from fourteen to sixteen feet high. Occasionally there were heavy dews, sometimes a thick fog; but as there was generally no water except in the wells hollowed out in the sandy beds of streams by the natives, the desert was for the most part

barren and without verdure. Along the Settite, however, which was a running river, instead of being an intermittent torrent like the Gash, there were green fields; but even there, although the inhabitants were of a higher type than the Basé, agriculture was but little pursued. The flocks of wild birds cause great injury, so that boys are perched on platforms all day long to scare them off with slings or by their cries; likewise the hippopotami are guarded against and frightened back to the water by the ringing of numerous bells strung on a long rope. The principal wealth of the country is in flocks and herds, which in the richest portions number many thousand head.

The Basé, the poorest and most uncivilized of the various tribes met by the hunters, live in scattered villages on the tops of hills that rise at a short distance from the bed of the Gash. They are scantily clothed, if at all, and have no arms but spear and shield; they dig with their hands; they have, apparently, no art except that of weaving a basket-like bottle for carrying water; they feed voraciously, when they are so fortunate as to get meat, and like vultures spare no portion of the carcass, and devour it raw. The prey alternately of the fiercer and better armed tribes to the north and south, they are cowardly, and live in terror of their enemies. Religion they have none, but they observe the widespread barbarian rite of leaving food at the grave of their relatives. Their government is similarly backward; for, although they recognize a tribal unity, village fights against village, and man against man. Mr. James, who throughout the journey showed great kindness of heart and active benevolence, as did his companions also, won the confidence of these poor people, and went among them without any fear of disturbance; at least until after the rather ridiculous *rencontre* of some of the party with a crowd of Abyssinians,

who, by capturing their rifles and fatally wounding a servant, proved the Englishmen to be vulnerable to treachery, if not to attack. Only once was there any prospect of a hostile meeting with the Basé, and fortunately it did not occur. They would probably have plundered the caravan, if they had dared. Of the other tribes there is nothing distinctive to report. The ethnological result of the trip was, as is seen, slight.

The volume purports to be an account of three expeditions, — in 1878, 1881, 1882, respectively; but the last alone is described in detail, the former two being mentioned merely illustratively. In one of these earlier journeys the author was so fortunate as to make the ascent of Tehad-Amba, a mountain in the neighborhood of Sanheit, at the summit of which is an Abyssinian monastery, which no European had been allowed to visit. The party was guided by a renegade monk, who concealed his real character. The consequence was that when they neared the top, stones were rolled down the perilous descent by the fathers above, who took them for Turks; but they kept on, and at last, making their friendliness known, they were allowed to climb unimpeded. At the summit was a huge fig-tree, some conical huts, where eight aged monks lived, and the church, a round building, thatched with straw, divided into three sections, the inner one of which the high priest alone was allowed to enter. The monks wore yellow gowns and caps, went barefoot, and supported life on figs and unleavened bread. Several of them had not descended the mountain for forty years, yet they did not relish the sight of these intruding visitors, the first who had ever been up to their retreat. They possessed some manuscripts, which they held in great veneration, and would not sell. The whole number of the company

living there was twelve or fourteen, some of whom were absent on a mission to the King of Abyssinia. To read of this carries one back to the days of Hypatia. The maps which accompany the text are prepared from careful daily observations, and are an addition of value to our geographical knowledge; but the illustrations, of which there are an unusual number, all full-page, engraved after photographs taken on the spot, are almost without exception very poor work. The author promises to make a new excursion to the northern region of Abyssinia. Should he write an account of it, his book would be much improved by avoiding the repetition, which is a great blemish to his first effort in literature.

In all volumes of travel in the East one finds great complaint of the falsehoods of the Arab guides. In that which has just been reviewed the chief difficulties sprang from this cause. Indeed, there is a proverb which might well be inscribed once for all on the brow of the Arab, as it is found frequently on his tongue: "Lying is the salt of a man." Their attachment to this article of the desert creed seems to be the main reason why the information given by Dr. Trumbull in his learned volume¹ has been so long concealed, to the darkening of biblical geography, and the sharpening of the *odium theologicum* between rival explorers in Palestine and the Negeb. Kadesh-Barnea, as everybody knows, is the holy camp in the wilderness where Moses struck the rock for the living waters to flow forth, and whence he sent the spies into Canaan and the messengers to Edom. It was here that the people rebelled, and, on going forward to fight for the Promised Land before the time, were turned back to wander forty years, during which period this oasis or mountain fastness was their

¹ *Kadesh-Barnea. Its Importance and Probable Site, with the Story of a Hunt for It; including studies of the route of the Exodus and the*

southern boundary of the Holy Land. By H. CLAY TRUMBULL, D. D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1884.

headquarters, the home of the tabernacle when it was not on its sacred progress through the various encampments. Here, at the conclusion of that long probation, the people gathered to make their descent on Canaan; and, on being refused a passage through the region of the Edomites, from this spot they started on the long detour by which they finally arrived at the Jordan. Geographically, it marks the western limit of the kingdom of Edom, and the southernmost point of the Holy Land; it helps, furthermore, to locate the wilderness of Paran, Zin, and the Negeb, the sites of Mount Hor and Mount Halak, of Tamar, and the route of Kedor-la'omer, which Dr. Trumbull designates as the "first really great military campaign of history." In short, its situation is the principal geographical problem of the Pentateuch, and is so involved in conjecture, and has such bearings on biblical themes of the scholarly sort, as to afford matter for the liveliest controversy.

The discussion has not been unfruitful. It appears that for Kadesh-Barnea there are eighteen distinct suggested sites, each with its adherents, living or dead. In this confusion it is gratifying to learn that, "whatever uncertainty there is concerning the geographical position of Kadesh, there need be no doubt as to its typical or illustrative significance:" it means, we are told, the Land of Training, as it lay between Egypt, the Land of Bondage, and Canaan, the Land of Rest. There is no need to follow Dr. Trumbull through the learned examination of the Bible text, the Egyptian records, the Apocrypha, the Rabbinical writings, and the Christian name-lists for indication of the exact locality of the sanctuary-stronghold; or to review the entire history of the exploration and cartography of the Holy Land, as he does. The question has long laid between Dr. Robinson's identification of its site with 'Ayn el-Waybeh at the upper end of the 'Arabah, the depres-

sion running from the Gulf of 'Aqabah to the Dead Sea, and Rev. John Rowland's identification of its site with 'Ayn Qadees, some distance to the southwest, on the north of the Desert et-Teeh, but on its level, a thousand feet above the 'Arabah. These two authorities divided the theologians; but as time went on, one great objection to Rowland's view arose in the fact that no later traveler could find the spot described by him. In answer to all inquiries, for forty years the Arab sheiks and guides denied that any such place as 'Ayn Qadees existed, except once, when another place, 'Ayn Qasaymeh, was shown to President Bartlett as the one sought for.

This was the state of the case when, in 1881, Dr. Trumbull was so fortunate as to be allowed to take the unusual Hebron route northward through the desert, and by some finessing and good luck duped the Arabs into guiding him to the jealously guarded desert spring of the old Israelitish sojourning in the land. Happily, one of the two sheiks who had hitherto done the requisite lying was absent, and the other was ill, and consequently Dr. Trumbull was dispatched under the care of the latter's two young sons, who were solemnly charged to oblige him, on account of some hoped-for favor at Jerusalem which the sheik had much at heart. An experienced dragoman, who wished to be put in a book, and a skilled guide also accompanied him. When he thought he was near the place, he first broached the subject of visiting 'Ayn Qadees, and received the customary denial that there was any spring of that name. By further questioning regarding known points, he was convinced that he was being lied to, and, becoming indignant, said that he knew more of the country than they did, and described how to go to the place shown to Bartlett as 'Ayn Qadees. This Christian book-knowledge startled the Arabs, and, being sensitive to their

reputation for acquaintance with their own country, they confessed that there was such a place, but it was 'Ayn Qasaymeh, not 'Ayn Qadees; the latter was elsewhere. Having thus surprised their secret, by great efforts he and the dragoman, who had the influence of a Mohammedan preacher and was overcome by his desire to be put in a book, persuaded the guide and the sheik's sons to take them to the spot, which lay outside the tract that, by desert law, they were allowed to roam over, and within the territory of a rival tribe, who, they said, would rob and might murder them, if found on their land. This fear is probably one reason why the guides on this route, always of the same tribe, have at all times refused to take travelers to 'Ayn Qadees. It required much management and persistence to carry through the undertaking, even after the start was made; but at last Dr. Trumbull saw with his own eyes the beautiful oasis described by Rowland, as well as 'Ayn Qasaymeh, by which Bartlett was deceived, and 'Ayn el-Qadairât, which has also been mistaken for the true 'Ayn Qadees. There was the plain where an army might encamp, and beyond it the springs under the rock, surrounded by fig-trees, grass, and flowers, and alive with quail and bees, — a spot beautiful, he says, as a summer nook in New England; there was the Way of the Spies northward: and so he goes on to enumerate once more the reasons for believing this the actual Holy Camp of the old host. After concluding this brief account of the locality, he sums up the literary evidence carefully, and has clearly made out his case. In fact, all that was lacking to his argument was the verification of Rowland's discovery, and this he happily accomplished.

Dr. Trumbull concludes with an extensive special study of the route of the Children of Israel from their start until they passed the Red Sea. In this essay he opposes the theory of Brugsch very vig-

orously, and even accuses that scholar of having "rearranged sites, changed directions, and misstated distances as if for the purpose of conforming the facts to a preconceived theory of the exodus." This is a grave charge to prefer against so eminent an authority, but not extraordinary in the annals of such discussion. Dr. Trumbull himself finds the key to the Egyptian route of the chosen people in the identification of Shur with the fortified wall which then extended across the isthmus as the barrier of Egypt. He gives a very clear and intelligible account of the journey northward, and there are even gleams of rationalizing in his remarks, as at the outset in the very curious statement that "the primary barrier to the exodus was not the Red Sea, but the Great Wall; and the Red Sea was opened because the Great Wall was closed." Briefly, he supposes that the Israelites were ready to leave Egypt whenever, on receiving Pharaoh's permission, Moses should give the signal, and therefore, after taking what he calls "bakhsheesh" for their masters, easily gathered from all quarters of Goshen at the rendezvous, Succoth, a tenting ground to the north of their province, whence they moved upward and encamped just inside the Great Wall, intending to pass through by the westernmost desert route, by which they would arrive at Canaan in three days, as they innocently thought, and take possession. The Lord, however (we follow the narrative here given), unwilling to risk this untrained and servile multitude in a battle with the Philistines, "lest, peradventure, the people repent when they see war, and they return to Egypt," ordered Moses to lead them southward the whole length of the Wall, and at the lower end of it, when Pharaoh came up in pursuit, brought them through the Red Sea, thus flanking the Wall, and conducted them on by the easternmost way, the Red Sea road, to Kadesh-Barnea around by Sinai. Between Kadesh and Shur (the Great Wall) they were

doomed to wander for forty years, until a new generation grew up, hardened by desert life and freedom into a nation strong enough to conquer the land of promise. The argument by which this theory is supported is exhaustive, and in the present state of our knowledge must be regarded as conclusive. Taken in its entire range, the volume is the most important contribution to biblical geography made for many a day, and is an honor to the country. It is well furnished with maps, indexes, and copious notes, and its material is very lucidly and conveniently arranged.

Dr. Field's small book¹ takes us at once into Palestine. In the last issue of the series in which he is narrating his travels around the world he described the desert of the wanderings, and now begins at once with Jerusalem, where he made his headquarters in a hotel on Mount Zion. The tedium of a decayed Oriental town, destitute of clubs, theatres, resorts, or a newspaper in any living language, was enlivened by the exercises of Holy Week, which gave him an unfavorable impression of Greek Christianity, even in comparison with the Moslem faith; and indeed it must have been pitiful to hear the people celebrate the victory of their hopes in the Resurrection by singing, "We are happy, but the Jews are miserable," and by shouting, in their wild foot-race about the Holy Sepulchre, "O Jews! Jews! your feast is a feast of devils or of murderers, but our feast is the feast of Christ!" Miserable, too, it was to watch the observance of the Jewish Passover, frugal in food but abundant in potations, which leads the author to quote the saying of the devout Irishman: "Blessin's on the Council o' Trint, that it put the fastin' on the mate, an' not on the dhrink!" At Jerusalem there are many religious sects, but among them

all the faith of Mahomet seemed to Dr. Field the most worthy of men.

The ground of Palestine has been so often described that the author need not be followed in his excursion to Carmel and Lebanon and about Galilee. He found the country, as all do, a desert, except where the water makes it blossom into a beauty the more attractive by contrast. As a whole, the region did not please him. It is a miniature Colorado, he says; but he adds as his last word, "In riding over its rugged hills, I have asked myself again and again, Can this be the Promised Land? and inwardly thanked God that it was not the land promised to our fathers." For the Jews he has an almost unadulterated contempt, which he expresses most naively in the remark that the divinity of Christ is less of a miracle than his being a Jew. Much of his text is naturally occupied with what he himself styles moods of sentimental devotion, interrupted somewhat by the unromantic reality of the scenes. He was especially disappointed at finding the Mount of the Beatitudes only a little hill, and he wished the Transfiguration had taken place on Mount Tabor instead of Mount Hermon, as offering a more beautiful background of woods and grass to the scene. Sometimes, it must be confessed, the touch meant for light humor is unseasonable; but otherwise the book may be welcomed to its undistinguished place in the library already written on the same outworn subject.

Unlike Dr. Field, Mr. Warner seems to be a lover of the Orient. In the present narrative² he does not trespass on the ground already covered by his delightful sketches of the Levant, but not the least interesting portion of the new work is the description of Tangier, best known in English literature through Pepys, and the chapter humorously entitled Across Africa. As was the case with

¹ *Among the Holy Hills*. By HENRY M. FIELD, D. D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1884.

² *A Roundabout Journey*. By CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1884.

all the travelers noticed above, he had to submit to be lied to by the Arabs, but the necessity did not greatly disturb him. The picturesqueness, the bright atmosphere, and the repose of the Arab scene, the wise inborn philosophy of the people,

“To take things easily, and let them go,” evidently attract him as an American, with a quick eye for color and freshness and novelty, and with a humorist's distrust of so boring a *bête-noir* as work. Even on the borders of that realm of indolence which has suffered the strange change of the Arabian touch, in Malta and Sicily, and on the French coast where the half-Saracenic myths of the Middle Ages still linger, he puts more poetic charm in his pages than he can accomplish in the description of other scenes. The quality of his work is too well known to require definition now: it has the vividness, the detail, the artistic keeping, that make condensation impossible, — the fragrance of a garden is not in any one flower. It is unfortunate that he had bad luck in his Spanish journey, for the narrative itself has thereby caught something of the disagreeableness that he experienced. We stay at home in order to avoid all that. In Spain scarcely anything was to his taste that did not date from the Moors. As for bull-fights, of course he was horrified at their barbarity; but how long is it since his ancestors and ours kept bulls for “baiting”? Nay, it is not a long age ago that an English village would sell the parish Bible to replace the dead bull. The country itself is finely described, but the people are certainly painted with a realism not flattering to themselves, and, we cannot but think, of limited application. The romance of Spain, like its courtesy, has always been characterized by a certain externality that might well prepare the traveler for unwelcome revelations of the nature of the inner man. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, the volume is the most entertaining book of travels

that has come before us. Parts of it — such as the account of the packed skeletons at Palermo and the description of the gypsy dance at Seville — are equal to the best of Mr. Warner's work.

Mr. James, as he very well knows, and is not slow to state, is a cosmopolite; but, as old Professor Sophocles would have said, he is a cosmopolite only of the West. He has gathered in this volume¹ scattered travel sketches, really correspondent's letters, of the last fourteen years of his peregrinations; but although he has ranged over many countries he has never passed beyond the circle of European civilization. Niagara is his Pillars of Hercules on the west, and Venice is the easternmost spot whence his sun rises; the unexplored wilderness, the fine Arabian glow, are equally beyond his horizon. The only Oriental suggestion in his book is that it is written backwards, like Hebrew: he begins with Venice in 1882, and ends with Niagara in 1870. All this, in his own phrase, implies a limitation, but one with a distinct charm in an American; for if he has, like Mr. James, quick perceptions, it makes him almost involuntarily a dilettante in Western civilization. He learns to distinguish the highest bred sort, at least; and our author gives himself to the enjoyment of it with the abandon of an epicure at Greenwich, whether he finds it in the oak-studded parks and warm winter interiors of English country-seats and at the private dinners of college Fellows nested in privilege, or discovers it in the educated palate of the French nation and the conversibility of French laundresses, or comes upon it in the felicity with which the Italian poor make the best of small pleasures. On the other hand, defects of civilization — it may be in the Derby day, or bedroom furniture in France, or the rigid and exclusive insistence on one point of view,

¹ *Portraits of Places*. By HENRY JAMES. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1884.

as in Ruskin's tracts on Florence — bore Mr. James; indeed, in the last instance, if the Tartar within himself is not penetrated, his cuticle is certainly much irritated. In reading these sketches, consequently, one is sure to find the agreeable in life described with the warmth of a richly sensuous temperament. We use the highly colored phrase advisedly. He is, it is true, an exceptionally keen observer: in the *milieu* of society this makes him a novelist, in that of nature it makes him a tourist; for he travels principally to see things. But as these papers abundantly indicate, he is an observer with an artistic sense; or, to use a bad word, he is an impressionist. The perusal of this book is more like turning over a portfolio of water-colors than reading pages of black print. Those elements which do not compose well, as painters say, are left out; landscapes which cannot be described by tones and effects hardly attract the author's pen; if his eye sees them, it does not dwell on them. Perhaps this selection of the components, or it may be the happy memory which records only the finely combined impressions of sense, gives his brief sketches their grace, which does not proceed only from felicities of language and mere literary point. Grace, definiteness, full light, are the artistic qualities here shown, just as amiableness and a high regard for the agreeable are the social traits. Any volume so characterized has, independent of its contents, a distinct charm, and one, as has been said, peculiarly delightful in an American, because it supplements in our literature the lambent humor, the light wit, the romantic suggestiveness, which especially distinguish our better work. The borderland which is abolished in Mr. James' geography, both physical and mental, is not far to seek with us; on the other hand, within the liberties (not to say the walls) of modern civilization

he is a delightful dispenser of the laws of good living, and, as a traveled man, full of the pleasantest reminiscences.

Max O'Rell's observations¹ on English character are meant to be piquant; in fact, they are more distinguished by point than by truthfulness. As in all such caricatures of English manners, the Sabbath-going, philanthropy, seriousness, etc., of the upper and middle classes are set off by the glaring contrasts of the drunkenness, wife-beating, and obscene or brutal amusements of the lower class. It is, the author remarks, "Bible or beer, gospel or gin; . . . as M. Taine says, 'Paradise or Hell; no Purgatory in England.'" By this easy method of searching for violent contrasts, and seeking out striking if not illustrative facts, a book has been made that must affect any reader strongly; for, although it is a monstrous parody of the truth, it exhibits certain phases and incidents of English life that make the flesh creep, particularly in its portraiture of low life. A vein of humor runs through it, and occasionally there is a good story from literary sources; some will find it readable, in consequence; but its main interest lies only in its eccentricity. Evidently, the author has seen English life almost wholly in the city, and there generally *ab extra*. Being unsympathetic by nature, he is thus able to set forth the coarsenesses of the metropolis with revolting realism, and is incapacitated from doing justice to the finer aspects of the national life, which he can treat only in a vulgarly satirical way. These very limitations, however, serve to enforce impression of the brutalized poor and hypocritic rich, the demoniac and the lying elements in modern society. Without believing England to be either a theatre for the Saturnalia of vice, a shop for universal duping, or the parade-ground of the Salvation Army, one can find much innocent food for reflection in this prejudiced, narrow, and uncandid work.

¹ *John Bull and his Island*. By MAX O'RELL. Translated from the French under the supervision

of the Author. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1884.

THE LATEST OF "THE VIRGILIANS."

WERE one to name, after a well-known model, the qualities of Virgil to be kept in mind by a translator, he would mention, as preëminent among them, his conscious art; or, to designate its results, his dignity and grace. Virgil cut his vocal reed by the smooth-gliding Mincius only figuratively, and he never piped to the groves and streams. Delicate and sensitive, as he was, his self-distrust made him a listener to Theocritus; refined and proud, his self-consciousness made him the laureate of a splendid court. Though he dwelt alone, a true lover of nature, like Saadi he could not "dispense with Persia for his audience;" and he knew well that for the fastidious ears of Pollio and Mæcenas the utmost of art must be achieved, as well as the secret spirit be rendered. His work is consequently the supreme result of the most thorough poetic culture, as well as the genuine expression of the most charming of poetic natures. No scholar needs to be told this. With Dante, Milton, and Tennyson, he is recognized by all who have any gift of sensibility to poetic form as the master, the *duce verace*, who has led these children of his song to the heavenly paradise on whose verge he closed his mortal eyes, although not without a vision of that promised land, —

"Magnus ab integro seclorum nascitur ordo."

The advance of poetry in that new age has been in the christianization of its spirit, and of this Virgil was the forerunner. What Shelley wrote of all poets is preëminently true of him: he was "the hierophant of an unapprehended inspiration." He had a prescience of the modern age; by sharing and partly expressing its feeling, he has drawn toward him a more sympathetic reverence than any of his peers in the old era, and consequently has exercised

a more active and continuous influence. Thus in Virgil's verse is found the earliest prophecy of the new, the romantic spirit, as also the last perfection of the old, the classical form: this latter, the gift of the elder civilization to the modern poet, has been transmitted mainly through him who at the dawn of our literature was the master of Dante. The crystalline purity of style in the first Italian, the perfect phrase and fall of the young Milton's numbers, the composite sweetness of Tennyson's idyllic verse, find their model and fixed eternal type in him, still unsurpassed, who is the mediator between the two great epochs, — the pagan poet, whose divine inspiration has been asserted in the tomes of the fathers and from the pulpit of the Popes, and whose heavenly aid has been invoked by kneeling Christians in the liturgies of the universal church. It is not our purpose to add a line to his panegyric, — Tennyson's votive wreath is honor enough for one decade; but by such opening remarks we would indicate how large a survey, how embracing a compass, that mind must have which would rewrite his verses in an alien tongue; and especially we would emphasize the essential need in such a mind of the finer qualities of subtle appreciation. The first requisite in the translator of a poem of highly wrought art is cultivation of taste. Yet he may be thus characterized and fail, because he lacks technical skill to make his culture tell; but he will know that he has failed. Any translation of Virgil must be done with good taste, and with something of literary finish; the lowest intelligent standard must demand this.

There is, it must be confessed, a touch of ceremony in Mr. Wilstach's bow to the public, as he proffers these two at-

tractive volumes,¹ which is slightly discomposing to the genial-minded reader. "It is now proposed," he writes, "in the year 1882, nearly seven hundred years after the birth of our language, and, if this date be important, four hundred years after the discovery of America, two hundred years after the first American attempt, and nearly two hundred years after the English achievement, with our language in its full, perhaps its greatest, development, and with the rich accumulations of Virgilian efforts, successful and unsuccessful, at our service, to build a new translation of the full works." Now, accuracy and a respect for detail are excellent qualities in a translator; it is better to have too much of them than too little. It is to be noted, however, that the "building" of the new translation refers to the printer's work; for the author states elsewhere that he began his version on the 17th of January, 1880, and finished it on the 14th of April, 1882: "The time employed, therefore, in the full original work of translation was two years and twenty-seven [*sic*] days, and this in the intervals of leisure spared from other duties." Here, too, there is some discouragement, both in the misplaced pride of the last clause and in the arithmetic; but bearing in mind that Mr. Wilstach's serious labor will be in another kind of numbers, one reads on, and gathers happy auguries from a variety of sources. For instance, the author has consulted nearly all previous translations, including the almost "unintelligible" Scotch version of Gawin Douglas, not in order to avoid charges of plagiarism, but, as he boldly avows, to profit by whatever was worth plundering; and he takes occasion happily to contrast his procedure with that of Governor Long, who entirely neglected his predecessors. Again, when he quotes with relish Hal-

lam's priggish remark on Dryden, "He forgets, even in his dedications, that he is standing before a lord," how can the rising doubt refuse to yield to the intimation that Mr. Wilstach will always remember in whose presence he is, and will conduct himself humbly! Pushing on through the one hundred and twenty-seven pages of prolegomena, — very useful tables that show how easily Virgil may be transmuted into lexicography, tables of speeches, similes, fate-lines, imperfect lines, ignorings (passages neglected or slurred over by previous hands), new readings (meanings in the text now first discovered), and a notice of the minor works, — the reader comes to the poems, or rather to a "table of the Pastorals," which exhibits the familiar Eclogues in an original order, and in three cases under original names. Such innovations, however, are minor matters. From this point the text flows invitingly on, with prefatory remarks, arguments, lists of *dramatis personæ*, and copious foot-notes. This specious look of careful learning gives one confidence at once.

For the Eclogues the lover of Virgil has a special and peculiar fondness. They were the poet's bud of promise, the virgin gold of first thought, first love, in his young heart; their defects are excrescent and transitory, their virtues are those of immortality. How sweetly the names now come to an English ear, with what increments of beauty, tenderness, and pathos, — Lycidas, Damœtas, Corydon, Amarylhis, Thyrsis! How many echoes of noble song mingle with the refrain

"Ducite ab urbe domum, mea carmina, ducite
Daphnim!"

How many reminiscences of later idyls seem to fly from the lines as from nests of singing birds! But what is this? one exclaims, and rubs his eyes; for a change has passed upon those radiant syllables,

¹ *The Works of Virgil*. Translated into English Verse. With Variorum and other Notes and Comparative Readings. By JOHN AUGUSTINE

WILSTACH (counselor at law). In two volumes. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1884.

— a change more marvelous in seeming as one opens the first Georgic, and can but pause and acknowledge that it is no individual charm of the Eclogues to his own heart that fills his critical mind with forebodings. Literalness is necessary in translation, of course, and it may be extended from words to constructions when the genius of English admits; but here are such inversions, often unwarranted by the text itself, such convolutions as of a language *in extremis*, as have seldom been observed in public. The sentences advance with a curious crab-like movement, walking backward, with edgewise thrusts of their posteriors unexampled in acrobatic grammar; the verb making headway (the locution is not exact) toward the subject, the noun coquetting with the adverb, and the adjective pirouetting off with a particle. One cannot but mix metaphors in describing it, so dizzying is the confusion: —

"E'en now the solemn pomps
To lead, I seem, up to the shrines with joy;
I see the bullocks slain; I see the scene
Poised on its changing fronts, and see sustain
The purple curtain Britons woven in."

(G. iii. 22-28.)

Not to be too narrow in citation, the last line of this extract (the references are to the Latin text) is matched by

"He virus ill to serpents added black,"
(G. i. 129)

and fairly surpassed by

"Not thee of no God's nod do angers lash,"
(G. iv. 453)

a line whose movement recalls maliciously Mr. Wilstach's own criticism on one in Addison's version: "It is simply a writhing, belying, cucumberish, twisted line, which ought never to have been written." In vocabulary as well as in grammar the English of this translation is singular. No objection need be urged, it is true, to *cyclone*, *bayou*, or, except as a vulgarism, to *stand in* (*instare*), meaning to decide on, — "stand in for bearded grain" (G. i. 220), — or to be worth, —

"To entertain Æneas him will stand
In no small cost."

(Æn. x. 494.)

At least, not wishing to be thought captious, we waive the question in this case. The author's favorite among the newly coined words, *theopoiia* (apotheosis), as a name for what he quotes himself as elsewhere calling "the proudest exhibition of the spectacular superb" in history, may be passed, also, since it will never outlive the foot-note in which it is embedded. *Armisonant* might perhaps be admitted this once. But the most good-natured tolerance must certainly stop on the hither side of *sloo*, a word, as the translator himself remarks, confined in modern times to "story-books spiced with the dialect of 'the West,'" and of *platted* (posuit), to describe Dido's founding of Carthage, —

"Platted a paltry city for a price;"
(Æn. iv. 211-12)

on which rendering Mr. Wilstach comments "still nearer to say (since our registry laws have come in) that she *placed of record* her town-plat, in the manner of the proprietor of a wildcat or paper town." We take space to condemn, also, *ultraly* (*ultra*), *addense* (to gather together), *t'wards*, *rivalized*, and *illy* as happily not yet English.

In a translation of Virgil it is impossible not to give some slight regard to the melody of the verse; for in poetry this music of the mere words holds the secret of much of that indefinable element of charm which is the supreme result of art, and the dignity and grace of Virgil, which have been designated as the principal marks of his style, are especially conspicuous in this. A poet, of course, would not write thus (the Latin, by the way, is simply "infelix lolium"): —

"The wretched bearded darnel's flaunting flag;"
(G. i. 154)

but no one supposes Mr. Wilstach to be a poet, and the line goes on five fingers. In his preface the author stated

that in syllables he had given "full count rather than short measure," and therefore the reader is prepared for frequent Alexandrines and such Swinburnian excess of short quantities as in the following: —

"Through bibulous sands, especially then when sweeps ;"

(G. i. 114)

but after both promise and liberal performance have accustomed the ear to leisurely scansion, it is unkind to precipitate one down a pentameter in this breakneck manner, —

"Of frankincense claims Sabæan soil ;"

(G. ii. 117)

not a solitary instance. The use of *sour* as a dissyllable and of *sowers* as a monosyllable indicates extraordinary command of the vocal organs in the author; but *sistér*, worse than Keats' worst cockneyism, and *princéss*, which Mr. Wilstach informs us he prefers as the usage of the English court (one wonders that he does n't say "*mar'm*" Andromache), are fatal errors. One cannot help suspecting that Mr. Wilstach has no ear for rhythm long before the proof comes in his rendering of the onomatopoeic lines,

"Illi inter sese multa vi brachia tollunt
In numerum, versantque tenaci forcipe massam."
(Æn. viii. 452-53.)

"Sounds roar, arms raise, blows clang, clang in chorus;
And quick clip, turn, beat they the flat masses."

To pass by these matters of technique, which the translator speaks of slightly and may not have considered worth his notice, possibly he has been only the more faithful to the meaning of the poet. He frequently turns aside to punish one of his brother Virgilians, as he terms them; he has a whole fagot of rods to select from, and uses them in rotation on the backs of Dryden and lesser men. But how delightedly, on the other hand, does he point out to the reader his own improvements of Virgil! For slurring and omission he has no words too severe, but he does not re-

gard expansion and heightening as offenses. He himself directs attention to his inflation of Melibœus' exclamation, "Corydon, Corydon" (Ecl. vii. 70), into "Corydon hear, hear Corydon's lark-like voice;" but when one reads as Virgil's,

"The evening star

His jewell'd journey of the night begins,"

he doubts his memory, and turns to the passage (Ecl. x. 77), to find *venit Hesperus*, — that is all. Think of Virgil's describing the setting of the evening star as "a jewell'd journey of the night"! "Through the lusk foliage fair" has but one word, *foliis* (G. i. 413), to sustain its meretricious ornamentation; "branches running wild and fancy free" is in Virgil *ramos fluentes* (G. ii. 370), etc., etc. These are but peccadilloes, however, to what Mr. Wilstach is capable of committing, and advertising in the notes besides. *Oscula libavit natæ* (Æn. i. 256), wrote Virgil, when Jove kisses his daughter Venus; but Mr. Wilstach translates,

"His daughter's lips
He touched, as would a God-appointed priest
Take on his lips the sacred wine. So he
The nectar of her kisses sipped."

Mr. Wilstach says that Anthon is feeble and senile. Virgil's compact,

"At pater Æneas casu concussus acervo,"
(Æn. v. 700)

becomes, in this new and popularized version,

"Father Æneas, by the harsh ill-chance
And bitter change of Fortune's wayward ways,
As by a fall was thrown; in keen distress
As by a blow was stunned; and, frightened
sore," —

Mr. Wilstach says that Dryden was garrulous. Once he thinks it worth while to remark, "I content myself with translating literally from Virgil," and then shows that by "literally" he understands the use of a direct English derivative for the Latin original, whether it means the same or not. In connection with this topic, we should not be forgiven if we passed over entirely without mention the "new readings,"

or peculiarly original translations, of Mr. Wilstach. Several of them consist in giving a dramatic touch to the simple narrative, as thus:—

"Sic fatus, amicum
Ilionea petit dextra, lævaque Serestum;
Post alios, fortemque Gyan, fortemque Cloanthum."

(Æn. i. 610-12.)

"He said. With his right hand his friend he grasped:

'Ilioneus!' while warm his left and voice
Sought out 'Sergestus.' Then with warmth the rest.

'And Gyas valiant!' 'And Cloanthus brave!'"

Another of these interesting discoveries is that Acon's unfinished nuptials (Æn. x. 720) imply that he was "a brilliant kid, escaped in hot haste from the Vulcanic fires of a domestic Troy." On these new readings we do not dwell; let the curious reader turn to the "table" of them, where he will have them all, like the expurgated passages of Don Juan's Ovid, "at one fell swoop." For our own part, coming here upon the author's humorous remark, as he glories over the unfortunate Dryden, "him with his own sword I jugulate," and elsewhere upon his annotation on "*et cæsa jungebant fœdera porca*" (Æn. viii. 641), "and clinched the treaty with a slain porker," we consider it folly to seek further for the Virgilian qualities of dignity and grace in this first American translation of "the full works."

Mr. Wilstach might have written an admirable Joe Miller of the American bar. His wonderfully varied notes are highly seasoned with Western if not with Attic salt; many a little incident of the office, illustrative, not of Virgil to be sure, but of the rusticity of clients and the wit of lawyers, being related, and occasionally a well-worn joke of some Pope or Haytian emperor, or of Lincoln ("Whose boots do you black?"), being thrown in, lest the reader should weary of Dido's love and Camilla's charms. Any writer on American affairs might well consult these notes, in

the absence of any less desultory authority. Here are descriptions of our hot-springs, oil-wells, and copper-mines; extracts from Colonel Kise's address at Lafayette, Ind.; Lincoln's speech at Gettysburg; Judge Agnew's decision, 88 Penn.; Tecumseh's response to General Harrison. Now a reference is made to an unpublished joke of General Butler, accessible in the war archives; now Custer's battle with the Indians furnishes a comparison for Æneas' conflict with the Greeks (the comrades of Æneas are often called braves); or the phenomena that accompanied Garfield's mortal illness—the band of light on the eve of the assassination, the yellow atmosphere on the day of his journey, the charging squadrons in the heavens on the night after his death—are detailed, to parallel those of Caesar's death. Other still more extraneous matters may be found: the "great good taste" of the "C. C. C. & I. R'y Co." in naming their road the Bee-Line (apropos of the fourth Georgic), the dyspeptic nature of angel cake—but we forbear: it is enough to say that almost everything is in these notes except scholarship to elucidate the text, or to illustrate it. The preface informed us that they would be adapted "in the more learned parts to the average culture of scholars:" it appears that, in the author's mind, average classical learning implies mainly the fact, repeated *ad nauseam*, that *æs* means copper, and, further, that Cerberus has its accent on the first syllable. To be frank, the annotations are valueless.

When the respect in which the classics are held is daily decreasing, such a pretentious work as this cannot be allowed to pass unchallenged. Whoever makes his first acquaintance with Virgil through its pages might well question the praises of the poet and the good sense of his eulogists. To read him would not seem to any sane man essential either to practical life or cultivated

taste. Just as widely as it is considered a translation of Virgil, so widely will Virgil be discredited. It would ill become a scholar, in such a case, to keep silence. There are several useful versions of these poems, which, while they are not equal to the original, are adequate to the needs of the English reader. In the much-abused Dryden's, there is a strain of the genuine heroic; in Morris's, although he has chosen to translate not into the *lingua franca* of poetry, but into the dialect, the cloying Provençal, of a school, there is fidelity, vigor, and beauty. Notwithstanding the wonderful skill with which Virgil blended the *gravitas* of the Roman spirit with the *χάρις* of the Greek, — seriousness with charm, dignity with grace, —

our language is not so lacking in either of these qualities as to make translation of his poems impossible. Good taste and a certain degree of literary finish are all we required; and they are not rare now even in our journeyman work. Modesty, at least, is attainable. A sense of the respect due to the perfected work of genius, such as to overcome the self-intruding instinct of underbred natures, freedom from coarse humor and degrading allusions, — such qualifications are not too much to ask; and so long as they are held in honor, not the scholar only, but every refined man or woman, will condemn and regret such a travesty and corruption as is this translation of one of the most excellent possessions of the race.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

THE other night, while turning over some old papers, I chanced on a copy of The Anti-Slavery Advocate for January 2, 1858, containing a rhymed letter addressed by Lowell to James Miller M'Kim, of Philadelphia. The verses appear to have been written in 1848, and as they are not included in any edition of the author's poems they will be entirely fresh to the readers of the present generation, who can scarcely fail to take delight in the racy portraits which the writer gives of certain notable leaders of the anti-slavery crusade. These portraits are etched with a skill that never goes out of fashion. In the course of the epistle Lowell performs several feats of rhyme which perhaps he would not care to repeat, and several feats of wit which no one but he could. I wish that I were able to persuade the chairman of the Contributors' Club to print this delicious bit of *vers de* (abolition) *société* in full; but if its length

render retrenchment necessary, I beg him to mark the excisions with a row of stars, to make up for the lost brilliancy.

LETTER FROM BOSTON.

DEAR M. —

By way of saving time,
I'll do this letter up in rhyme,
Whose slim stream through four pages flows,
Ere one is packed with tight-screwed prose,
Threading the tube of an epistle,
Smooth as a child's breath through a whistle.

The great attraction now of all
Is the 'Bazaar' at Faneuil Hall,
Where swarm the anti-slavery folks
As thick, dear Miller, as your jokes.
There's GARRISON, his features very
Benign for an incendiary,
Beaming forth sunshine through his glasses,
On the surrounding lads and lasses,
(No bee could blither be, or brisker,)
A Pickwick somehow turned John Ziska;
His bump of firmness swelling up
Like a rye cupcake from its cup.

And there, too, was his English tea-set,
Which in his ear a kind of flea set, —
His Uncle Samuel, for its beauty,
Demanding sixty dollars duty!
('T was natural Sam should serve his trunk ill,

For G., you know, has cut his Uncle,)
Whereas, had he but once made tea in it,
His Uncle's ear had had the flea in it;
There being not a cent of duty
On any pot that ever drew tea.¹

There was MARIA CHAPMAN, too,
With her swift eyes of clear steel-blue,
The coiled-up mainspring of the Fair,
Originating everywhere
The expansive force, without a sound,
That whirls a hundred wheels around;
Herself meanwhile as calm and still
As the bare crown of Prospect Hill;
A noble woman, brave and apt,
Cumæa's sibyl not more rapt,
Who might, with those fair tresses shorn,
The Maid of Orleans' casque have worn;
Herself the Joan of our Arc,
For every shaft a shining mark.

* * * * *

There jokes our EDMUND, plainly son
Of him who bearded Jefferson;
A non-resistant by conviction,
But with a bump in contradiction,
So that, when'er it gets a chance,
His pen delights to play the lance,
And — you may doubt it, or believe it —
Full at the head of Joshua Leavitt
The very calumnet he'd launch,
And scourge him with the olive branch.
A master with the foils of wit,
'Tis natural he should love a hit:
A gentleman, withal, and scholar,
Only base things excite his choler.
And then his satire's keen and thill
As the little blade of Saladin.

* * * * *

There, with one hand behind his back,
Stands PHILLIPS, buttoned in a sack,
Our Attic orator, our Chatham:
Old fogies, when he lightens at 'em,
Shrivel like leaves; to him 't is granted
Always to say the word that 's wanted,
So that he seems but speaking clearer
The tiptop thought of every hearer;
Each flash his brooding heart lets fall
Fires what 's combustible in all,
And sends the applauses bursting in,
Like an exploded magazine.
His eloquence no frothy show,
The gutter's street-polluted flow;
No Mississippi's yellow flood,
Whose shoalness can't be seen for mud;
So simply clear, serenely deep,
So silent, strong, its graceful sweep;
None measures its unripping force

¹ When Mr. Garrison visited Edinburgh in 1846, he was presented with a handsome silver tea-set by his friends in that city. On the arrival of this gift at the Boston custom-house it was charged with an enormous entrance duty, which would have been evaded if the articles had ever been used. It was supposed that if the owner had not been the leader of the unpopular abolitionists this heavy impost would not have been laid upon a

Who has not striven to stem its course.
How fare their barques who think to play
With smooth Niagara's mane of spray,
Let Austin's total shipwreck say!²
He never spoke a word too much —
Except of Story or some such,
Whom, though condemned by ethics strict,
The heart refuses to convict.

* * * * *

Hard by, as calm as summer even,
Smiles the reviled and pelted STEPHEN,
The unappeasable Boanerges,
To all the churches and the clergies;
Who studied mineralogy,
Not with soft book upon the knee,
But learned the properties of stones
By contact sharp of flesh and bones,
And made the *experimentum crucis*
With his own body's vital juices.
A man with caoutchouc endurance,
A perfect gem for life insurance;
A kind of maddened John the Baptist,
To whom the harshest word comes aptest;
Who, struck by stone or brick ill-starred,
Hurls back an epithet as hard,
Which, deadlier than stone or brick,
Has a propensity to stick.
His oratory is like the scream
Of the iron-horse's frenzied steam,
Which warns the world to leave wide space
For the black engine's swerveless race.
Ye men with neckcloths white, I warn you,
Habet a whole haymow in cornu.

* * * * *

These last three (leaving in the lurch
Some other themes) assault the church,
Who therefore writes them in her lists
As Satan's limbs, and atheists;
For each sect has one argument
Whereby the rest to hell are sent,
Which serves them like the Graine's tooth,
Passed round in turn from mouth to mouth.

* * * * *

Well, if the world, with prudent fear,
Pays God a seventh of the year,
And as a farmer, who would pack
All his religion in one stack,
For this world works six days in seven,
And on the seventh works for heaven,
Expecting, for his Sunday's sowing,
In the next world to go a-mowing
The crop of all his meeting going;
If the poor church, by power enticed,
Finds none so infidel as Christ,
Quite backward reads his gospel meek,
(As 't were in Hebrew writ, not Greek,)
Fencing the gallows and the sword

friendly British acknowledgment to an eminent American.

² On the occasion of the murder of Rev. Elijah P. Lovejoy, editor of an anti-slavery newspaper at Alton, Illinois, an indignation meeting was held in Boston, at which Attorney-General Austin made a pro-slavery speech, which called forth a crushing reply from Wendell Phillips.

With conscripts drafted from his word,
 And makes one gate of heaven so wide
 That the rich orthodox might ride
 Through on their camels, while the poor
 Squeeze through the scant, unyielding door,
 Which, of the gospel's straitest size,
 Is narrower than bead-needles' eyes, —
 What wonder World and Church should call
 The true faith atheistical?

Yet, after all, 'twix you and me,
 Dear Miller, I could never see
 That Sin's and Error's ugly smirch
 Stained the walls only of the church;
 There are good priests, and men who take
 Freedom's torn cloak for lucre's sake.
 I can't believe the church so strong,
 As some men do, for Right or Wrong.
 But for this subject (long and vexed),
 I must refer you to my next,
 As also for a list exact
 Of goods with which the hall was packed.

— It is a standing surprise to at least one contributor that civilized people should have allowed the word *criticism* to lose so much of its noble meaning that it has come to signify to most persons simply fault-finding. Its definition still remains in my largest dictionary, "The art of judging with propriety of the beauties and faults of a literary performance, or of any production of the fine arts." But when it is said that some one has criticised a picture or a book, it never occurs to us that the critic has simply praised it; we are only too sure that he has blamed it, and presented to his audience a list of its defects.

It seems to be a fixed conclusion in some people's minds that they are superior to anything imperfect. If they are able to point out blemishes in a piece of work, it counts for so many proofs that they could employ a higher art, and that their standard is a better one than the artist's. They do not like to give a thing unqualified praise, lest some one should suspect them of being ignorant and easy to please.

Now, there is nothing perfect in this world; for, being of this world, each fraction or form of matter bears the world's stamp of imperfection. From our own natures downward through the scale of

animate and inanimate things we can always discover the flaw that might be called a seal of Time. Perhaps it is this which has made us instinctively anticipate immortality and eternity, but at least we need not manifest surprise and dismay at each new proof of the general law of incompleteness. Why can we not, however desirous of making our works and ways as good as possible, have patience, and quietly accept the nearly right, since it is all we shall ever get until we ourselves are fit to dwell amid perfection? It would save us an immense amount of disappointment and self-discouragement and remorse. After a book is written, or a picture painted, or an hour has been spent delightfully with a friend, we always see or remember something that mars and spoils, something that keeps us from being satisfied, something that we worry about and wish otherwise. Yet we surely can tell ourselves, compassionately, that that is the flaw; that is the stamp of this order of things: let us be thankful if the rest goes well.

Not to follow the moral and personal aspects too far, there are times when one grows most indignant with one's neighbors, who go into studios, and talk wisely and indulgently, according to their lights, of what they see. An artist may have thought and dreamed for months about a picture, and at last puts his great plan on canvas as best he can, and looks at it longingly and lovingly, hoping that he has succeeded in expressing to other people something of his vision or his glimpse of beauty, the new truth of which he has learned some fragment. He has been reverent, fearful, and full of ambition. No one knows better than he how sadly he has been baffled in trying to repeat what he has been taught. Yet one person comes in after another, measuring the lengths of the little fingers of his goddess, and finding one a little too short; or blaming him for his too green grass, or the size

of his canvas, or the difference between his conception of a character or a sentiment and some other man's. No wonder that he sighs and feels misunderstood, and wishes that no one would speak. Complacent praise is as hard to bear as blame, when either comes from an observer who is really unfit to give any opinion at all. In the presence of a man who has studied his art carefully and faithfully, and who is a master of his business, I believe that we cannot be too reticent; and however little a piece of work may say to us, remember that it may be our fault only, and that we are listening to a foreign language, or to music beyond our comprehension. How often we are amazed, on reexamining a picture or rereading a book which we had laughed at or found stupid a few years before, to find that added experience and growth of wisdom have made them speak to us clearly and nobly.

To bring the question down to art matters only, and to tell the story which has provoked me to this protest. An artist who has won for herself great admiration and repute told it to me, — an excellent example of the value of most persons' criticism. She had made a sketch of a boy's head, and a fond aunt came to see it in the studio. The visitor looked at it with an air of great pleasure, but of some responsibility, and said that the eyes seemed to her not quite good, and my friend promised to alter them. At the next visit great pleasure was expressed at the improvement, but some change about the nose was requested, which the artist, a little amused, agreed to make. On another day the hair was discovered to be a little too dark; but on the fourth visit this intelligent aunt and a party of friends thought the likeness quite perfect, and the artist was forced to evade an answer when asked if the changes had not been fortunate, for indeed she had never found time to touch the portrait.

All of which is intended to prove that

critics are sometimes foolish and ignorant of the least details of the work which they discuss and condemn; that it is useless to look for perfection; consequently that we should do two things, — have the grace to be silent when we are not fit to give an opinion, and be patient with not only our undeveloped fellow-men, but also their uncompleted work.

— In a recent article the *Atlantic Monthly* reviewed three books in which is attempted what the reviewer styles the "annexation of heaven." Of Mrs. Oliphant's *A Little Pilgrim* it is said that, "apart from its very tender illustration of a profound theme, it may be viewed as a work of literary art." It is as such, I think, that many persons are interested by it who feel at the same time that such endeavors to picture the beyond are necessarily unsatisfactory, or that the theme is one on the whole best left to the private meditations of the Christian, especially when, as in this case, the literary treatment of it involves the introduction of the Divine Person on the scene. Mrs. Oliphant has, however, written another sketch, not so well known, I fancy, although equally worth notice as a piece of work. To my mind it is more successful than *A Little Pilgrim*, and for the reason that in it the author attempts only what is within the range of possibility to represent. The theme of *A Beleaguered City* is not religious, or not directly so; it is a mystical, imaginative little tale, in which are described the experiences of the inhabitants of a French rural town, who are strangely driven out from their homes by visitants from another world. The supernatural visitation is wonderfully well told, with a vividness that makes it convincingly real, yet with a delicate reserve of detail, a calculated vagueness, that becomes thrillingly impressive. The most striking passages are those in which the mayor first feels the presence of the intruders, when he visits the town gates,

and all of the short narrative of Paul Lecamus. The supernatural element is all-pervading, but without any undue insistence upon it. The matter-of-fact manner of the mayor's narrative lends reality to the extraordinary events he recounts, while Lecamus' relation of his special experience admirably completes the mayor's by the difference of the impression produced upon his finer sensibilities. The conclusion of the whole matter is highly artistic. It is almost distressingly lifelike, — the perversion of fact, the aftergrowth of legend, the weakening sense among the townfolk of any deep spiritual significance in the awful experience they have passed through. It seems to me that Mrs. Oliphant shows unusual power in this kind of writing. Her machinery is delicately contrived, and works with smoothness to produce the strongest effect with the least apparent force.

— I think that Mr. White is nearer right than the contributor to the February Club concerning the use of "as" in place of "that" in New England. My experience, both in hearing and in the involuntary imitation of the speech of my country, teaches me that *as* is used when it is susceptible of being interpreted either *that* or *whether*, both used as conjunctions, but that it is not employed in place of the adjective pronoun *that*. Mr. White is therefore, I believe, right in pronouncing the dialect of Hannah Coffin incorrect, when she says, "There ain't no one here *as* knows," *as* being used for *who* or *that*. The examples which the contributor gives, and which immediately occurred to me when I read Mr. White's article, are familiar Yankee expressions, but *as* in them has a different meaning. "I don't know *as* I will," "I don't remember *as* I did," "I ain't sure *as* I did," all may be filled out correctly, either as "I don't know whether I will — or did." If *that*, and not *whether*, is supplied, it is simply a conjunction, bearing a more positive signifi-

cation than *whether*, but the same part of speech, and in no sense whatever an equivalent for *that*, which is merely another form of *who* and *which*. In the phrase "I told him *as* how," *as* *how* is, again, only an inelegant substitute for the conjunction *that*, and is in no way related to the English use of *as* instead of a pronoun.

— There is one pageant which the Washington newspaper correspondents have neglected to report and describe. It is even possible that they have never witnessed it, though it is of daily occurrence, and requires neither fee, card, nor costume from those who attend. I may call it the processional and recessional of the crows, for it is a solemn coming and going, with a music peculiarly its own.

Every morning, about half an hour before sunrise, myriads of crows pass over the city in a northeasterly direction, on their way from their Virginia roosting-place, in the woods behind Arlington Heights, to their feeding-ground, on the Maryland side of the Potomac, past Capitol Hill and Kendall Green, and I know not how far beyond.

During the month of January I was frequently awakened shortly after six o'clock by their hoarse cawings, and from then until nearly eight they streamed steadily over; first a vanguard of two or three, then a bee-like swarm of a hundred in a group, then a dozen in a line, and so on, till the whole sky was as thickly sown with black spots as we ever see it at midnight with stars.

I often leave the upper half of my shutters open over night, that I may lie and watch them from my bed. It has a curious Japanese-screen-like effect, — the long succession of dusky birds, flying diagonally across the cold, gray square of sky, framed by my sash, one corner of the space hung with the bare stems and withered berries of last season's woodbine.

On a clear day the crows fly very

high — mere drifting specks of black, almost to be mistaken for charred bits blown from some chimney ; but on a foggy morning they descend so low as to look the size of pigeons, and when snow is falling they seem bewildered, flying hither and thither, with loud, scolding notes, coming down almost between the housetops, evidently out of their course, which in favorable weather is as straight as the flight of an arrow. Once when it was very clear and cold, I fancied that they were exhilarated by the keen air ; for they soared and dived and circled, chasing each other in a dozen wild and graceful figures, — now high, now low. But this may have been only the friskiness of some of the juniors, incautiously left behind. They must number many thousands, for my every attempt to count, or even estimate them, ends in confusion and failure. There is a strange charm in watching their free, strong, tireless flight and apparently endless succession.

A little before sunset they begin to come swinging back, in the same scattering way, but with no frolicking and little sound, again covering over an hour in their transit. I especially remember one of those glorious, fervent sunsets in December, when the whole western sky was of the deepest orange, fading to pale blue overhead. As I came past the White House, the great silver shield of the full moon rose slowly behind New York Avenue Church. The broad street was thronged with saunterers, velvet and fur robed matrons, saucy-hatted girls, shrewd-faced politicians, and tattered but grinning Sambos ; while far above all swept the black army of the crows, solemnly, silently, floating over the gay city, to the desolate woods beyond the yellow river.

— It seems such an easy thing for an author to give his autograph ! He must be a cross-grained, unaccommodating person, indeed, who refuses to scratch his name on a bit of cardboard or a slip of paper, when it would give some-

body so much pleasure ! But the autograph-hunter has made it heavy work for the author who is unfortunate enough — he sometimes comes to regard it as a misfortune — to be popular. Every mail adds to his reproachful pile of unanswered letters. If he is not cautious, he will find himself in correspondence with so *exigeant* a crowd of persons that he will have no leisure left to attend to his proper profession.

When the autograph craze first began the disease was of a mild type. The collector was modestly content with a signature. That no longer satisfies. He wants a letter addressed to him personally — “on any subject you please,” as a youthful fiend wrote to me the other day ! He wishes to flourish this letter in the faces of his hapless acquaintances, in order to prove that he is on familiar terms with the celebrated So-and-So. The devices he employs to achieve this end are ingenious and inexhaustible. For example, he drops you a line to inquire in what year you first printed your beautiful poem entitled A Psalm of Life. If you are a simple soul, you hasten to assure him that you are not the author of that poem, which he must have confused with your Rime of the Ancient Mariner — and there you are ! The insidious rogue knew very well that you didn't write the Psalm of Life. Another trick is to inquire of you if your father's middle name was not Hierophilus. Now, your father has probably been dead many years, and as perhaps he was not a distinguished man in his day, you are naturally touched that any one should have interest in him after this lapse of time. In the innocence of your heart you reply by the next mail that your father's middle name was not Hierophilus, but Epaminondas — and there you are again !

A still more offensive, because disillusioning stratagem, is that of the correspondent who informs you that he

is replenishing his library, and requests a detailed list of your works, with the respective dates of their publication, prices, etc. This has an air of business. The inference is that the correspondent, who writes in a brisk, commercial manner, wishes to fill out his collection of your books, or possibly to purchase a complete set in crushed Levant morocco. Lay not that flattering inference to thy soul, thou too unworldly dreamer! A year or so later this same person, having forgotten that he has already demanded a chronological list of your writings, sends you another application, couched in the selfsame words! The length of time it takes him to "replenish" his library (with your works) is something pathetic. This particular species of autograph-hunter probably does not care a copper for your autograph from a literary point of view. From a mercantile point of view he cares a great deal, and likes to get three or four copies a year; for he compiles small volumes of autographs, and sells them. It must be a poor trade, however. If the same amount of persistence and industry it demands of him were put into a corner-grocery, he would speedily make his fortune.

A very dangerous type of autograph-hunter is the "sweet girl graduate," whose scented missive takes wing from some suburban academy. If you put your name on that harmless-looking little card with the beveled gilt edges,

you will bring the whole school down upon you within a month! I have a friend who received in the course of three weeks no fewer than forty-seven scented missives, dated at Mrs. ——'s Institution for Young Ladies.

There is no author who does not justly feel complimented when his autograph is desired by some intelligent person, who has read his writings with discrimination. It is altogether another thing when he is importuned to give his time and attention to a crowd of idle boys and girls who "collect" autographs as they would collect postage-stamps, with no knowledge or interest in the matter beyond the inane ambition to get as many names as possible.

The letters which these persons write are not always too respectful or grammatical. "As one of the leading authors of America, I would like to have your autograph," is a stereotyped phrase. The writers frequently put in the shape of a demand what could be granted to them only through politeness. This sort of letter used especially to exasperate a certain famous poet whom I knew years ago. One day I was in his study, when he chanced to receive a singularly peremptory request for his autograph. He seized a pen and wrote, "Sir, I consider your note impertinent, and I refuse to give you my autograph." He was about to sign the declaration, when he saw the fun of the thing, and let me sign it for him.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

History and Government. An Historical Sketch of Sacerdotal Celibacy in the Christian Church (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), by Henry C. Lea, has passed to a second and enlarged edition. Mr. Lea has not been content with his first presentation of the subject, but has rebuilt his book, adding to the material and giving the results the benefit of his continued study. The severely historical method

which he has followed has not prevented him from throwing the weight of his judgment into the conclusion, but there is no partisanship in the attitude which he takes. The work is a treasury of knowledge upon a subject which underlies the whole history of Christianity. — Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons are bringing out a new and comely edition of Staley's works, of which his Lectures on the His-

tory of the Eastern Church has reached us. — Administrative Organization is the title of a short essay in consideration of the Principal Executive Departments of the United States Government in relation to administration. (William H. Morrison, Washington.) The author's name is not given, but he is apparently one who has studied the practical working of the administration, and sees an opportunity to redistribute the multitude of offices now grouped under an incongruous system. He finds no fault with the organization of the Departments of State, the Navy, and the Army, but rearranges the Interior and Treasury Departments. His criticisms appear sensible, and are supported by reasonable statements. The pamphlet is moderate in tone. A little more vigor would make it both readable and persuasive. — The Question of Ships, by J. D. Jerrold Kelley, Lieut. U. S. N. (Scribners), discusses with force and intelligence the decay of our merchant marine, and the means to be taken for its restoration. The author finds this chiefly in a closer union of the navy and the merchant service, and he bases his conclusions upon a careful examination of English and Norwegian systems. His book is well worth attention. — The third volume of Schaff's History of the Christian Church covers Nicene and Post-Nicene Christianity, A. D. 311-600. (Scribners.) It closes thus the history of ancient Christianity. Dr. Schaff has taken advantage of this new edition to extend the bibliography of his work.

Biography. In the New Plutarch series (Putnams) the latest issue is Frederick the Great, by Col. C. B. Brackenbury, R. A. It is written with spirit and candor. — Luther, by J. A. Froude, is a reprint of an article in the Contemporary Review, violently one-sided, and apparently written in haste to order. (Scribners.) — Martin Luther, a Study of Reformation, by Edwin D. Mead (Geo. H. Ellis, Boston), is less a biography than a piece of historical criticism and application to current thought. Mr. Mead writes earnestly and with an easy knowledge of his subject. — Joseph Addison, by W. J. Courthope, is the latest addition to the English Men of Letters series (Harpers), and the humanizing influence of this best bred among men of letters is well delineated. — In the Lives of American Worthies (Holt) place has been found for George Washington, by John Habberton, who slouches through his book, and relieves Washington of superfluous dignity with so much zeal that he gets rid of some of the real article, also. Too great anxiety to be unconventional leads the author into the other ditch.

Travel. Due West, or Round the World in Ten Months, by Maturin M. Ballou (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is the record of a journey taken by way of the Pacific, and occupied chiefly with the extreme east. Mr. Ballou followed the star of empire, and was brought up at once against the oldest part of the world, showing how far along America now is in its career. The book is a straightforward, unimaginative transcript of what the traveler saw, and commands respect for its absence of pretension. — Merv, a story of adventure and captivity, is Mr. Edmond O'Donovan's epitome of his own The Merv Oasis. (Funk &

Wagnalls.) One wonders a little that the author did not perform this task for his original readers, instead of compelling them to accomplish the same by the art of skipping. — Dr. Schliemann has gathered into a handsome volume (Harpers), under the title of Troja, the results of the latest researches and discoveries on the site of Homer's Troy, and in the heroic tumuli and other sites. The work was done in 1881 and 1882, so that we have Homer at latest dates. A preface by A. H. Sayce adds to the value of the work, and one of the most interesting facts is the steady conquest by Dr. Schliemann of his position among archæologists. The day of sneering at him has gone by. The book is well furnished with wood-cuts, plans, and maps. — By-Ways of Nature and Life, by Clarence Deming (Putnams), is a collection of thirty-two papers of personal experience in travel and observation on both continents. The subjects are plainly expressive of the author's taste and interests, and include such diverse matters as Deep Fishing in Tropic Seas and a Yankee Coon-Hunt. The most interesting papers of this interesting volume are those which relate to life in the Southern States.

Poetry. Poems by Augustin L. Taveau (Putnams) begins with volume I., which contains the author's historical poem of Montezuma and lyrical poem of Anteros. Montezuma is based upon the earlier received story of the conquest of Mexico; Anteros is a series of songs, which are fortunately accompanied by an explanatory preface, else one would scarcely discover that they were aimed at the evils which lead to the great number of divorce cases. Mr. Taveau has followed good models — at a distance. — Lyrics and Satires, by Richard E. Day (John T. Roberts, Syracuse, N. Y.), is a thin volume of verse, in which the writer relieves himself of criticism upon Henry James, Irving, Salvini, and apparently some one who has criticised the poet himself. The satirical element prevails, but the knife has a saw edge. — Easter Flowers (White, Stokes & Allen) is the title of a small selection of spring-time lyrics, very tastefully arranged, and illustrated in colors by Susie B. Skelding. We protest, however, that fringes on book-covers are out of place.

Fiction. Mr. Lathrop's novel of Newport has been published by Charles Scribner's Sons. — Treasure Island, by Robert Louis Stevenson (Roberts), is a buccaneer story, told with the swagger which a refined gentleman tries hard to make believe is the real article. — Only an Incident, by Grace Denio Litchfield (Putnams), is a novel depending largely on dialogue, which is bright, though sometimes strained. The incident of the story has rather a heavier burden to bear than the same in real life would have carried. — Mumu and The Diary of a Superfluous Man are translated from the Russian of Turgenieff by Henry Gersom. (Funk & Wagnalls.) The translator selected the two stories as illustrative, the one of Turgenieff's sympathy with the serf, the other of his contempt for the noble. — Old Lady Mary, a Story of the Seen and the Unseen (Roberts Bros.), is another of Mrs. Oliphant's essays in the supernatural. It is clear that she is fascinated by her ghosts, but it

is a little doubtful if her ethical lessons are best taught by such shadows. There is something nightmareish about this one. — In Harper's Franklin Square Library, the latest issues are Susan Drummond, by Mrs. J. H. Riddell; One False, both Fair, or a Hard Knot, by John B. Harwood; and Little Loo, by W. Clark Russell. — Old Mark Langston, a Tale of Duke's Creek, by Richard Malcolm Johnston (Harpers), is the first novel, we think, by an author who has written some capital short tales. It is the story of life in Georgia forty or fifty years ago, and while much of the local characterization is clever the plot gets to be too much for the author. — A Latter Day Saint, being the Story of the Conversion of Ethel Jones (Holt), is mainly occupied with Ethel's descent into a somewhat shallow Avernus. Her ascent is not very difficult, and the virtue to which she attains not unreasonably high. It is not a specially useful nor very entertaining book, though it is tolerably true to an unimaginative realism. — Apples of Sodom is a story of Mormon life (William W. Williams, Cleveland), written out of an intense disgust of the whole business, but with no very skillful hand. — The Pagans by Arlo Bates (Holt), is a story of modern life, and deals chiefly with artistic folk. It is seldom that an author gives so much finish to his first work as Mr. Bates has given to The Pagans, the execution of which appears to us as better than the design.

Social Science. A Handbook of Sanitary Information for Householders, by Roger S. Tracy, contains facts and suggestions about ventilation, drainage, care of contagious diseases, disinfection, food, and water. (Appleton.) Everything is compactly stated, and is likely to receive the approval of those who have no special need of the knowledge. — Health at Home, by A. H. Guernsey and J. P. Davis, in the series of Home Books (Appleton), is a more discursive treatment of the same subject, and is more likely to receive attention and aid in correcting abuses. — Coöperative House-keeping, How not to Do it, and How to Do it, a study in sociology, by Melusina Fay Peirce (Osgood), deals with the organization of women in that department of labor which is theirs by inheritance and adaptation.

Medicine. The Field of Disease, a book of Preventive Medicine, by B. W. Richardson (H. C. Lea's Son & Co., Philadelphia), was written by the eminent author for the intelligent public, but the American publishers sagely think that it may be of use to physicians also. Much of the work will be read by physicians only, but the freshness and the common sense of the writer are easily communicable to the general reader.

Biblical Criticism and Theology. Quotations in the New Testament, by Crawford Howell Toy (Scribners), is the careful work of a scholar, who says admirably in his preface, "I believe that the ethical-religious power of the Bible will be increased by perfectly free, fair-minded dealing, and by a precise knowledge of what it does or does not say." The work takes up the quotations in the order of their appearance, and traces them with great precision to the original form and intent. —

The latest volume of the International Revision Commentary on the New Testament (Scribners) is Professor Riddle's on The Epistle to the Romans. — The Words of Christ as Principles of Personal and Social Growth, by John Bascom (Putnams), is an attempt to make the spiritual personality of Christ as contained in his words a touchstone by which to try current phases of ethical thought. The book is the work of a vigorous, fearless thinker, and will be of service to many. Indeed, President Bascom is carried, we think, by his argument, farther into the fundamental question of the incarnation than his scheme at first intended. The book is none the worse for that. — Revealed Religion expounded by its Relations to the Moral Being of God, by Bishop Cotterill of Edinburgh (Putnams), is a little volume which contains the Bedell Lectures for 1883, given at Kenyon College, Ohio. — In the series of Early Christian Literature Primers, edited by Professor Fisher (Appleton), the fourth volume is The Post-Nicene Latin Fathers, by Rev. Geo. A. Jackson. The largest space is naturally given to Augustine, but Hilary, Ambrose, Jerome, and minor lights are given in compact summary.

Text Books and Education. The School Board of Cincinnati issues a volume which contains the Fifty-Fourth Annual Report of the Board and a Hand-Book of the Schools. The superintendent, Mr. J. B. Peaslee, lays much stress on the measures taken by him to interest the children in literature through the now well-known Authors' Days. — Dr. G. Stanley Hall edits a Pedagogical Library (Ginn, Heath & Co.), of which the first volume is devoted to Methods of Teaching History, and is a compilation of special papers by Dr. Diesterweg and a half dozen American experts. The book is a substantial help to teachers, because it leads them to think, and does not supply them with ready-made ideas. — Cædmon's Exodus and Daniel, edited by Prof. Theodore W. Hunt, from Grein's edition, is the second volume in the neat Library of Anglo-Saxon Poetry. (Ginn, Heath & Co.) — A Presentation of the Grammar of New English, beginning with the Age of Elizabeth, by George H. Webster (Herald Printing Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.), is intended rather for teachers and scientific students of grammar than for beginners. It is apparently confusing through its very severity of treatment.

Literature. Siete Tratados por Juan Montalvo (José Jacquin, Besanzon) is a collection of miscellaneous essays in two handsome volumes. Señor Montalvo handles a great variety of subjects, philosophical, literary, social, and artistic, and brings to each a quick understanding and the fruits of wide reading in several languages besides his own. He is clearly a scholar and a man of pronounced ideas. It is to be wished that the proof-reader had been more careful here and there in his revision. To give two out of many instances of his inadequacy: in one place El Paraíso is rendered *The lose Paradise* (Paradise Lost), and in another the phrase "Times is money" is used to express the materialistic tendencies of Americans. We are really not so bad as that.